

# *In the Heart of Spain*

THOMAS EWING MOORE



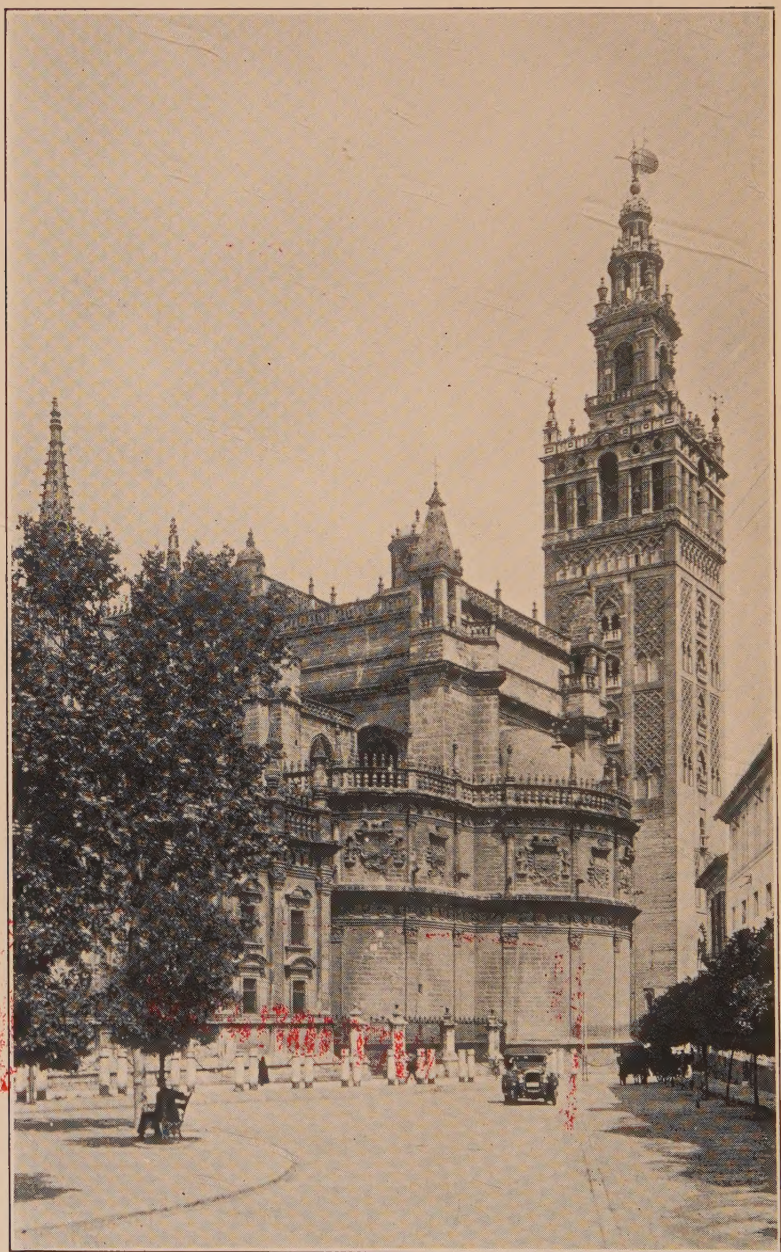


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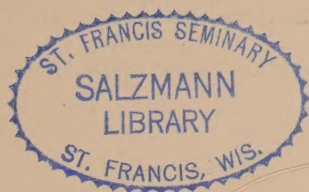


THE CATHEDRAL AND THE GIRALDA, SEVILLE

# IN THE HEART OF SPAIN

THOMAS EWING MOORE

LATE SECRETARY IN THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE



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TO BEATRICE



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*The softer Andalusian skies  
Dispelled the sadness and the gloom;  
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,  
And Seville's orange orchards rise,  
Making the land a paradise  
Of beauty and of bloom.*

LONGFELLOW.



IN THE HEART OF SPAIN





## CHAPTER I

### THE GATEWAY TO ANDALUSIA



WE owe it to a London fog that the Pillars of Hercules rose to greet us from a sea whose radiant blue vied with that of the sky above it. The fog was a black one, the second within a week, and it filled our cup to overflowing then, but now it is remembered as a benefactor.

What memories, what longings are aroused by the call of the sun-bathed lands of the Mediterranean heard through the murk and gloom of a London winter! It only needed that second fog to give the final impulse to a wavering mind, to uproot our willing feet and turn them towards a golden goal.

The journey from land to land commenced with a groping, creeping search through the dim London streets to find St. Pancras station, its train to Tilbury docks and the waiting ship—a voyage by sea of four short days and Andalusia at the end.

No greater contrast need be imagined, nor could a more agreeable one be desired. London wrapped in a clammy cloak the colour, if not quite the consistency, of a chocolate *soufflé*, which was its becoming costume that January morning, and the warmly-glowing coast of the Spanish mainland lying along the Mediterranean where Gibraltar stands out like a spur on the heel of Andalusia—the Heart of Spain. Blue waves gently lapping its shores, a hot sun shining down upon it, and a pure, luminous sky spreading above it from end to end; landscapes romantic, majestic or serene;

cypress, olive, cork or almond-clad hills of tender browns and greys and greens; snow-topped mountains rising from fertile plains; scented valleys of flowers and golden fruit—all these beauties Nature has given to the old Province for her physical characteristics; and to these, invading race after invading race has added the magic stamp of romance.

To none of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, all so richly favoured by Nature, does this description more fittingly apply than to smiling Andalusia, the well-loved Iberia of the ancients. Land of rare beauty, conservatism and abundance; land of great painters, of splendid Gothic and Moorish art and inexhaustible field of the archæologist, the seat of the earliest civilization in western Europe. Iberians, Celts, Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Alans, Suevi, Visigoths and Moors each played a part here, and each left some imprint, great or small, although all have long since been merged in a harmonious whole.

Our desire to visit southern Spain was one of long standing, so, perhaps, we should not put all the blame for its accomplishment on the fogs of London. We knew the other Mediterranean countries more or less intimately, having been stationed in Portugal, France, Italy and Greece. Spain we did not know, except the tiny corner traversed *en route* from Paris to Lisbon.

The long railway journey overland to Andalusia is a factor which may be blamed for keeping the traveller away and rendering this fascinating part of old Spain a *terra incognita* to so many. But, after all, the railway may be avoided, and one can reach it comfortably by sea, if the Bay of Biscay is in a kindly mood. We did not hesitate to decide in favour of the four-day voyage

from London to Gibraltar; it proved singularly calm and pleasant, so that our choice was a happy one. Bright sunshine met us a few hours after the English coast was lost to view, and remained with us all the way to the "Rock," thus commencing the contrast with what we had left behind in London. As we steamed south the days lengthened, making the welcome contrast all the greater. No less welcome was the model and unexpected behaviour of the Bay of Biscay, which failed to live up to its evil repute, being as unruffled, almost, as an Italian lake.

The choice of the sea route has other advantages over the land journey besides those of freedom to move about, elimination of fatigue, and all the bothers inseparable from a progress by rail, to be summed up under the headings of changes at Dover, at Calais, at Paris, in Spain; porters, passports, customs examinations, sleeping-cars and meals. Once on board at Tilbury, peace is assured until Gibraltar is reached. The social aspect of the sea trip is also far more agreeable. People are thrown together on board ship in a manner impossible on land journeys. Barriers are broken down, friendships formed and confidences imparted undreamed-of in other surroundings. Not the least valuable result of this *sans-gêne* intercourse is the profit one gains from the travel experiences of others; new facts about remote or seldom-visited places are learned, perhaps to be treasured up and verified at some future time; new points of view are absorbed, and new, or enlarged, travel plans are projected. These are but a few of the many attractions and advantages which a sea voyage has to offer, and they are well worth weighing. The old traveller owes many a happy experience as the result of a casual conversation on the decks of an outbound ship.

Our voyage lasted a little over, instead of well under, four days. This was not due to any difficulty, once well under way, in getting to Gibraltar, but in getting away from England. Owing to the fog, we had to anchor in the Thames most of the first night; and we did hear a report that our vessel had added to the delay by running her nose on a mud-bank.

Life on these liners is quieter and more restful than in the highly-strung atmosphere of the great Atlantic floating palaces; there are fewer distractions. Possibly because here, while the first port of call is Gibraltar, the ultimate destinations are many weeks distant, so that passengers have time to take life in a leisurely manner. On the Atlantic the crossing lasts but a few days, a short life and a merry one.

At Gibraltar the landing from the ship is made by tender, there being no docking facilities. This is the case at most Mediterranean and far-eastern ports, unless one is conveyed ashore by small row-boats, a particularly disagreeable incident of travel wherever met with, especially to those accustomed to the easy getting on and off of liners that ply between the United States and England.

Many of our passengers were bound for Tangier or Algeciras, and had to disembark at Gibraltar, while most of the others desired to see the sights of the "Rock." The small tender provided to take such a host ashore did not seem any too large, but it proved to have a capacity truly marvellous. We were soon aboard her, seating ourselves on deck to watch the great ship empty an unending stream of people into the elastic depths of her tiny satellite. A swarthy son of Gibraltar stood at the gangway-head, imploring every new arrival to go "Down to the cabin, please!" We did not see that



cabin, but we came to the conclusion that it must have had an arrangement for storing passengers similar to a card-index file.

At Ragged Staff landing, along with a group of fellow-passengers who were remaining ashore, we waited for the luggage-tender to come off in order to claim our belongings. When it did arrive we were much disturbed, as were several others, to learn that our trunks and bags were not on board. Our anxiety was not allayed by being told that pieces of luggage were frequently taken for a little trip to Africa by the mistake of the agents who collected the effects of passengers destined for Tangier, in order to tranship them to the waiting Tangier boat. These agents are allowed to go aboard the liners from London for this purpose. Presumably they help themselves to whatever looks promising. In any event, on this occasion they took eighteen pieces which should have been landed at Gibraltar. We were consoled by being told that we should see our own again next day, or "in a few days"; pleasant prospect for those not having even a dressing-case with which to make shift!

The waits, conversations with shipping-offices, false alarms and wild-goose chases of the next twenty-four hours would make a long story, too long. We accepted the situation philosophically and were made comfortable at an hotel where a kindly American generously provided us with necessities for the night. Everything turned up safely the next day, having in fact made the involuntary African trip, a great bother and inconvenience that a little more careful supervision on board would have prevented. There were dire threats of letters to "The Times," and much grumbling from some of the victims. For our part, we were so thankful to see

our luggage again that we cheered up the harassed representative of the steamship company by telling him that we forgave everything and that we would not have recourse to England's great outlet for grievances, fancied or otherwise.



## CHAPTER II

### GIBRALTAR TO ALGECIRAS



THE Pillars of Hercules, to use the name bestowed by the ancients on the two rocks guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean at the Straits of Gibraltar, were held in days of old to mark the western boundary of the world, and a story had to be invented to account for them.

If Greek mythology is to be credited, these rocks had once been united by solid land, until the greatest hero of Hellenic legend rent them apart in order to admit the floods of the Atlantic into the Mediterranean. Of the old writers the first to mention the Pillars is Pindar, who would have them at Gades, the present seaport of Cadiz; but the northern rock was later generally identified with Calpe, now Gibraltar, and the southern with Abyla, now Ceuta, on the African coast.

Between them and the vast wastes of the Sahara, now crossed and recrossed by automobiles below and aeroplanes above, within a stone's throw of Europe survives a remnant of remote antiquity, a hybrid of primitive African barbarism and mediæval Arabic culture, Morocco, hemmed in, but scarcely influenced, by the far-reaching tentacles of modern civilization. Here Spain and France are at death-grips<sup>1</sup> with a people, a race of warriors, as mobile and as elusive as the Boers, or as Mexican revolutionaries; the mountaineers of the Riffs.

Shortly before our voyage ended, we were in full view of the rugged outline of the Moroccan coast; sombre,

menacing and disturbing. From the deck of our ship the Atlas mountains appeared to drop straight from the clouds into the Mediterranean, to form a rampart and to breathe a warning of defiance.

Even the unobservant traveller whose glance rests on this forbidding frontier must feel a sense of awe that here before him on one of the world's most important waterways lies a land uncharted, uncivilized and unknown. What secrets do those jagged mountains hold? It is the country of Raisuli: Raisuli, the once daring and powerful leader, Spain's ally, so often reported dead but only to awake again to astonishing life and activity.

As our ship passed along this iron coast Raisuli was lying bound in the hands of Spain's hereditary enemies the Riffs; his mountains, his followers, his treasures of wives and gold knew him no more. His star, so long in the ascendant, had set at last. Recalling the many former reports of his capture or death we were inclined to attach no more importance to this latest chapter in the history of one who had so often been killed than did Mark Twain to what he once called "the greatly-exaggerated" report of his own death. But confirmation was soon forthcoming, and a few months later the fact that he was no more was placed beyond doubt. Whatever his faults, Raisuli will remain one of the most picturesque figures that has ever stood out on the sun-baked soil of North Africa; a man who gave the European chancelleries many anxious moments; a fitting hero for a full-blooded romantic opera. It is impossible to give within the space of a few lines an adequate idea of the wild and entangled web of his stormy life. An intellectual dreamer turned keen-eyed man of action; the son of an unimportant sheik becoming intrepid warrior and greatly-feared ruler, Raisuli had earned youthful fame

in Morocco as one learned in Mohammedan theology; later he gathered a large following as a lawyer, untiring in his defence of the poor and weak. This soon proved too tame a life for his restless and tempestuous spirit. He gathered together a robber-band and made himself its chieftain. He was not without his illusions: not only did he give himself out as a descendant of the Prophet, but he claimed as well that his body was bullet-proof. In captivity, in hunger, and amidst the rain of missiles on the battlefields his faith in *Basake*, the Blessing of Allah, never deserted him; it was his talisman at all times and under every circumstance. His faith in his star and in his immunity from bodily harm is not to be wondered at when one contemplates the story of his stormy life, one long chapter of revolt, adventure, brigandage, warfare and strife, only to be brought to an end by death in captivity in his fifty-eighth year. His luck never deserted him until the last act, when Abd-el-Krim stormed his mountain lair and dragged him forth a prisoner.

The Sultan of Morocco again and again strove to put a period to Raisuli's escapades, urged thereto by the European powers, but time after time the mountain fox evaded the traps set for him. The exasperated Sultan finally sent a letter to his own brother Abderraman, Pasha of Tangier, couched in the comforting style of an Arabian Nights' mandate: "His head, or yours." The ruse used by Abderraman to entice Raisuli also smacks of the psychology of the Caliphs of Bagdad; he sent word to the outlaw that he had received some European rifles of the latest construction which he wished to show him. The passion of the fighter for weapons overcame his wariness, he nibbled at the bait, was seized and sent a prisoner to the island of Mogador, but not

for long; he escaped what seemed but the prelude to certain death, by stratagem and flight.

In the early years of this century his exploits and activities were kaleidoscopic. He opposed the laying of an English cable in his "sphere of influence," nor could the troops of the Sultan sent to bring him to reason prevail; he put them to flight, took the "Times" correspondent, Mr. Harris, a prisoner and held him for ransom, which was ultimately forthcoming. Such a convenient method of supplying himself with funds must have appealed to his sense of the romantic, and whetted his appetite for more. In 1904 Mr. Perdicaris, an American citizen, together with an English companion, fell into his hands. This abduction caused the unfortunate Sultan, Muley Hassan of Morocco, to bleed, a naval demonstration before his doors encouraging him to hand over four hundred thousand francs to Raisuli for the release of the two captives. The respectable sum of twenty thousand pounds was likewise paid to him for the ransom of an English military instructor in the service of the Sultan.

All this time the power of Raisuli and his influence over his fellow-countrymen was waxing from Tangier to Fez. Among the Moroccans he enjoyed a reputation which cast a glamour of the supernatural about his every act. His unexampled bravery, audacity, his religious prestige and the great riches he had accumulated made him the popular idol. He became the nominal ally of the Spaniards, for whose partial occupation of Morocco he had paved the way. He was in their pay and even enjoyed something equivalent to viceregal authority under them. But always he had only his own ends to serve in his relations with the Spaniards. He was their firm ally, or he betrayed them, just as his inclination



or his interest dictated. In 1920 the Spanish High Commissioner decided that it was time to break his power and put an end to his double-dealing. After furious fighting, the Spanish successes were such as could have permitted them to work their will; but once more Raisuli's star, his *Basake*, forsook him not, for Spanish Morocco-policy gave him, instead of death, another lease of life and rehabilitated him for yet a further spell as Spain's trusty ally.

Abd-el-Krim, the consistent foe of the Spaniards and French alike, seized the opportunity offered by the retreat of the Spaniards at the end of 1924 to go on the war-path after Raisuli, storm his rock-fortress of Tazarut, reduce it, and early in the following year to take the favourite of the Prophet a prisoner, and to end the tale. The *deus ex machinâ* who wrote finis to this Odyssey is the Abd-el-Krim against whom the French and Spaniards are now carrying out a joint campaign.

Raisuli does not appear to have been actuated by blind hatred of, or contempt for, his European neighbours, although he was opposed in principle to European penetration into his domain. "Never," he is reported to have said, "can you make good Europeans out of us; only bad Arabs." This was his firm conviction. He saw a proof of it in the African seaports. He realized that the coast-line could never be held against the superior strength of European arms, but he resolved that the mountain tribes should never come under their influence; against this influence he fought untiringly. True, he let the Spaniards into his land, an astute move to play them off against the French.

One last, lingering look at Raisuli's country and we turn to the sight of Gibraltar's rock springing fully-armed and glistening from the sea.

One realizes here in the narrow Straits of Gibraltar how worthy of credence is the Greek legend that once Africa and Europe must have been torn asunder, whether by the strong arms of Hercules or by some stupendous convulsion of nature. Standing out from the Spanish shore, held by a narrow leash of land, Gibraltar stretches forward like a lioness couchant, her mighty paws ready to strike; the symbol of England's power, a sentry with ever-watchful eyes. One shoulder draped with a mantle of glowing colour, violet-red—the vivid flower of the *mesembryanthemum*—in fold upon fold of beauty down to where its fringe of golden-green dips and is merged in the amethystine sea.

Perched high on the southwest slope of the rock stands out the old Moorish fortress, a relic of the times of the redoubtable Tarik, from whom Gibraltar takes its name, Djebel Tarik, the Hill of Tarik, the same conqueror who led the invasion into Spain in 711, defeated and put to death Roderic, the last king of the Visigoths, and established the unbroken Moorish rule of seven hundred years.

Wonderful the view from these dizzy heights; to the east and west the widening waters; southwards the high African silhouette; to the north the fertile hills of Andalusia billowing into the heart of Spain. Far below, gleaming white houses cling tenaciously to the shelving rock, seeming to strive upwards in a vain effort to reach Tarik's stronghold. Below, too, Nelson's heroes sleep their last sleep beneath the flag they fought under in Trafalgar Bay, but a few leagues distant.

Gibraltar, in spite of more than two hundred years of British rule, still has the appearance of an occupied town; for the natives retain their Spanish look and manners while the throngs of English soldiery, the sentries

and all the evidences of a garrison town serve but to make this impression stronger. The architecture of its long straggling streets is a mixture of two alien races.

From Gibraltar to Spain by road—they are joined by a narrow neck of land—is a distance of less than two miles; hence it is an easy matter to drive to the mainland. Travellers may take, as we did, the little ferry-boat and reach Algeciras in a few minutes. The customs at this place are rather exacting; strict watch is kept to foil attempts to smuggle in tobacco, which is very cheap at Gibraltar owing to its being a free port. It is not an unusual sight to see a pile of cigarettes lying on the ground at the customs barrier on the road to Algeciras. This contraband, we were told, is often concealed beneath the petticoats of ancient dames.

We embarked on the ferry-boat for Algeciras in the afternoon. From the deck of the little steamer we saw dense clouds of black smoke rising from and drifting along the Spanish shore a few miles west of Algeciras. Enquiry as to its meaning led to a discovery which will be as new to many others as it was to us. This smoke marked, of all things imaginable on the Mediterranean, a whaling station. It seemed as much out of place here as an olive wood on the coast of Greenland, owing to our mistake in associating whaling only with arctic and antarctic seas. The novelty of whaling in the Mediterranean interested us so much that we obtained the history of this fishery, which is of recent date.

It had been known for some years past that whales frequented the Straits of Gibraltar, but only for a very short time has it been realized that their numbers were large enough to make their capture a matter of commercial importance. A captain in the Norwegian merchant marine sent a whaler to investigate the conditions

in the seas adjacent to Gibraltar. He decided that whales were there in numbers large enough to warrant the formation of a company, which, under the name of "Compañía Ballenera Española," he then registered in Spain. In 1921 he built two small houses at Getares Bay, about four miles west from Algeciras. Since then the average weekly catch of two small steamers in the company's service has been ten whales, yielding about eighteen thousand barrels of oil annually, which is shipped to England, Scotland and more northern countries, there being no market in Spain for this crude product. Not only the sperm whale (cachalot) but also the fin whale and the humpback whale (belonging to the rorqual group) are taken.

It is strange that whales in these waters did not sooner attract general attention. Many maritime residents of Gibraltar, even those whose knowledge of the western Mediterranean was intimate, never suspected their presence. Mr. W. Stevens, King's Harbour Master at the port, who has been there for over fifty years, confessed to having seen only two or three. The simplest explanation is that whales are not only difficult to sight, but one must know how to look for them.

The two steamships employed in this prosaic trade are provided with modern harpoon-guns. Their only remaining classic feature is the crow's-nest. It is no longer the epic quest of the old whaling days. There is now no heartening cry of "Thar' she blows!" to stir the expectant crew, no swiftly-launched boat, no eager pursuit, nor deadly harpooner. All the red-blooded life, the excitement and the danger have departed; at least, whaling in the Mediterranean knows them not.

After a whale is harpooned it is made fast, towed to the station at Getares Bay and secured to a raft near



the shore. It is then lanced and air pumped into the carcass, which causes it to rise on end. It is cut up and the blubber tried out. It was the dense smoke from this last process that had attracted our attention to an interesting and little-known activity in the Mediterranean.

Before commencing our travels in Andalusia some account of its history will help us on the way.

## CHAPTER III

### ANDALUSIA; HISTORICAL AND TRAVEL NOTES



IN attempting a brief survey of the early history of the Andalusian Province, a necessary labour for the better understanding of its people, customs and art, one must, perforce, go warily, for we are treading on dangerous ground; so much of the story is pure tradition, often legendary, and sometimes contradictory. One fact stands out strikingly; the unanimity of the ancient historians in attributing a state of high civilization and culture to this favoured region even in prehistoric times.

Andalusia is not only the southernmost part of Spain, it is also that part of Europe which approaches nearest to the equator; almost touching the 36th degree of north latitude. Within its thirty-three thousand square miles are included the most fertile tracts of country in Spain, some of them richest in mineral wealth. It embraces the provinces of Cadiz, Huelva, Seville, Cordova, Jaen, Granada, Malaga and Almeria. It is bisected by the second largest river in the kingdom; the Guadalquivir, the Bætis of the ancients, the *Wad-al-Kebir*, "great river," of the Moors. In Andalusia also is found the highest range of mountains within the Spanish borders; the Sierra Nevada, "snow mountains," which keep near to the Mediterranean and attain an elevation of 11,400 feet.

The name Andalusia is probably derived from the Arabic *El andalus*, signifying "Western Land," the name given to the country by Tarik and his Berbers

after they had conquered the Visigoths at the beginning of the eighth century.

It is a long hark-back to the days of the Flood, but the first settlement of this land, the Bætica of the early dwellers, has been attributed, courageously, to Noe's descendant Tharsis. The ingenious historian who gives this biblical character the credit of having been the pioneer colonizer of these shores, further credits him with having named the country Bætica, said to be derived from a Chaldean word meaning "fertile land." We are on surer ground when we presume Bætica to have been derived from the Iberian name of its great river, the Bætis.

According to our chronicler, Tharsis "taught his followers habits of honesty, virtue and many useful things, instructing them in the secrets of nature, astronomy, moral philosophy and the harmony of music, and giving them also benign laws and rules of life to guide them." Certainly if this record were true the Spaniards had not lacked even from the earliest times, the highest moral and cultural precepts and influences for the development of their character and civilization; just as at later periods they were to be given the opportunity of assimilating the civilizations of their many invaders, not forgetting the seven centuries of occupation by the Moors which brought its own highly-developed art, learning and lofty ideals of chivalry.

Herodotus, the father of history, is one of the many to vaunt the perfections of this favoured land. In his words: "Jupiter honoured this people above all the inhabitants of the earth. They are settled in the Elysian Fields, rejoicing in perpetual springtime, which gives them sweet apples thrice in a year."

Though there is still a wonderful profusion of fruits

and vegetables at all seasons, the rich soil no longer yields three crops of apples a year. Perhaps the Greek historian referred to the apples of Hesperides; for the crop of oranges might almost be said to be perennial, while the fig-tree also bears out the claim to a certain extent, giving fruit twice a year, the black fig, called *brevas*, in June, and the green fig in September.

Of especial interest because of the new light it throws on the remote antiquity of Andalusia is the work of the English savant George Bonsor, who, during a residence of more than forty years at Mairena del Alcor and Carmona, situated on the highway between Seville and Cordova, has consecrated his life to the study of the fascinating archæological problems of his adopted country.

A small library of monographs, published by various learned societies, attests not only his profound erudition and his enthusiasm for all that concerns the earliest history of the Iberian peninsula, but also a remarkable capacity for painstaking research. His admirable writings, dealing with the pre-Roman colonies of the Bætis,<sup>2</sup> and the accounts of his indefatigable efforts to find long-lost Tartessus<sup>3</sup> open up a singularly attractive prospect in the field of archæological endeavour.

Bonsor has solved for us one of the most important ethnological problems concerning the earliest inhabitants of Andalusia, in that he has assigned to the Celtiberian people their proper chronological position. In his opinion the Ligurians, not the Iberians, as has hitherto been commonly believed, were the first race to inhabit the Peninsula; at any rate, the first race that has left any traces. These Ligurians, an African people, were followed by the Iberians and the Celts in turn. Therefore, the race known as Celtiberians was formed by the admixture of Iberians and Celts with Ligurians, and not

merely of the two former as has been generally supposed. Further, a near relationship has been shown by him between the Ligurians and the Berbers, another African tribe. The Celtiberians possessed strong racial characteristics: the pride, love of independence and disinclination for foreign culture which are still pronounced traits of Spaniards in general may well be ascribed to these far-off ancestors.

The efforts of Bonsor to solve another problem of the past bid fair to be of even greater cultural and ethnological importance than his discovery of the place occupied by the Iberians in the history of Andalusia. This piece of research is one which opens up all those exciting possibilities which are incident to archæological field-work. We refer to his attempt to bring to light the lost Tartessus, the oldest civilized settlement of western Europe, the Tharsis of the Bible, which lies buried somewhere on the banks of Seville's great commercial artery, and which has disappeared under the dust of ages, or rather, under the sands of the sea. True, his efforts have not yet been crowned with success, although for years he had been seeking to uncover its remains, with a determination and an untiring industry worthy of the greatest admiration; nor are evidences wanting that he steadily approaches his goal.

Tartessus was situated by the delta of the river then bearing the same name, one of the many given during past ages to the Guadalquivir; and on the island of Coto de Doña Ana, coins have been discovered which show that the Romans had a fishing-station here between 200 and 300 A.D. The old writers, however, state that Tartessus was a well-ordered, flourishing port about 2000 B.C., when the rest of western Europe was peopled by tribes of barbarians. We have biblical authority that



Tharsis (Tartessus) existed. It is frequently mentioned in Scripture: when Jonas sought "to flee . . . from the face of the Lord," he took ship for Tharsis. It was the goal of Phœnician ships during the time of King Solomon, 1000 years before Christ. Cadiz, which is thought to have been a source from which Tartessus drew much trade, was founded by the venturous Phœnicians about 1100 B.C.

It is established that these same Phœnicians sailed the Mediterranean as early as 1500 B.C. Before them, seafarers from the Near East landed on the Spanish coast; this is not to be wondered at when one considers the riches of Andalusia in silver and copper. The yield of the latter ore from the rich mines of the Rio Tinto, on the western borders of the province, is as abundant as ever to-day, and they are perhaps the oldest mines in working that are to be found in the world.

Three thousand years before the Christian era, sailors and merchants voyaged from the East to barter their wares with the forefathers of the Andalusians. In Crete, copper and silver daggers dating, according to modern archæological knowledge, from 3000 B.C., have been found; the metals from which they were made came from Spain. In Troy, vases of Spanish silver have been brought to the light of day, and their manufacture placed at 2400 B.C. The Tartessians also maintained trade with northern countries, for their tin came from Ireland, and their amber from the North Sea island of Abalus, our Heligoland. By some writers, even in recent times, Tartessus has been confused with Cadiz. Others have declared that it never existed, in spite of the fact that it is the Tharsis of the Bible, and was well known to the greatest historian of antiquity.<sup>4</sup>

The Phocians, Greeks from Asia Minor, are believed

to have followed the Phœnicians into Andalusia. They were the same people who founded Massilia, the present great seaport of the Mediterranean, Marseilles. The Phocians are said to have been kindly received by King Argantonius of Tartessus, who invited them to settle in his city. It is known that this invitation was accepted, and that they remained there until after the death of the king, whereupon they emigrated to Corsica, only to be entangled in a war with the allied Carthaginians and Etruscans, by whom they were defeated at sea with results which were even more disastrous for the inhabitants of Tartessus than for themselves; for the defeated Phocians stand accused of having betrayed the wealth of Tartessus to their conquerors, and of having led them to the city which was then despoiled of its great treasure and destroyed, in or about the year 500 B. C. It was from this time that the Carthaginians found their way to Britain, and for more than five hundred years they kept the trade in tin, probably from the old Cornish mines, fast in their hands until the alliance between the Iberians and Massilians forced them to give way.

Tartessus, which fell into ruin nearly thirty centuries before our times, was no more than a half-forgotten name until modern investigation appeared to turn its revealing light on this seat of the most ancient civilization in Occidental Europe in the endeavour to make it give up its secrets.

Prior to 1914 Bonsor was joined in his archæological voyages of discovery to the Coto de Doña Ana by the German professor Schulten of Erlangen. The result of this connection is to be seen in the account published by the University of Hamburg,<sup>5</sup> a relation of the attempt to locate Tartessus. In it will be found a picture

of the long-lost settlement, evolved by Schulten from ancient sources and from the researches he has made with Bonsor on the presumed site of the elusive city.

Schulten had passed parts of the years 1902 to 1912 in Spain, engaged in archæological research work, the origin of which is not without interest. In the early days of the present century the King of Spain wished to make the German Emperor an honorary colonel of a Spanish regiment, one of those pretty compliments exchanged by the mighty, and decided to select a corps whose name he thought would flatter his cousin of Germany. His choice fell upon the Numancia Infantry, so-called for the heroic town of Numantia which held out against the Roman commander Scipio the Younger with a courage almost unparalleled in history.

Numantia was the chief place of the Celtiberian Arevaci, and was situated in the neighbourhood of the present Soria in Old Castile. It resisted the Romans from 153 to 134 B.C., and, in the end, was taken and destroyed by Scipio after a siege of fifteen months, by some sixty thousand besiegers against only eight thousand defenders. When the Romans entered the place all were dead, the last man, woman and child had perished; for, at the end, the last survivors had preferred rather to leave none alive than to let any fall into the hands of the conqueror. The fate of Numantia was that of many other unfortunate Celtiberian settlements which held out to the bitter end against the Roman invaders.

Having been made honorary colonel of the regiment bearing this great name, the Kaiser sent Schulten to Spain to look up this ancient Numantia, to get, it may be presumed, a fitting idea of the nature of the compliment he had received. A mass of historical material



relating to the town was placed at the German professor's disposal by the late Director of the Academy of History at Madrid, Professor Saavedra. Schulten was destined to make good use of this invaluable assistance; for it enabled him to undertake his task fully equipped with all the historical facts which the Spanish archives could supply. By means of this, and by the knowledge he gained from his diggings on the spot, the German investigator has been able to produce a monumental work,<sup>6</sup> the first volume of which was published in 1914. This volume will be followed by two others, which will describe the old Numantia in the light of the exact and detailed reports of the excavations already carried out; it will give an account of the military works Scipio caused to be made for the purpose of investing the town; of the five camps discovered on the hill of La Gran Atalaya near Renieblas; and, lastly of Roman camps found elsewhere in Celtiberia.

It was in the third century B.C. that the Romans ousted the Carthaginians from the peninsula, and this great civilizing force held its ground for nearly seven hundred years, an occupation almost identical with the later Moorish one in point of time. No longer pre-occupied with the Punic wars, the Romans set to with a will, breaking down native resistance, establishing flourishing colonies and enclosing their cities within the massive walls without which they could never feel secure.

Cæsar, in the year 45 B.C., appeared before Seville, took it, and surrounded it with the inevitable fortifications, the strength of which is evidenced by the solid remains still standing.

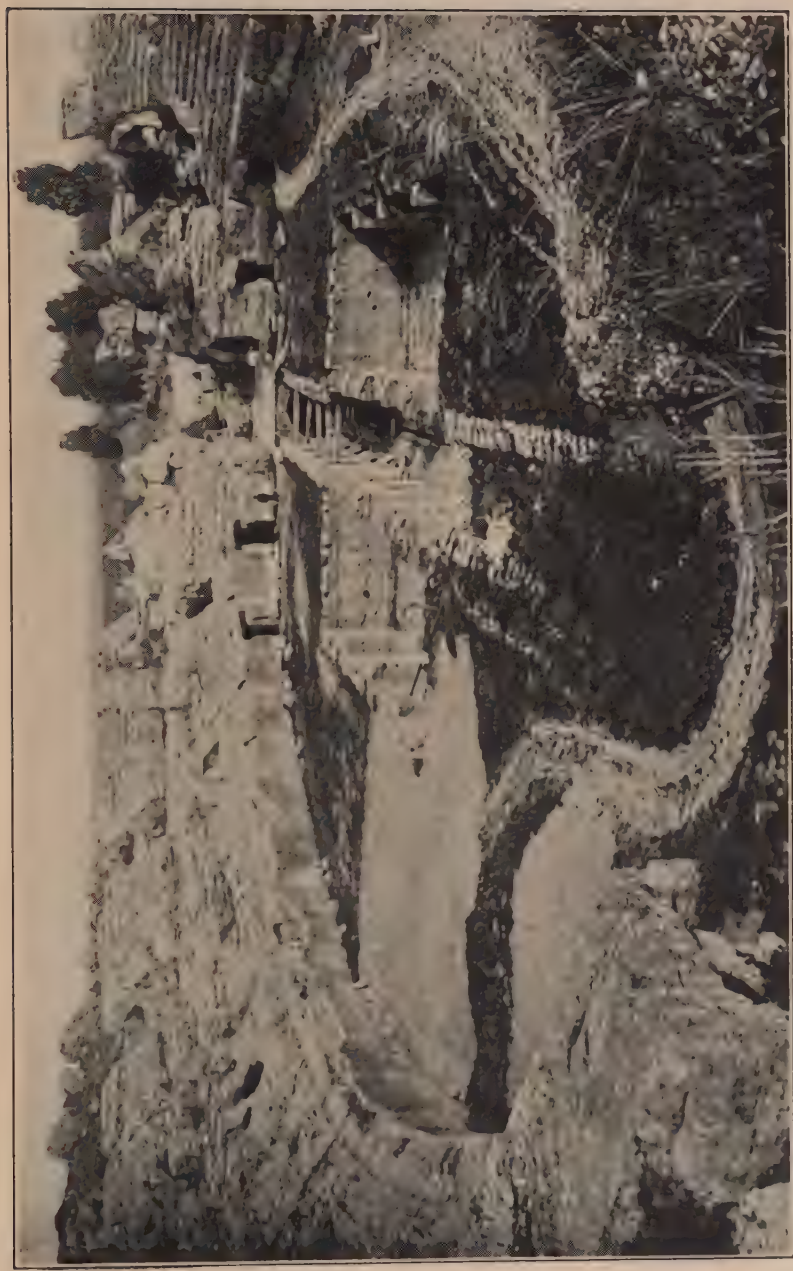
Italica, a few miles from Seville, had the distinction of being the birth-place of two Roman emperors; the greatest of these was Trajan, the conqueror of Dacia,

which is, roughly speaking, the present Kingdom of Rumania. In that Balkan land we find to-day a people who became Latinized through Trajan's campaign and through the legionaries whom he left behind; a people whose language resembles Latin more closely than even Italian does. On the Column of Trajan in Rome, which pictures the emperor's Dacian war, one is struck by the costumes of the Dacians fleeing from their burning villages before the invading Romans. The men wear the same shirts, falling below the waist outside the typical tight trousers, and the same little conical caps, which form the universal costume of the Rumanian peasants to this day. This is, perhaps, the most ancient national costume, dating nearly from the beginning of the Christian era, which we know of in Europe as having survived unchanged. The other emperor who first saw the light in Italica was Hadrian.<sup>7</sup>

Scipio Africanus was the founder of Italica. Its well-preserved amphitheatre attests the importance of the place. The Provincial Museum of Seville contains many tombs, inscribed marbles, fine statues of the emperors Trajan and Hadrian, and a lately-discovered Diana, all from Italica.

The Phocian Greeks founded colonies in Iberia. The flourishing state of one, at least, of their cities, Emporion, is apparent from numerous coins bearing Greek and Iberian inscriptions.

In the fifth century A.D. the Vandals, Alans and Suevi appeared, soon to be followed by the Visigoths. The latter, under their king Euric, waged successful war against all the people inhabiting Andalusia at that time, carrying their campaigns into other parts of Spain and driving out the last remnants of the Romans. Under King Leovigild the supremacy of the Visigoths



ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE, ITALICA



STATUE OF DIANA, FROM ITALICA



was confirmed over the entire peninsula. His successor Recared established the Catholic Faith in the country, and thus became the first of the long line of Catholic rulers of Spain. Although the dominion of the Visigoths was to last but a little more than two hundred years, its influence was so important that it will be touched on in another chapter, as will that of the Moors, who supplanted them on the defeat of Roderick, the last of their Andalusian kings.

The original Berber<sup>s</sup> conquerors under Tarik were in turn to be overcome by another African race, the Arab Almoravides, towards the end of the eleventh century. Nor did this finish the invasions from northern Africa; in the middle of the following century the Almohades, another Arab tribe, defeated the Almoravides and took their place in the long, unbroken Moorish rule which lasted from beginning to end more than seven centuries. None can dispute that this Saracen domination was rich in accomplishment, and fruitful in establishing a high order of civilization reared on the firm foundation of their predecessors. With their ultimate expulsion from Granada, their last and most cherished stronghold, by the Catholic rulers Ferdinand and Isabella, commenced the Spain of to-day.

England's greatness has been attributed to the admixture of bloods brought by the races which successively invaded her. In the United States the different infusions are considered to bring out the latent qualities of each race, and to have a stimulating effect. The same factors should account for Spain's power and greatness in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. No country can well show a greater number of widely-different races in its common ancestry. To take only those whose place in the early, and earliest, history of Spain

has been established beyond any question, Iberians, Celts, Phœnicians, Phocians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Alans, Suevi, Visigoths, Berbers and Arabs, twelve distinct peoples, it will be seen that there should have been no decadence here for lack of infusions of new blood. Nor was there, for this offspring rose to supreme power, ruled the seas, made the greatest geographical discoveries of all times and, at least for a period, colonized and governed the Western Hemisphere.

Like every other ruling race in the history of the world, Spain emerged from obscurity, waxed to the topmost pinnacle of power and, like those others, saw that power wane and fade away; the inevitable and inexorable law of Nature and evolution.

It must not be forgotten that, during those centuries when Spain was in the heyday of her greatness, she was continually engaged in wars; her *conquistadores* were covering every sea, and she was thus being bled of her youth and manhood. When the story of her decline is studied these great factors should be borne in mind. This does not appear to have been always sufficiently considered by those who have concerned themselves with Spain's history.

It has been said that Andalusia is a captive whose jealous and ingenious guardians have bought up the railways in order to conspire with them to make access to the country as difficult and annoying as possible. We now speak of present-day conditions; in the past, as we have seen, those who strove to invade the Peninsula found few obstacles in their way.

It is perfectly true that the Spanish traveller is not spurred on by the same demon of unrest as are the travellers of more northern climes; nor does he seek to have a compartment entirely to himself; in fact he pre-

fers to travel at a leisurely pace, and also to have companions with whom to exchange views. After all, the country is his; the railways, and many other things in his country, were made for him, and are as he wishes them to be. This is a phenomenon which many foreign travellers in the country seem to resent bitterly. No doubt they are perfectly right; but they will be perfectly unhappy in Spain.

So far as long through-journeys are concerned, the *enfant gâté* traveller can leave Paris by the *train de luxe*, with sleeping-cars only, at ten in the morning and be in Madrid the next morning at eleven. The distance is 1452 kilometres. He can leave Madrid by *train de luxe*, sleeping-cars, at 8.20 in the evening and be in Seville at nine the next morning; distance, 575 kilometres.

The writer we have alluded to, a Frenchman, complained of the slowness and overcrowding of trains in Spain. We, however, have very distinct recollections of people standing in the crowded corridors of express trains between Paris and Lyons, and between the Riviera and Paris, since the war. Apparently our Frenchman never saw crowded trains elsewhere than in Spain; much less, corridors *au complet* in his own country.

He notes it as a remarkable fact that the Spaniard accepts his railways without complaint; and he quotes a native as saying to him: "Our grandfathers would have been happy to have had this." A proof of resignation, observes the irritated Gaul, which is not a virtue, but a weakness. From this it must be assumed that in France the outraged traveller renounces the weakness of a contented acceptance of these shortcomings in order to prove his strength of mind by protests to the authori-



ties; a questionable satisfaction if the over-crowding persists. It would almost seem better to be weak, but not virtuous, and contented, rather than strong, especially unavailingly strong, and indignant. At least one can appreciate the advantages of the Spaniard's cheerful imperturbability. It is a more hopeful frame of mind with which to travel. Nowhere has it been so forcibly brought home to us as in Spain, what unreasonable and unreasoning beings many travellers are when abroad, although, strange to say, they are on pleasure bent. Of course everything is utterly different in Spain. Therein lies one of its greatest charms, yet the kind of traveller we have in mind is disappointed and surprised that people, customs, tea, and eggs and bacon are not exactly the same as in his own more highly-favoured land. Cross-country trains in Spain are slow, very slow, and travelling has some inconveniences, but one has many compensations in the sights and the people, which would be lacking in the luxurious and soporific corner-seat of a fast express. No, be warned in time, good friends of the *rapide* and searchers for nothing new, do not come to Spain; the country will have no message for you.

Andalusia is at its best in the spring, when it is gay with lovely flowers in addition to the semi-tropical vegetation which keeps it green during the winter months. From February to May it is near perfection. The intense heat of the summer months renders travelling insupportable. October, November and all the winter months are agreeable, much more so than the same season on the Riviera. The treacherous *bise* of the Mediterranean does not often cross over the protecting Sierra Nevada. Nevertheless colds are to be reckoned with, and, like the same tenacious ailments about the Riviera, are difficult to get rid of.

February is the month when rain is expected in Andalusia, yet we experienced but three wet days between Christmas and May. During all these months Seville was bathed in never-failing sunshine. In the Andalusian calendar, February is "the mad month," *Febrerillo loco*; March, as elsewhere, "the month of winds," *Marzo ventoso*; April, also not uniquely, "the month of a thousand waters," *Abril el de las aguas mil*. These are but the sayings of a fortunate people rendered fastidious by a climate blessed beyond their comprehension.

The most interesting period to visit Seville is during Holy Week, *Semana Santa*, when the great religious processions with their magnificent *pasos* attract thousands of visitors. The almost equally famous *Feria*, the most popular of Sevillian fêtes not of a religious character, is always held in April after Easter.

The festivals of the Church are celebrated in Seville with great pomp and splendour; some of them have features unknown to other Catholic countries: such as the cortège of the Three Kings, carrying presents to poor and sick children on the Feast of the Epiphany; the *Romerias* of May, which are pilgrimages to famous country shrines; the processions of Holy Week with their unique travelling stages, *pasos*, and the *baile de los seises*, the dancing of choir-boys before the high-altar of the great cathedral. All of which will be described in detail in later chapters.

It is passing strange that Andalusia, so richly endowed with beautiful cities, crowded with stupendous monuments of architecture and works of art, a country of such great historical associations, of such absorbing archæological interest, and, lastly, with such a wonderful winter climate, attracts, comparatively, so few tourists.

## CHAPTER IV

### RONDA; A ROMAN EYRIE IN THE SIERRAS



ALGECIRAS was for us no more than the point of departure for the heart of Andalusia. It is best-known to fame in recent times as the scene of the notable Morocco Conference, which lasted from January to April in 1906 and was not altogether without its influence on international politics and groupings in the years that preceded the Great War.

Algeciras is well worth visiting, if only because of its fine hotel, the Reina Cristina, just outside the town and in the midst of lovely gardens. The view of Gibraltar and the rocky coast of Africa from here is very fine. The straits between Punta Marroquí, where Europe makes her deepest bow to the South, and Cuchillos de Siris on the African coast are under nine miles wide, so that if the traveller desires to explore Tangier before going into the interior of Spain, here is his chance; he can do so very conveniently from either Gibraltar or Algeciras. Among the attractions for visitors in this little, tucked-away corner of the world are golf and hunting; the large garrison Great Britain always maintains on the Rock being responsible for these unexpected sporting features.

Our eagerly looked-forward-to travels in Southern Spain were now to begin. As we could not quite forget our recent trials with luggage, we resolved to run no risks this time, but to see to it ourselves until it was safely put aboard the train which was to take us to Ronda. It proved in the end a rather complicated pro-

ceeding. One porter carried it off the ferry-boat and handed it to a colleague, who carried it through the custom-house, deposited it on the ground outside and walked away as if it interested him no more. An obliging bystander said that it would be all right, but offered to get another porter to put it in the train, which stood puffing impatiently near by. This we thought a good idea, and it was done. Another bystander insisted on finding us seats in one of the crowded carriages. This also we concurred in. When the train was about to start, all five, three porters and the two willing citizens, came up with outstretched hands, which were duly honoured at a total cost of three pesetas. It was a small price to pay for the contentment of minds no longer tortured by fears of our luggage trying to reach Africa the moment our backs were turned.

The first and most abiding impression the people of Southern Spain make on the stranger is their extreme good-nature and kindliness. Nowhere are smiles so near the surface and so responsive. Nowhere is courtesy so inborn and natural, and nowhere else is the same courtesy so necessary as a part of the traveller's own equipment, if he is to understand this people and be understood in return.

The Spaniards are, as of old, proud and sensitive in character: they are essentially an independent race. All classes, from the Grandee down to the humblest workman, expect to be, and are, treated as *caballeros*. If the traveller will remember this, which, after all, is but to remember to be considerate and mannerly, he will go far and his path will be one of roses; but woe to him who neglects these cardinal virtues in his contact with this people, at once so polite and so sensitive! The proof of the Spaniard's good temper lies in the total absence

of quarrelling, rows, and angry altercations. We link up the memory of a scowling Spanish face invariably with a foreigner as the actual, if unwitting, cause.

Spanish hotel servants, to use a ready example that will serve as an illustration, do not like to be shouted at and ordered about; not, indeed that servants in other countries enjoy it, but the Spaniard's pride permits him to enjoy it even less than do these others. He is not being treated *en caballero*; this is, to him, an intentional affront, and resentment follows, although rarely shown by more than a darkling brow and an ill-disguised contempt for the outlander. Yet nothing is too much trouble for these same factotums; the most willing, cheerful service will be the result if the demand is accompanied by a smile; surely a small price to pay for what one wants.

The great advantage of arriving in Andalusia from the sea, which was our fortunate choice, in order to begin travel without being forced to undergo the long railway journey from France, lies in the charm of a swift transition from one aspect of European life to another and totally different one; this is a sharp definition in contrast, which it would be impossible to experience otherwise.

To arrive thus, at once, in Andalusia is as if one had made a mighty leap with seven-times-seven-league boots into the very innermost sanctuary of old Spain. Its beauties, its wonders and its differences from the Europe of farther north, and even from the country of the Pyrenees, are unfolded with magical swiftness to the eye of the delighted beholder. Its charm has not been diluted and rendered gradually familiar, as would have been inevitable had the wayfarer approached it step by step from the North. On the other hand, when the long



RONDA





THE VEGA FROM RONDA



journey from Paris to Seville is made by rail or road, the changes are so subtle as to be almost imperceptible; scenery, people and customs are being transformed throughout the length of France, Béarn even flowering into the semblance of Spain herself. So on and on, change upon change, across Navarre, Aragon, Castile Old and New to Estremadura, names teeming with romance and historic associations, until at last the fairest gem in Spain's glittering diadem, Andalusia, is reached. Wonderful as this long pilgrimage is, it is far more satisfactory to begin at the other end of Spain, at Algeciras; or, if the traveller is coming from the United States, at Cadiz, where so many of the great liners call, bringing excursion-parties of Americans. In any case, the sea-voyage rests mind and body; not so the long overland journey.

The railway from Algeciras to Ronda soon commenced to climb into a lovely hilly country through forests of olive and cork, with here and there a fruit-tree in full blossom, although January was not near its end. Sheets of white narcissus were draped like cobwebs on the morning grass, and clumps of iris gave a note of gentian blue to the picture. Soon the distant mountains lift their soft mouse-grey contours from fields of cloth-of-gold and tenderest green, which the alchemy of the plough turns to furrows of reddish bronze. The olive trees seem of a softer, darker and more silky green than elsewhere; just as their fruit is more luscious and more delicate than in other olive-growing countries. These trees are so old, so great in girth, so gnarled, so distorted that they seem to twist their tortured shapes in a despairing appeal to heaven.

The railway reaches the valley of the Guadiaro below the Sierra de Libar, to which it clings and climbs by

deep defiles far above the foaming river. The views between Gaucin and the Guadiaro gorge increase in grandeur until just before the latter is reached. The mountains around Ronda will vie for wild beauty with any in Southern Europe. The first station out of Algeciras brings groups of picturesque country-folk clad in their tight trousers, short coats and red waistbands, topped off with the wide-brimmed, bell-crowned *sombrero*; their necks enveloped in the scarf that seems in Andalusia to serve the purpose of an overcoat. A woman was but rarely seen at these remote stations and we were not to make acquaintance with the high comb and *mantilla* until we reached Seville, where they are the frequent head-dress.

There were many Spanish officers and soldiers in the train, returning from the campaign in Morocco. Two young officers in our compartment entertained a rapt audience with tales of hardships and feats of arms in the land of the Moors. Some of the Spanish regiments have adopted, like the French Spahis in Africa, the flowing *burnous* of the Arabs as a uniform overcoat, with the addition of rank-badges and insignia. This, with a red fez, gave one of our merry officers the appearance of one of his traditional enemies, especially as his clean-cut features and golden-brown skin showed unmistakable traces of Moorish blood. They were charming boys, gay and entertaining, like all Spaniards of the South, polite and courteous to strangers. One had been wounded in the shoulder; his open tunic, with bandages showing through, made him an object of awed admiration to the rustics at the stations. Wherever a soldier left the train he was immediately swallowed up and borne away in triumph by a happy band of relations and friends. Some of these soldiers seemed mere boys.

Many women we saw, too, who left the stopping-places sadly, or in tears; those they came to meet had not been among the fortunates who returned.

At Ronda, where we arrived after dark in the sudden chill that follows the hot sun of a January day in these latitudes, one of the most welcome surprises of travel awaited us; the crowning mercy of a perfect hotel. The omnibus that met us rumbled along in the dark, to stop in the courtyard of a long, low house; a door opened, not to an hotel, but to an English country house; a great hall with blazing fire, chintz-covered chairs and an atmosphere of home and comfort. Two English ladies to welcome and take charge of the guests completed the illusion.

The Hotel Reina Victoria, on the plateau just outside Ronda, is perched, like an eagle's eyrie, on the very edge of a cliff hundreds of feet above the valley of the Guadalevín. The view from the rooms at the back of the hotel is unforgettable, especially at sunrise. Both the Hotel Reina Victoria at Ronda and the Reina Cristina at Algeciras are under the same English management, and both are delightful.

Ronda richly repays a visit, not only because its situation is perhaps the most romantic in a land of romance, but also on account of the wonder of its Tajo, a cañon with a drop of over three hundred feet to where the Guadalevín can be looked down upon as one would look into a tea-cup, its roar rising through a mist of spray.

A sky-scraper staircase of nearly four hundred steps leads from the bridge that spans the Tajo to the banks of the river below, a memorial to the Moors who carved it out of the living rock a thousand years ago. From this lower level rises the *vega*, a smiling, fertile vale, climbing gradually to the wild, disordered mountain-

ranges that enclose Ronda like the walls of an embattled town. The highest peaks are six thousand feet. It is the view over the Tajo and *vega* to this cordon of mighty hills, rising wave upon wave, that makes Ronda's chief fame. Nothing could be more lovely than the symphony of clear colours in the majestic decoration of these crenellated walls, always superb in the glowing rays of the sun. It is a sun which is the herald of the Orient; a reminder of the near-by African lands, and a memorial of the Arabs who so long held here their undisputed sway.

Historically, Ronda deserves more than a passing glance. It was an important Roman town, indeed some historians identify it with Munda; at any rate, the field of Munda, where Cæsar spread defeat amongst the legions of Pompey, is quite close by.

A relic of Roman times, now put to a popular, if not much less brutal purpose, is the bull-ring, which is a perfectly-preserved arena. The three tiers of stone seats next to, and surrounding, the arena remain just as they were in those ancient days when the spectators looked down on the combats that made a "Roman holiday." On this amphitheatre has been raised a superstructure carrying a gallery to make the typical *plaza de toros* of modern Spain.

Ronda formed a part of the Sultanate of Granada, and was the scene of many a sanguinary encounter between the Moors and the Spaniards until it finally fell before the assaults of the Catholic Kings in 1485, during whose reign the Moslems were swept for ever from the soil of the peninsula.

How far those times of strife and bloodshed under Roman and Moorish rule were removed from our own, and how humanizing the faith in another God had



proved, was brought home to us as we bade farewell to romantic Ronda. Outside the hotel was that frequent sight in Catholic countries: two patient nuns of St. Vincent de Paul, waiting with downcast eyes to collect alms for their aged and indigent charges. Upon our "*Bonjour, mes sœurs*," one of them took an involuntary step towards us, her face showing the joy she felt to hear her native tongue in that remote mountain fastness. How gratefully she received our mite, how delighted she was to hear of the many members of her Order, evacuated from the war-zone, whom we had met during our service in France! Of those noble and devoted women who shepherded their old and infirm, their orphans and their convent-schools, from shell-shattered towns to the safety of the interior of France, not one, but ten or more communities had it been our privilege to comfort and aid through the splendid organization of the American Red Cross.

As this French nun wished us *bon voyage* we saw again that sweet and spiritual expression which piety, ripened by suffering, stamps on the faces of these good women; their earthly cares are the cares of others; in their faces one reads the calm and serenity of those who have made their peace and who will surely reap their reward.

The second incident was at the station, where the merriest wedding-party awaited the train. A jolly parish priest was dragged from the church, the centre of a laughing, jostling throng. He seemed the very embodiment of a shepherd with his flock. When they were photographed, each and every one fought to get by his side. Smiling, tolerant of all the extravagances of his children, he made, with them, a picture of innocent revelry and happiness long to remain in our minds.



## CHAPTER V

### SEVILLE; THE HEART OF ANDALUSIA



SEVILLE has been our choice as best suited for the study of the Andalusian people, their characteristics, life and customs, not only because it is the largest, most beautiful and artistically rich of all the fair cities of the Iberian sea-province; it also best illustrates the tenacity of the Spaniard to hold to the things of the past, and to manifest an almost complete detachment from outside influences. Nowhere else in Spain is it possible to find to the same degree people, street-scenes and domestic architecture so completely realizing the Spain of our imagination.

A brief survey of the history of the Andalusian capital will help to a better understanding of its types, its outdoor life, and of the festivals. These, owing to the keen zest with which the inhabitants take part in them, give the city so much of its unique charm and interest.

In a previous chapter the historical sketch of Andalusia has shown how many were the peoples absorbed in its melting-pot to make up the race now living within its borders; and how many and varied the influences that were brought to bear upon its development. To understand the character and the diverse customs of the Sevillians it is necessary, perforce, to recall these origins and influences; especially those of the Moors whose centuries-long domination has left an imprint as profound as it is durable; an imprint which will last as long as Andalusia herself. What a fascinating study their occupation presents! The Moors have left behind

them more than their civilization, their chivalry and their splendid architecture; they have left not a little of their soul and their heart, just as truly as they have left their blood to pulse in the veins of the people.

The memory of the Arab past is preserved not only in the narrow, winding streets but in the houses through which they thread their way; and not so much in the buildings themselves as in their decoration, in their cool, inviting *patios*, often a chain of them, opening one into another, with their walls of gleaming *azuléjos* (coloured glazed tiles); in their whispering fountains sending up tiny refreshing jets of crystal water, and in their tubs of gay flowers, a ravishing vista seen through the delicate tracery of a wrought-iron grille, between great double doors studded with massive bosses of bronze; doors ever standing open to invite the delighted eye to rest on interiors as Arab in character as any of those that may be visited on the African coast where the Crescent still holds sway.

The same Moorish heritage is ever present in the city's gardens of oranges and palms, and its public squares, and, above all, in the old quarter of Santa Cruz, where almost all the streets are too narrow to permit even a single vehicle to pass; errant streets which wander deserted and mysterious, only to end as vaguely and suddenly as they appeared; houses which do not bother to keep in step with the serpentine streets, but must face at any and every angle; houses all with their shuttered balconies, the *miradors* of the Moors, the point of vantage for the fair from which to see and yet remain unseen; houses adorned almost all the year with flowers and climbing vines of jasmine and roses, trailing from roof to roof across the narrow way to cut the tender blue of the sky in graceful arabesques. Such

streets conjure up visions of a romantic past as vividly as do those of the old towns of Umbria and Tuscany with their great, grim palaces and dark blind-alleys, the silent witnesses of the shedding of hot blood in many an historic feud. The very names of these streets picture a thousand tales and happenings.

Don José Andrés Vázquez calls the Santa Cruz quarter of the garden city of Seville the chosen spot in a city full of luminous grace and beauty: "the quarter which holds in the poetry of its silent mystery and in the old perfume of its past tradition that singular mixture of reality and dream which covers all those old loved things with a golden glory." Well may Don José recommend the traveller who crosses the spiritual pathways of Spain, which seem to invite recreation for the soul, to tarry before this historic quarter. We are indebted to him for a sympathetic account of its history and some of its legends.

Santa Cruz lies in the city's artistic heart; near the Moorish Alcazar, whose old castellated walls stand out on the sky-line opposite the Cathedral, that great "poem in stone." Its echoes are awakened by the clear voices of the Giralda's bells, which flood its every corner with sonorous waves of sound. Can anything be finer than that noble Moorish belfry which stands sentry by the Cathedral's side and which was for the Moor, as it is for his Christian successors, at once the symbol and the embodiment of the spirit of Andalusia?

The Santa Cruz was at one time threatened with destruction, but happily the King of Spain, himself an annual occupant of the adjoining Alcazar within its precincts, intervened; he went even further and ceded to it a part of the Huerta del Retiro, a garden forming part of the Alcazar pleasure-grounds, so that, instead

of being demolished in order to form a new, wide avenue, the quarter was saved and its beauty enhanced; a dispensation for which all lovers of the beautiful will ever honour Alfonso XIII. The plans of the King are being carried out in a manner worthy of the old quarter by the Marquess de la Vega Inclán, artist, archæologist, and lover of old Spain.

After the re-conquest, the Santa Cruz quarter was given over to the Jews, and became the *Alhambia*, ghetto, of Seville. It comprised the ground to-day occupied by the Parishes of Santa Cruz, Santa Maria la Blanca, and San Bartolomé. This ghetto was encircled by walls having three gates; two of which opened into the city, while the third pierced the outer wall and was known as the Puerta de la Carne. These gates were closed at sundown and opened at dawn, as in most European towns during the Middle Ages and later, so that the despised Jews should spend their nights in the seclusion of the ghetto.

It was in the Santa Cruz quarter that the great Jewish plot against the Holy Inquisition was hatched at the end of the fifteenth century. In 1481 the Jew Suson, father of the celebrated Susona, "as beautiful as Rebecca," together with Benadova, Cristobál Lopez, Monvadura and others, held their secret meetings to devise ways and means to counteract Inquisitorial action. But the fair Susona who, owing to her extraordinary beauty, was not without her train of followers among the Sevillian gallants, once made an appointment with one of her lovers on the night of a secret meeting held by her father and his fellow-conspirators. The maiden revealed the plot to her lover, who in turn informed the authorities. The plans of Suson and his accomplices having thus been discovered, they were condemned to death.



The popular excitement which followed the detection of this ill-starred plot terminated in the massacre of thousands of Jews and the sacking of their houses. The penitent Susona became converted to Christianity and sought the seclusion of the cloister. Her head is said to have been buried, by her dying request, in the wall of the house in which she had lived.

The Jews enjoyed the privilege of having three synagogues within the limits of their ghetto, granted to them by the wise king who tolerated religions other than his own. These three synagogues had originally been mosques. One of them is now the Church of Santa Maria la Blanca, another that of Santa Cruz.

Don José Vázquez recalls that every street of the quarter has its own legendary history of faith, of love, of art and of death. In its most beautiful little square of Doña Elvira existed the famous play-house, or enclosure, of the same name, where Spain's Shakespeare, Lope de Rueda, once goldsmith, and afterwards dramatist and actor, commenced his brilliant career. Hard by was the duelling-ground, now the street of Rodrigo Caro, formerly the Arquillo del Sacramento; a secluded locality well fitted for the settlement of affairs of honour.

The street now called Gloria was once known as Calle de Ataud, Street of the Coffin. This ominous name has its explanatory legend. It is said to be thus called in memory of a mysterious warning given to one Don Miguel Manara, a wealthy youth of dissolute habits, later destined to become the wise author of "The Discourse of Truth."

Called to his door by a summons from without, Don Miguel no sooner reached the threshold than he was hurled to the ground by some hidden force; at the same



time a voice was heard crying, "Bring the coffin, he is dead!" The tradition says that Don Miguel on recovering from his swoon vowed to abandon the evil paths into which his youthful ardour had led him. He became a prudent and learned man, and followed the course which brought him fame and the affection of his fellow-citizens.

The Calle de la Pimenta, Street of the Pepper, is so called because there once stood in it a beautiful pepper-tree which miraculously sprang up in one night before the house of a Jewish spice-merchant. It seems that the merchant often complained of the lack of pepper to meet his trade requirements; a Christian gentleman, overhearing him, said, "God will provide." The Jew expressed his doubts of the Provider in whom the Christian trusted, but the following morning he was amazed to see the tree at his door; he became converted and bedewed the tree with his tears, and for every tear that fell a peppercorn bloomed upon the fruitful tree.

The Calle de la Susona, Street of Susona, was formerly known as the Street of Death; for here, according to one legend, hung upon a hook for many years the head of the beautiful Jewess. Tradition has it that the rays of the moon falling on the skull caused it to cast a shadow upon the white wall which resembled a skeleton, the image of death, swinging in the mystery of the solitary and silent street. As already mentioned, a variant of the story states that, in accordance with Susona's dying wish, her head was buried in the wall of her paternal home.

A beautiful open place of the quarter is the Plaza de Santa Cruz, where once stood the Central Synagogue, converted into a Catholic church in 1391, but pulled down in 1810 during the French occupation. In the

centre of the square is a garden from which rises the Cross of the Cerrajería, a splendid specimen of seventeenth-century wrought-iron craftsmanship.

Near by lived Murillo, and this enchanted part of the quarter is consecrated to his memory. His house stood in the neighbourhood of the Plaza de Alfaro, and there he died, after his fall from the scaffolding in the Church of the Capuchins at Cadiz. Murillo was buried in a chapel of the Church of Santa Cruz, beneath a panel by Pedro Campaña, representing the "Descent from the Cross"; a picture which the master of the Conceptions had greatly admired. When this church was demolished, an attempt was made to find Murillo's bones; but this was impossible owing to the church having been used as a cemetery during an epidemic, which resulted in encumbering it with bodies and causing a general confusion. A memorial tablet of marble and bronze erected by the Seville Royal Academy of Fine Arts records that the great artist's relics are within the boundaries of the Plaza. Murillo's memory is also kept fragrant by the city that loved him so well, in the gardens which bear his name in front of the Plaza de Alfaro.

The transformation of this part of the old ghetto into a garden-city is being carried out by the express desire of King Alfonso. Houses have been acquired and re-built with artistic skill in the general style of the buildings of the quarter. Streets have been re-paved with red brick in the old Andalusian manner. Benches of the vividly-coloured tiles have been placed in every square and garden. The tops of the walls that line the Agua, Water Street, and separate Santa Cruz from the Alcazar, have been embellished with hanging-gardens: geraniums fall down like mantles, reds and pinks with



THE "TOWER OF GOLD," SEVILLE



ROMAN WALL, SEVILLE



a fringe of green; roses climb and intermingle with the plants which rise to meet them from the adjoining gardens, to embrace and droop in folds of colour, rioting like those on the shawls of Seville's women on a day of fête.

But it is at night-time that one evokes the whispering past of this romantic quarter where the ages have stopped still. In the old parts of Seville one is irresistibly reminded of Pompeii; partly by the inner courts, *patios*, and partly by the tiny, one-room workshops; recalling those that have been uncovered between the slopes of Vesuvius and the shining Bay of Naples. But here are no deep-worn ruts to mark where the iron-shod chariots and cars rumbled by on the stone-paved streets; man, or the sure-footed *burro*, has been the beast of burden from time immemorial.

Many of the old churches of Seville show a faithful imitation of the minarets of the Mussulman in their towers, and almost proclaim it a Moorish town. The imprint of the Moors, as we have already noted, is to be met with at every step, not only in the architecture and art of Andalusia, in the old quarter and streets we have just described, but in its influences which have affected profoundly the character and nature of the people. High ideals of chivalry inspired these Arab conquerors: their sacred code enjoined kindness, valour and amiability, just as it encouraged eloquence, poetic talent, skill in riding and strength, and they honoured these virtues long before the re-conquest.

The moral traces of an occupation of seven centuries by a race bringing into Spain the lamp of a high civilization cannot be made to disappear. They remain just as surely as the material evidence furnished by those three most eloquent memorials of the past, the Alcazar



at Seville, the Mosque of Cordova, and the Alhambra. The Moors gave far more to Spain than these three great monuments: they gave life to science and to letters; they founded universities, and established manufactures. Under their rule commerce flourished. Spain saw great cities arise where formerly were but towns; Seville, now a city of 207,000 inhabitants, numbered more than 300,000 under the Moors; Toledo now has 23,000 where once it had 200,000, and Cordova, which now has 80,000, was a capital of more than a million souls.

The early history of Seville is obscure, and the date of its foundation unknown. The view generally accepted hitherto is that the city owed its origin to the Celtiberians. However that may be, the chronological order of the many races which invaded the Iberian peninsula subsequently is well-established, and each of them must have been concerned with, and influenced the city from the earliest times, just as in almost every other part of Andalusia.

We know that the Celtiberians were merged in turn with Phœnicians, Phocians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals and other barbarians, Visigoths and Moors. The Sevillians of our time must own many of these as common ancestors.

It is first in Roman times that we begin to have some solid historical facts to work upon. Julius Cæsar captured Seville in 45 B.C. We learn from historians of a later day that the wall the Romans built around the city had a length of nearly eight thousand yards; that it had a hundred and sixty-six towers, and was pierced by fifteen gates. This wall has mostly disappeared, but what is left is in excellent preservation; of the fifteen

gates, two alone remain; the Macarena and the Arenal. Most of them were destroyed in recent times.

An inscribed stone now in the city Museum, but formerly built into the old Jerez Gate, records that:

“Hercules built me.

Julius Cæsar enclosed me

With ramparts and high towers,

And the Saint-King<sup>9</sup> won me

With the help of Garcia Perez de Vargas.<sup>10</sup>

The ancient name of Seville, *Hispalis*, supplies one of the principal reasons for attributing its origin to the Celtiberians. After its conquest in the first century B.C. by Cæsar the name was changed to *Colonia Julia Romula*. As a Roman colony it was destined to give its mighty mother seated by the Tiber many orators, poets and warriors; just as near-by *Italica*, as mentioned above, was to give her two renowned emperors.

The Emperor Constantine did much to advance the interests of Seville, besides making it the capital of Spain. From being a Roman colony it passed under the domination of the barbarian hordes, Vandals, Suevi and Alans, until the appearance of the Visigoths soon after the beginning of the fifth century. One of the Visigoth kings, Euric, brought almost the whole of Spain under his sway, and put an end to Roman rule in Andalusia during his reign.

Leovigild, 569-586, was the last of the Visigoth kings who adhered to Arianism. He espoused a Roman maiden, the daughter of an emigrant from the Eternal City. Her name was Theodosia, and she bore the king two sons. The elder of these sons, Hermenegild, was left at Seville as his father's viceroy, when the king

moved the capital to Cordova, soon after the entire peninsula had been conquered. This son was destined to become a martyr to the Catholic Faith, to which he had become converted by the example of his wife, Ingondes, daughter of Sigebert, King of Austrasia, the name given by the Merovingians to the eastern possessions of the Franks, embracing Lorraine, Belgium, and the right bank of the Rhine. It is highly probable that the conversion of Hermenegild was due in a greater measure to the teaching and exhortations of St. Leander, Bishop of Seville, than to his wife. The great influence of the saint in gaining over the Visigoths will be spoken of later.

Hermenegild, martyr and saint, enraged his father by his open profession of the Catholic Faith. Leovigild sought to divest the son of his viceregalship, but all the Catholics of Spain came to the support of the latter in the unequal contest with the Arians. Hermenegild was in the end made a prisoner by his father's orders and confined in a tower in the wall surrounding Seville. At the Easter solemnity, Leovigild sent an Arian bishop to him in the night, offering to take him back into favour if he would receive communion from the prelate; Hermenegild rejected the proposal with indignation, reproaching the messenger with the impiety of his sect. The bishop returned to the king at Cordova with an account of the unsatisfactory termination of his mission. The furious father, seeing his son proof against all his endeavours to pervert him, sent soldiers to put him to death. Arrived at Seville, the soldiers entered the prison and found the fearless leader of the Catholics ready to receive the stroke of death, which they did not delay to inflict upon him, cleaving his head with an axe.<sup>11</sup> Thus died one of the most famous martyrs for

the Roman Faith in Spain. St. Gregory the Great attributes to the merits of this martyr the conversion of his brother, King Recared, and of all the kingdom of the Visigoths in Spain to Catholicism.

The church outside the Roman wall of Seville, near where once stood the Cordova Gate, bears St. Hermenegild's name, and is erected near the spot where he received the crown of martyrdom on the eve of Easter, the thirteenth of April, 586, after he had reigned but two years as the king's regent at Seville. Leovigild died the same year, and, although not himself converted, yet on his death-bed he sent for St. Leander and begged him to instruct his younger son and successor in the true Faith; a dying injunction faithfully obeyed by the saint, for the influence he had exerted to bring about the conversion of Hermenegild was equally powerful in inducing the younger prince to follow in the footsteps of his martyred brother; Recared thus became the first Catholic king of Spain.

St. Hermenegild was canonized, and has become a favourite Spanish saint. St. Leander suffered much at the hands of Leovigild on account of his zealous efforts to convert the nation; he was banished from the country, but returned, as we have seen, to find a dying and repentant king, and to be confirmed in his great mission.

It was during the reigns of Leovigild and Recared that St. Leander and his brother St. Isidore commenced, and lived to complete, their labours for the good of their country. They have left names which stand out amongst the most illustrious in Spain's history. They are the patron saints of Seville, and well have they deserved this distinction. On the city's arms they stand on either side of the enthroned St. Ferdinand, the restorer of the city to Christianity.

Both these holy and learned brothers became bishops of the Church. The elder, St. Leander, in spite of the cruel persecution of Leovigild, was able to found the school at Seville which became the very fountain-head of Visigothic learning: a magnet for studious youth, and a powerful influence lasting throughout the Middle Ages.

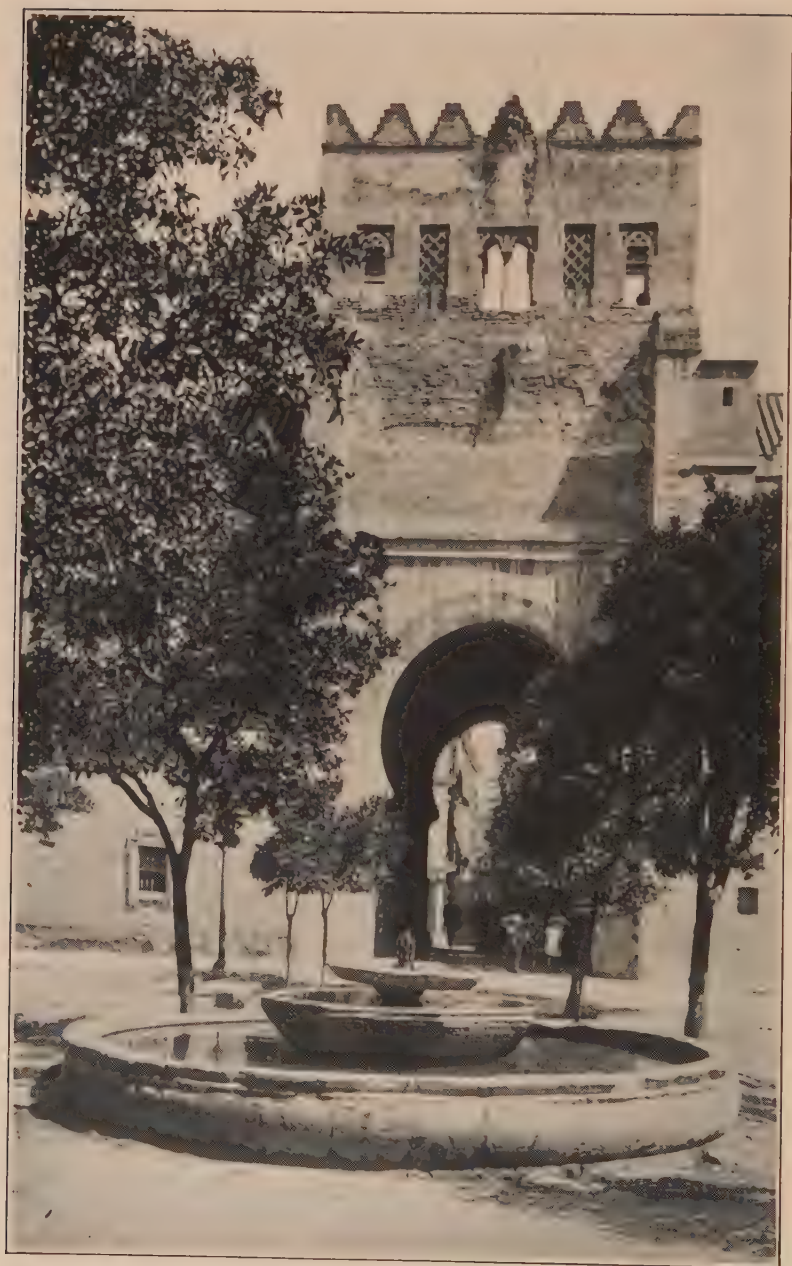
St. Isidore, the younger brother, was equally distinguished for piety, zeal and learning, and for the part he took in establishing the Catholic Church in Spain. Theologian, philologist, architect, and musician, he combined the moral grandeur and the learning which made him for Spain what the Venerable Bede, monk and ecclesiastical historian, became for England a century later. St. Isidore was an ardent and devoted teacher in the school founded by his brother; that Alma Mater which was to spread its roots far and wide, and bear fruit in the young institutions which sprang up in emulation of it at Toledo, at Saragossa and in Lusitania.

Just as St. Leander followed the dying wishes of King Leovigild to spread religion in Spain, so was due honour paid to his own dying behests to his brother to hand on the lamp of enlightenment and learning, and to keep up the fight for their religion. To these two evangelists is due more than to any others the impulse which gained for Spain the renown of being the foremost defender of civilization against barbarism. St. Isidore was also a great organizer as well as a reformer. He revised the old laws of King Euric; he was one of the great builders of the West. When the Visigothic Empire fell before the Moors, the schools he and his brother had founded at Seville and Cordova continued to flourish under Moorish rule, and to preserve their influence.





GARDEN OF MURILLO, SEVILLE



COURTYARD OF THE ORANGES, SEVILLE

The defeat of Roderick in 711 marked the beginning of the long Moorish domination. One year after the incursion of the Moors Seville surrendered to Musa, and the city became a dependency of the Caliphate of Cordova. With the Abbassides a new dynasty was inaugurated, having Mohammed Beni Abbas as sovereign. Under his rule and that of his successors until the eleventh century Seville attained unheard-of glory.

A daughter of Sultan Motamid II was taken by Alfonso VI as his morganatic wife; and it was to protect himself against this son-in-law that Motamid called upon the African Almoravides, an Arab sect, or tribe, to come to his aid. The Almoravides came in the year 1086 and defeated the Cid, the Christian hero, and the allied Christian princes at Zalaca, near Badajos. These warlike Africans must have fallen a prey to the beauty of fertile Andalusia: for they soon determined to conquer the country for themselves. They proceeded to put their plan into execution. At the battle of Ucles in 1108 they triumphed over Alfonso VI for the second time, killing his son, the Infante Don Sancho, a child of eleven.

The Almoravides established themselves firmly on the throne for a period of about sixty years. These covetous usurpers were to encounter the same fate which they had meted out to the Emir of Seville; they were overthrown and supplanted by the Almohades, another people of like African origin, who extended Moorish sovereignty in Seville for a further hundred and two years.

Seville finally returned to its Christian allegiance when it fell before the saint-king, Ferdinand, on November 23, 1248, after a siege of many months. This was two hundred and forty-four years before the

Catholic rulers Ferdinand and Isabella put a final end to Moorish rule in Spain by driving the last followers of the Prophet from Granada, thus giving the land back to its Christian lords for all time.

To the long Moorish occupation of Seville belong those splendid masterpieces of Arab architecture: the Alcazar, begun in 1181 by the Sultan Abu Yakub Yusuf; and the Giralda, which is the oldest, as it is the most beautiful, specimen of this architecture in Seville remaining practically unaltered and unrestored; the Giralda also was built by order of the Sultan Abu.

The Torre del Oro is another well-preserved relic of Moorish times. It was originally one of the towers on the wall surrounding the Alcazar. As the Alcazar, Giralda and Torre del Oro will be referred to in another chapter, no detailed description need now be attempted.

The canonization of King Ferdinand of Castile and Leon in 1671 was celebrated in Seville with a pomp and circumstance hitherto unknown in the old capital. An interesting account of the joyous festivities to which the city gave itself up in honour of its most popular saint will be found in the records left by a contemporary writer, Fernando de la Torre,<sup>12</sup> who states that "the occasion gave our Murillo an opportunity of distinguishing himself as a decorator." Murillo designed an architectural perspective for the altar in the sacristy of the Cathedral, with rows of columns opening out upon a landscape with a view of Seville; the Giralda, as always, towering proudly above the silhouette of houses and church towers; on the right the royal saint guided by Faith, bearing the Host in her hand and pointing to the city he had re-conquered from the Moors; opposite to them, St. Clement, the Pope, holding out a hand in welcome.



St. Ferdinand was born in 1198, according to some authorities a year later; he was the son of Alfonso, King of Leon, and Berengaria of Castile. His whole life was spent in tireless warfare to drive the Moors from Spain. He was marching to lay siege to Jaen in 1230 when he received news of his father's death, and was summoned by his mother to take possession of the Kingdom of Leon, which from that time remained united with Castile. He devoted three years to the settlement of the affairs of his new possessions, then once more turned his attention to the subjugation of Moorish strongholds. He took successively Ubeda and Cordova. The last-named had been in the hands of the infidels for five hundred and twenty-four years, and had long been the capital of their empire in Spain, when St. Ferdinand entered it, after the city had capitulated, on SS. Peter and Paul's day, 1236.

The great Mosque was "reconciled" by John, Bishop of Osma, and converted into a church under the invocation of the Mother of God.<sup>13</sup> The bells of Compostella, which the Moor Almansor had caused to be brought to Cordova on the backs of Christians, Ferdinand commanded to be returned on the backs of Moors.

In 1237 the king married a second time; his first wife, Beatrix, daughter of the Emperor Philip of Swabia, having died. The second wife, Jane of Ponthieu, bore him a daughter, Eleanor, who was married into France, becoming the heiress of the counties of Ponthieu and Montreuil, and later by marrying Edward I of England united these dominions to the English crown.<sup>14</sup>

In the campaigns which followed the taking of Cordova, Ferdinand made himself master of twenty-four other Moorish towns, of which Ecija was the first and Moron the last. When Ferdinand besieged Seville it



was considered the strongest city in Spain, defended as it was by its Roman wall, a deep moat and the Guadalquivir. After taking it, the king devoted the three remaining years of his life to the regulation of the affairs of this most important conquest, and resided in Seville until his end.

Murillo painted many portraits of Ferdinand. In the chapter-house of the Cathedral he is seen on the border of the cupola between the Old-Christian and Visigothic saints of Seville; others are in the Condaturia, the Colombina in Seville (Columbian Library, founded by Fernando Colon, son of the great navigator) and in the Prado at Madrid. The best was in the gallery of the Infante Sebastian, a half-figure in a circle being borne through the air by angels.

King Ferdinand is the Andalusian hero. He lies buried before the high-altar of the royal chapel in the Cathedral, where the relics of so many Spanish royal-ties are preserved in small arc-shaped caskets, sealed and bound with ribbons in the national colours.

Close by hangs the ivory statue of Our Lady which the warrior-saint always carried suspended from his saddle-bow during his campaigns. Other mementos are in the small sacristy adjacent; his sword and pennant being among them. In the Sacristia Mayor are the two keys surrendered to the king with the city. That of the Moors is silver, and its inscription runs: "May Allah grant Islam to rule eternally this city." The key of the Jews is of gilded iron with the legend: "The King of Kings will open; the King of the earth will enter."

Ferdinand died in the Alcazar, his great work accomplished. The old chronicles describe the scene by his death-bed. Around the altar erected in the death-chamber was assembled the sorrowing court; infantes

of Spain, princes, priests, soldiers, the women of his family, and archers bearing blazing torches. It was in these surroundings, in the splendid palace of the Moors that, after having received the sacraments of the Church, a great Christian and a mighty warrior passed away. This solemn scene forms the subject of a canvas by the nineteenth-century Sevillian painter, Mattoni de la Fuente, which now hangs in the Provincial Museum.

An interesting Moorish prophecy of the fall of Seville is said to have been found by the Catholic Kings among the archives left behind by the Moors when they were driven from Granada. We have taken the following from a rare document.

The prophecy was that of a Moorish wizard who lived during the period that the Almohades (the second Arab people to invade Andalusia) were in possession of Seville. At that time lived a Moorish knight who was the richest and most powerful personage in the Kingdom of Murcia. This knight, whose name was Abenbuc, persuaded the people of Murcia to rise against and overthrow the Almohades. He was so brave and valiant in battle that he vanquished the enemy and put all the Alárabes of that province under his rule. In order to insure the perpetuity of his kingdom he gave orders that all people of the Almohades should be put to death, saying that they had offended Allah by their sins and vices. He further ordered his officers to take the shields and flags of the Almohades, on which were emblazoned their arms and devices, and to dye them black. As this order was being carried out, the Moorish wizard, who was regarded with great awe as being a prophet, broke forth with loud cries, calling on the officers of the king to hear his prophecy. He foretold that the Moorish rule in Spain was near its end, and that Abenbuc

would die horribly as a punishment for having put the Almohades to the sword. He further foretold that the shields and banners of the defeated Almohades, which were now no more than black symbols, would at the appointed time fall down from the walls of the Mosque of Seville, and at that same time there would be no longer a Moorish king of Seville. And so it came to pass. Abenbuc was murdered by his favourites, who first made him drunk at a banquet, and when he was unconscious they carried him to a fountain and drowned him. On that same day the shields and banners fell from the walls of the Mosque of Seville. This the Moors regarded as an omen, and in their brains grew the conviction that there would never be another king of their race to rule over Seville; nor was there, for Axataf, who was in command of the city when it fell to King Ferdinand, was not a king but only captain-general.

In 1252 King Alfonso the Wise began to rule; he bestowed many favours on Seville for its loyalty, and confirmed the privileges that had already been granted to it.

His great-grandson, King Alfonso XI, has left a fourteenth-century document which again confirms Seville in its ancient rights and privileges. A translation of the quaint language of the period reads somewhat as follows: "Know all who read this chronicle that I, King Alfonso, reigning at this time with my sons the Infantes John and James: the knights and well-disposed men of this very noble city of Seville having rendered many great and good services to our father King Ferdinand, from the time he took this city unto his death, and also to ourselves, who reigning later cause this chronicle to be written because of the loyalty and good love which we ever found in their acts, and especially during the

insurrection made by those of our own country who should not have made it and who were of us, having also with their good services and loyalty prevented many great dangers. Believing that the will of our fathers should be our own will; to show no love to those who do not love us, and to love those who are our friends, do hereby grant and confirm all the privileges they hold.

“Given this first day of September in the year MCCCXXI, I the said King Alfonso reigning with our sons the Infantes John and James of Castile.

“And those who have remained loyal to us and true are . . . [here follow the names of those who proved their loyalty].

“I, Millán Perez de Ayllon, write this document by order of the King in the thirty-second year of his reign.”

It was this king who gave to Seville the curious motto of which it is so proud. This motto is formed by the syllables *no* and *do*, with the symbol 8, *madeja*, a skein, placed between them. *No* and *do* form the word *nodo*, signifying a knot of obedience; thus a rebus is formed by writing the motto “NO 8 DO”; the Spanish reading being *no me ha dejado*, in English, “it has not deserted me.” The arms of Seville bear this device, together with the motto “Muy Noble y Muy Leal,” “Very Noble and Very Loyal.” These arms display St. Ferdinand enthroned with a naked sword in his right hand, and the cross-surmounted orb in his left. On either side of the king stand the figures of St. Isidore and St. Leander.

In some manuscripts it is written that the king gave the device NO 8 DO to the city by the hand of his favourite, a knight of the Villafranca family and that for this reason the Villafranca bear the same device on



their arms. Old records show that one Nicolas Perez de Villafranca was at the time scrivener to the *Ayuntamiento*, city chapter or council. It may well be that this was the same knight to whom the king entrusted the task of notifying the city of the honour that had been conferred upon it.

Of the many marks of royal approval that have been bestowed upon the ancient capital, four attest the gratitude respectively of St. Ferdinand, King John II, King Ferdinand VII, and Queen Isabella II. The first is "Very Noble"; the second "Very Loyal"; the third "Very Heroic"; and the fourth "Unconquered City."

Seville was also highly honoured by King Sancho the Brave and by Pedro the Cruel. The latter monarch restored the fairy-like Alcazar and made it his residence. In this old Moorish palace King Enrique II was born, and all his descendants down to Queen Isabella I were born either in this palace or elsewhere in Seville.

The name of Pedro the Cruel, if not kept green, at least is kept alive in Seville, the city that he adored. He managed to cram an odyssey of adventure and evil deeds into his short reign of nineteen years, 1350-69. Popular but voluptuous and cruel, many tales still pass current about this sinister figure. He abandoned his wife, Blanche de Bourbon, the day after their marriage. Poison, a favourite and effective weapon of mediæval princes, was the means by which he finally rid himself of the unfortunate Blanche, a princess of France's royal house. He is also credited with having had many of his relatives strangled. His misdeeds and excesses provoked frequent and bloody revolts. His half-brother, Enrique de Trastamare, aided by the redoubtable Bertrand du Guesclin, was only prevented from taking vengeance on him by the intervention of the Black



Prince and his English soldiery on the field of Najera in 1367.

Pedro's doom was not long to be delayed. Defeated two years later at Montiel, he soon afterwards met the end that his violent life merited. His brother de Trastamare attacked him and killed him, it is said, in the very tent of du Guesclin, Constable of France. This monarch is reputed to have sought adventure at night in the narrow, winding streets of Seville, after the manner of good Haroun-al-Raschid of pious memory.

The city attained to great power and importance during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. It took a leading part in the Renaissance at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Much of this consequence was due to the broad and deep Guadalquivir, which still links up Seville with the Seven Seas. During those days when Spain was at her zenith, a mighty stream of gold, silver, and precious stones flowed up the turbid river from the Americas. The fabulous value of these cargoes is attested by the Archive of the Indies, where the inventories are kept of the ships that returned from across the Atlantic to discharge their rich freights into safe-keeping within the massive walls of the Torre del Oro, well named the "Tower of Gold," although not so-called because of this golden stream; the name is due, it seems, to the yellow Moorish tiles that formerly covered its upper portions.

From the port of Seville sailed many of those hardy expeditions that were bent on discovering new lands and new sea-routes. In 1519 five small ships sailed under the command of the great navigator Magellan,<sup>15</sup> bound in search of a passage from the south Atlantic into the Pacific. It was this epoch-making voyage that immortalized his name, and the straits that bear it are his ever-

lasting memorial. The discovery of the Philippines and the Ladrone Islands was also a result of Magellan's intrepid cruise in the Pacific.

In 1522 the "Santa Maria de la Victoria," a name of good omen, returned to Seville, the sole survivor of the five vessels that had sailed three years before, but it came back without the great and lamented explorer, for Magellan died in the far-distant islands of the Philippines, the victim of an encounter with the natives. He was not destined to reap the glory of his momentous discoveries.

The "Santa Maria de la Victoria," upon the death of Magellan, fell to the command of Juan Sebastian del Cano, a native of northern Spain, and the trusted lieutenant and companion of Magellan. He proved himself worthy to have his name inscribed on the roll of immortal navigators who set forth into the unknown from Spain in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He arrived back at his port of departure, after having been the first to circumnavigate the world, with but a handful of the original crews left to tell their epic tale. Four hundred years after these bold Spanish adventurers put their girdle around the globe by sea, they were to be followed by the equally courageous Americans who set a companion girdle in the stars.

It was here in this same Seville that Columbus was welcomed on Palm Sunday, 1493, shortly after his landing at Palos, from the voyage that had resulted in the discovery of America one year before.

The city has given many illustrious names to history: saints, kings, martyrs, great painters, sages, and writers. It has suffered comparatively little from wars and sieges so far as its monuments in brick and stone are concerned, but greatly from the depredations of the French in 1810,

when so many of its chief treasures were looted. This episode in the city's history will be found fully set forth in the historical survey of Don Manuel Gómez Imaz.<sup>16</sup>

Many works of art were also lost to the city upon the suppression of the convents by the Royal Order of July 25, 1835. The revolutionary Junta has also a heavy responsibility to bear for having destroyed, capriciously and wilfully, many buildings of great artistic and historical value in 1868. An idea of the richness of these may be gathered from the fragments that are now preserved in the Provincial Museum and elsewhere in Seville. The wanton acts of the revolutionary Junta are dealt with in the history of the revolution written by Don José Maria Tassara.<sup>17</sup>

Seville is a city which offers delicious surprises to the observant traveller at every turn and corner. If, perchance, for a moment in a new or sordid street, one might doubt her beauty, at once she reveals some hidden splendour of immortal grace and charm, and by this sudden disclosure of the unexpected she banishes the doubt and redoubles the halting admiration.

Strange that it is not given to all to see with the eye of appreciation. We recall overhearing the remark of a tourist, returning from his first walk in Seville, that "awful little alleys" were all that he could discover. One can picture the mid-Victorian setting wherein blossomed his ideals of beauty. No, to such as you, man of the little alleys, Seville does not reveal her soul!

Our brief outline of the history of this beautiful, romantic and fascinating city having been offered, we shall now attempt to describe its people, its life, its art and architecture.

## CHAPTER VI

### SEVILLE; PEOPLE, MANNERS, DRESS, AND STREET-SCENES



IN Seville they will tell you that any woman seen in a hat during the forenoon is not a *sevillana*; and indeed the occupation of *modiste* must be one of the least lucrative in Andalusia. But it is to be regretted that the dictum quoted has no longer its old force. Except for those, but it may as well be admitted an ever-increasing number, who follow the dictates of foreign fashion, hats are rarely worn by the Sevillian ladies; by the women of the people never; for the latter a flower, carnation for choice, tucked coquettishly in the hair at the back of the ear for the young, or the small black shawl for the old, suffices.

The natural grace of the *sevillanas* is greatly enhanced by the charm of their high combs and *mantillas*, most becoming and picturesque of all head-dresses.

The differences in dress, especially in those countries where some peculiarities of national costume have been retained, must be almost the first thing to arrest the attention of the traveller. It is not only the dress of the Sevillian woman which is striking and causes admiration. Her erect carriage and manner of walking suggest a Greek goddess; she has the proud poise and flowing grace of the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

The modern fashions in skirts revealing a length of, too often indifferent, leg and ankle are almost unknown in Seville. It is charming to see again women and girls who, although slender, have figures, and who do not





SEVILLIAN GIRLS AT THE FERIA





STREET IN SANTA CRUZ, SEVILLE

prefer to give themselves the contour of an exaggerated banana wrapped in a yard of cloth.

Alas for an age which knows not what suits it best! Smart young misses here, as elsewhere, consider it chic to be seen in hats of the prevailing gooseberry-shape, pulled over the ears. If this is the thin end of the wedge (and who would under-estimate the relentless power of the rising generation?) then farewell to comb and *mantilla* which give you such an advantage over your less-fortunate sisters in other climes! Almost the last surviving national dress of western Europe will have departed, and fashion will continue on her Juggernaut way, imposing one dull mould of reiteration, sameness and banality on her slaves, until all the women of the earth dress alike, regardless of country, climate, age and appearance, and are happy.

However, before it is too late, there are still differences between the women of this country and others to be recorded. Fashions take, happily, a long time to reach the Peninsula; if the comb and *mantilla* are being sacrificed, the hair under them is not. There are as yet no heads clipped like hedges; and Fashion may send out orders that hair must be grown again, before the *sevillana* makes up her mind to sacrifice her raven locks.

We remember many years ago in Germany when the young (or was it only the tolerably young?) women studying the arts started this modern revival of the Italian male coiffure of Giotto's time, that the Swiss poet, Gottfried Keller, exclaimed in dismay at his first view of this unsightly manifestation: "There was no sign of natural curls; she wore clipped-off hair like a wreath of garlic around her ears and neck. How sad the times will be when with young women and maidens the attribute of Springtime flees the world!"

To-day the garlic-wreath encircles the faces of the elderly-young, as well as the young. It is the former who think that with it they can hold Springtime fast, and represent themselves as children of a larger growth. Those usual accompaniments of the bobbed-head, cigarette smoking, powder-puffs, and lip-sticks, are also absent in Andalusia; ladies do not smoke in public, nor at home as far as we have observed; neither do they make their toilet in public.

In Seville, ladies almost invariably wear black in the streets, or whenever they appear abroad at the theatre, at concerts, or at the one tea-room where it is *comme il faut* for them to be seen. The women of the lower classes generally follow this custom of wearing black. Only on their non-religious festivals, especially during the joyous *Feria*, is this sombre chrysalis discarded and every woman revels in a blaze of colour; in dresses a riot of gayest hues, dreamed of during a long self-imposed penance of black. Even the dresses do not run the gamut of colour, for over all is the brilliantly embroidered *manton*, the Spanish shawl which is not Spanish, but a product of the East, of the Philippines. This *manton*, which foreign women have been wearing so much in recent years, is kept sacred by the *andalusienne* for occasions calling for festive dress, and with it she puts on a mood as gay and sparkling as the colours which enliven it. Her large dancing ear-rings add but another charm, which with the bright dresses, the *manton*, the comb and the *mantilla* form the most beautiful of Europe's national costumes. The young girls of the working class, and even their tiny sisters, wear large pearl, or silver, ear-rings the size of cherries; these, with the flower in their hair, are their only ornaments in working-dress.

Many of the men of Seville wear the high-crowned *sombrero* above their strong smooth-shaven faces; while the short jacket, tight trousers and black or red waistband are no less frequent. These form the usual dress of the countryfolk throughout the province. Most men wear no overcoat in winter; a neck-scarf provides them with a seemingly satisfactory substitute. Andalusian men do not feel the cold as much as visitors from northern climates. When a foreigner is bundled up to the ears in a winter overcoat, the native appears quite warm and comfortable in ordinary clothing, plus his scarf; and often his coat is open and discloses no waistcoat. Yet during the long summer he is forced to submit to an almost tropical heat.

It cannot be denied that the most racking coughs are commoner here than in any city we remember. Tuberculosis is prevalent; this the houses, ice-cold in winter, must invite; no less than the narrow streets which ban the sun. The people must feel warmed through and through as soon as they leave their dwellings and step into the glorious winter sunshine of the many gardens and plazas; here may be found the reason why the men wear no overcoats. The priests alone seem to guard themselves against the cold; they go muffled up with only their noses peeping above the enveloping capes of their *soutanes*.

Probably in no other city, even along the Mediterranean, where the men from Lisbon to Athens congregate in the streets and squares to occupy themselves with politics, are there so many men idle and gossiping from morning till night in the public places and cafés as in Seville. One wonders how any work is ever accomplished. All days seem to be holidays for the men of this city.



Everyone who has visited the province has been struck by the habit these idle men and youths have of staring at and commenting on women. It is an occupation that no well-ordered *sevillano* can forego. To strangers, especially to those who do not understand Spanish, this may appear rude and objectionable; but it is an entirely innocent custom. It is the almost invariable rule to accompany the stare with a compliment that no Andalusian woman would think of taking offence at; indeed she would be unhappy if men did not stare at and admire her. It is said that a girl who does not attract this homage to her sex in public will return home to her mirror to ask it what is wrong with her. When one understands the remarks they will be recognized, in almost every case, to be quite innocent of all offence, and not intended, as probably they would be in most other countries, to be the impertinent preludes of a *flâneur* to familiarity and possible acquaintance.

The morals of the Sevillian women leave nothing to be desired, and they are respected by the male population; hence ladies are not subjected to insult in the streets. Nevertheless young ladies and girls of the upper classes never go out unaccompanied; the *ducña* is very much of an institution in Seville. It is rare to see ladies walking alone; it is not the custom; usually they walk two or three together, observant and admired. The girls of the lower classes go about alone with impunity; they appreciate the interest they arouse, and have a merry, responsive smile for the ready compliments of their admirers.

The students of the University are recognized by their long, flowing black capes, which have two little buttons of a distinguishing colour for each faculty; like the Blue-coat boys of England, they never wear hats.



The University of Seville is housed in the old convent of the Jesuits, suppressed with other religious institutions by the Royal Ordinance of July 25, 1835. The building contains one of the most interesting chapels in Seville as well as the important old library formed by the Jesuits and taken from them together with all their treasures of art. The chapel preserves many good works of the Sevillian school, including a statue of the great soldier-founder of the Society of Jesus, St. Ignatius Loyola. There is also a portrait of the pious founder by Alonso Cano in the *Sala de Actos*. The university was established by Alfonso the Wise in 1256.

The famous Sierpes, the principal shopping-street and favourite lounging-place, is a narrow, winding way, lined on both sides with shops, clubs and cafés, outside which are men standing, talking, walking, but not working. The clubs are so numerous in the Sierpes and around the Plaza San Fernando that the wonder is where the men come from to keep them in existence. Their large windows are open to the street; the passers-by could touch the exclusive members by stretching out a hand. There is no privacy, a desideratum in other countries; the Sevillian clubman wants no privacy; he wants to be, if not in the street, of it, so that he can watch and comment on all who pass. Looking in one sees the inevitable cups of coffee or glasses of water, generally both, on every table that has an occupant.

The cafés are mostly patronized by men whose appearance indicates that they are of the working class, or farmers; the same types of men day after day, the same perpetual holiday day after day. One of these cafés is frequented by farmers, and outside it a species of outdoor exchange is held on week-days. This is con-

ducted in much the same way as that on the steps of the Cathedral before the sixteenth century. No wonder the latter gathering caused a nuisance which the Lonja was built to abate.

At this primitive exchange farmers bargain for their crops and stock; transactions great and small are concluded, from the sale of crops of olives down to the disposal of a hen or two. Olives and olive-oil are two of the chief commodities of the surrounding country. Little sample bottles of olive-oil are passed from hand to hand in this *al fresco* assembly, to be smelt, tasted and appraised.

The itinerant vendors of lottery-tickets are everywhere, and the little offices for the sale of these invitations to fortune are to be found every few hundred yards in the busiest streets. There are three drawings of the great National Lottery of Spain every month. The capital prizes range from 30,000 pesetas to the incredible sum of 15,000,000 pesetas.<sup>18</sup> The latter is drawn only once a year, in December, and may be won with a double ticket costing 2000 pesetas. The prices commence with forty pesetas for a full ticket of the smallest drawings and rise to 2000 for the great December drawing. Each ticket is divided into tenths, of which one, or the whole ten, may be bought. Owing to this system of dividing the numbers into tenths it is rare for one person to draw a capital prize entire.

To judge from the many eagerly scanning the lists of drawings that are posted outside the ticket shops, every Spaniard must be a regular contributor to this form of State revenue.

The streets are thronged with the vendors of a multitude of different things, giving an Oriental aspect to outdoor life. From flat, shallow baskets foods of many

kinds are offered: little cooked crabs, prawns of great size; cakes and sweets, candied nuts much the same as those sold by hawkers in Peking; the strange seeds and nuts that are so familiar in Constantinople and other Oriental cities. Of all these wares the tiny crabs most aroused our curiosity, for the baskets seemed always full and buyers rare. We did not enquire how long they remain fresh, but had always thought their allotted period of usefulness to be of short duration; perhaps they are embalmed.

The *aguador* offers water from the classically-shaped amphora, carried poised on a little pad on his shoulder, which has not changed in two thousand years.

Police and *Guardia Civil* are more numerous than such an orderly population can possibly call for. The police are neither smart nor efficient-looking. The *Guardia Civil*, a kind of military rural guard, also serve in the cities. Their uniforms are striking, especially the curious and impracticable head-covering, turned-up in front, and not keeping the rain from the face but catching it to let it trickle down the neck behind. These men are a fine-looking, well-set-up corps, and smarter than any uniformed body in Andalusia.

In only one other city have we seen so many boot-blacks as in Seville; they rival in numbers the *lustros* of Athens. No sooner is a customer seated outside a café than one rises from the ground to offer his services. Sevillian men are very particular about the appearance of their shoes, and evidently do not rely on their domestics to clean them. The small, dark shops of the bootmakers drive a larger trade as boot-blacks than as boot-menders; they all have chairs for the former purpose.

Not many streets in Seville are wide enough to en-

courage automobile traffic, yet there are many, very many, motor-cars. It is a curious contrast; the narrow, crowded streets with their leisurely pedestrians; standing, chatting groups, and the hurtling automobiles; for your Andalusian has no *mañana* in his driving. He is in just as great a hurry as chauffeurs are elsewhere; but, withal, he is a careful and considerate driver, hence street accidents are practically unknown. At the wheel of a car, as in crowds on foot, the Andalusian does not incommode others, show selfishness or lose his temper. When two drivers of vehicles of any description get in each other's way, they stop, exchange a joke and smile, and continue their journey. The immense and dynamic vocabulary of the jehus of other countries is no part of their equipment, any more than is ill-temper. But how they love their horn! They sound it as incessantly and unnecessarily as their confrères of Rome.

The cheap motor-car is not yet in use as a delivery wagon in Seville. The humble, patient *burro* has not been supplanted by the all-pervading Ford. The little donkey, with two huge panniers slung across his back, his driver often perched jauntily above his tail, is one of the picturesque sights of the city. The panniers are laden with milk-cans, bread, oranges, sand, and what not.

As for taxis, there are so many, as well as victorias, standing in the streets that it is wonderful how their owners manage to eke out a living.

Every Thursday a "rag fair" is held in the Calle de Feria; it is known locally as the *Feria*, fair. Here men and women sit contentedly all day long with their stock-in-trade displayed on tables, or on the ground before them. Rubbish of every kind and description is piled in heaps, often of no greater value than a few





PLAZA DOÑA ELVIRA, SEVILLE





CROSS OF CERRAJERIA, SEVILLE

pennies. But the Fair gives occasion, and excuse, if any were needed in Seville, for a happy, idle day of chaffering, gossip and bargain-hunting. If one does not buy, there is a smile for the departing non-customer; should, happily, a sale result, there is no smile; it is an event so serious and rare that it must be treated with great solemnity.

The sellers stock old iron, pots and pans, olive-oil lamps, books offering a bargain now and then, and old jewellery, mostly imitation, or broken and past use; in a word, rubbish of no use and many uses unknown. Here the eager foreigner may be seen looking for the "find" that is to compensate for the fruitless efforts of many an expectant day.

It is remarkable that beggars have now become rare in Andalusia. The fraternity of wretched, maimed and whining outcasts that used to form the familiar groups outside the portals of the great cathedrals and churches has been swept away into the limbo of forgotten things. Where they now hide their misery and deformities is unknown; certainly Seville knows this kind of beggar no more. In four months we never saw a beggar at the doors of the Cathedral.

The Gypsies have an ancient settlement at Triana, a suburb of Seville, across the Guadalquivir; their women are often in the streets, picturesque in the wonderful harmonies of colour into which their rags melt wherever they are met with. They are almost the only beggars now observed in Seville. To illustrate the envied position the bull-fighter enjoys, and, at the same time, the Gypsy's proverbial talent for wheedling a coin from the unwary, it serves but to quote the words with which one of these bright-eyed, smiling women, baby in arms, accosted us: "You will not refuse me, Señor, you have

a face like a bull-fighter" (*Usted tiene cara de torero*); the greatest compliment in her repertory, and, doubtless, the most persuasive.

Besides the Gypsies an occasional old woman, neither ragged nor conforming in any other way to the type of beggar formerly to be seen, will ask for alms. But it looks as if the profession of begging no longer attracts recruits, that its guild has passed away.

The same happy abolition of begging has taken place in Italy under the strong rule of Mussolini, which does not tolerate the *lazzaroni* who once were as ubiquitous as the sun in which they basked and the blue skies over their heads. It is a miracle which no one would have admitted a few years ago to be within the bounds of the possible.

Spaniards give freely to beggars; for this reason their disappearance is all the more remarkable. The explanation of this generosity may be found in the saying of Guzman de Alfarache: "God did not make the rich for the poor, but the poor for the rich. The beggar who receives alms from thee transforms it into thy gain, because he makes God to speak in his voice, makes God the debtor, and binds Him to repayment"; surely a beautiful sentiment with its promise of reward.

Another plague of other days has ceased to importune. Guides are no longer a nuisance. Except those attached to the hotels, we met with only one in Seville. His stalking-ground was the *Puerta de Perdon* of the *Patio de los Naranjos*, Courtyard of the Orange-trees, leading to the Cathedral; he offered his services once, then ever after left us to our undisturbed enjoyment of this great among great monuments. We read recently an English book of travel wherein the author tells of his flight from a guide in this very Cathedral.

As this incident was all the space he allotted to the glorious church, he can never have mustered courage to return. Had it been a Venetian guide of twenty-five years ago, the traveller would have received our fullest sympathy. Then, the guides of the Piazza San Marco made life a burden to the contemplative tourist, and there was no safety even in flight.

In Italy also these persistent gentlemen are less in evidence than they were a generation ago. The authorities are everywhere doing more to attract tourists and to remove disturbing elements.

Having told of the people and things that are to be seen in the streets, a word remains to be said of the one familiar object, common to every time and place, which is remarkable for its comparative absence in Seville. For some time we felt that something was missing and wondered what it was. A stray specimen or two made us realize that man's faithful friend, the dog, had been left out of the scheme of things. The explanation is that the people, not altogether without cause, fear hydrophobia; for this reason dogs are not encouraged.

The *Mercado*, city market, presents a sight to capture the artist's eye and to hold the amateur gardener in envious admiration. In early January the stalls were already laden with flowers and vegetables in bewildering profusion, heaped side by side with glowing pyramids of oranges and lemons. Surprising quantities of asparagus suggested vast ranges of glass; we did not then know that this asparagus is uncultivated. Later on, in March, when we went to the country, we were to see it growing in wild luxuriant clumps amid the cork-forests.

Stalls of fish in great variety, familiar and strange, oysters, mussels, crabs, prawns and curious crustaceans



inhabiting pretty, twisted shells. It is the custom in Seville to eat shell-fish in special bars, where they are served without extra charge with each glass of Manzanilla wine, which is considered their necessary accompaniment, drunk out of high, tapered glasses, *cañas*. In every café olives, or some small *hors-d'œuvres*, are served free with each glass of wine.

The least agreeable feature of the *Mercado* is that part where meat is sold. Like those in many countries bordering on the Mediterranean, the butchers' stalls are particularly uninviting, often suggesting a chamber of horrors. One comes away from these with a distinct leaning towards vegetarianism. Fortunately the abundance of fruit, vegetables, eggs and fish makes the avoidance of meat no hardship, while it contributes not a little to health and well-being.

Evidently the *Mercado* was built for more spacious days; many of its stalls are unoccupied. It may have held fast to the dimensions of Moorish times when the population numbered twice that of the city of to-day.

The parks and squares of Seville are many and beautiful. The vegetation is rich and luxuriant: palms, orange, lemon, pepper-trees and shrubs keep these breathing-places green winter and summer, and shade the bizarre little fountain-enclosures, with their benches built of the painted tiles for which Andalusia has been famous for centuries.

The heavily-laden orange trees which add so much to the beauty of Seville arouse in the visitor the reflection that the small boy who plays beneath them must be vastly different from his kind elsewhere, for the tempting-looking fruit is left untouched by him, except that any such as may drop are turned into footballs. The small boy here is much the same as his compeers in other



lands; it is the orange that is different; it is the bitter orange of Seville, the orange of marmalade.

Just now the vast Prado de San Sebastian, where once the decrees of the Holy Inquisition were carried out, is gay with merry-go-rounds, switchback-railways and the booths and swings of a village fair.

One is struck by the many houses bearing tablets inscribed with the name of the immortal creator of *Don Quixote*, and a legend which the stranger may take to record that once "Cervantes resided here"; for in other countries such mural plaques mark the buildings that once housed the great. Seville is more generous: one such memorial has been placed on each house in any way connected with the life and works of the writer. A waggish citizen even suggested to us that each café where the great man had refreshed himself was thus distinguished!

## CHAPTER VII

### SEMANA SANTA; HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE

“We shall say much, and yet shall want words: but the sum of our words is, He is all.” (Ecclus., xliii, 29.)



HOLY WEEK in the Andalusian capital is unique; unique because of the splendour of its famous religious processions. It is in the composition of these pageants that it differs from other great Catholic cities in celebrating the chief festival of the Church; and this is not because of any one or two special differences, but of many, among which are the outstanding features of the *pasos*, travelling stages, representing the scenes of the Divine Passion; the great number of confraternities, *cofradías*, which accompany the *pasos*, and the fact that the processions take place by night as well as by day. On Good Friday they do not come to an end until after day-break. Every day from Palm Sunday to Good Friday the *pasos* may be seen, and every day they are different, for the same *pasos* are not taken out twice; each has its allotted day and place in the procession of which it forms part, after which it is returned in state to its parish church.

In these magnificent processions of *Semana Santa* the Seville of the eighteenth century shines again with renewed glory; throughout Holy Week the people of this city, like their ancestors of past centuries, vie with one another in honouring the mysteries of the Passion and the Martyrdom of the Saviour of the World, and in demonstrating their love for His Divine and Immacu-

late Mother; for the devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a very ardent one in Andalusia.

Although the grandsires of this people inaugurated these public demonstrations of their Faith in other times, when mystical processions and plays were common to the Catholic countries of the world, and although almost everywhere else they have either died out, or retain but a shadow of their former splendour, here the descendants of the creators are inspired with a desire to do even more than their forbears in reproducing these scenes from the life of Our Lord, using for this purpose the statues and images which are the pride and glory of their city churches; many being noble works by Montañés and other renowned sculptors of the Sevillian school of the Renaissance. People, clergy and the *cofradías*, all the good folk of Seville, dedicate an amazing activity to the perpetuation of this devotion, sacrificing themselves in its interest, and striving in every way to increase its beauty with new embellishments; to prevent the incursions of bad taste, and to preserve good order in these penitential processions. What an emotional, and what a wholesome, experience is this stupendous outward manifestation of the soul of a Christian people!

Already Seville breathes the air of April orange blossoms; the softest of skies overhead, golden sunshine, greenest of foliage, streets and architecture of singular charm—what a setting for these solemn fêtes! An environment of life, colour and beauty is enhanced by the gala dress of the men and daughters of the province.

From Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday Seville seems never to rest or sleep. The streets are throbbing with life, with uneasy crowds seeking one favourable point of vantage, only to change it quickly for another,

from which better to see the slow-moving processions as they advance through the narrow channel of the densely-packed throngs—a channel opening where no passage seemed possible to admit an ever-changing ribbon of dazzling light and colour; *pasos* with their guardian bands of *nazarenos* (members of penitential brotherhoods), priests, acolytes, censer-bearers, soldiers, military bands and *simpecados*.

While the *pasos* differ in the scenes they represent, and in their artistic merit, some, as we have mentioned, having come from the hands of great artists of the past, some from hands unknown; and while the bands of guardians who accompany them differ perhaps in their composition, especially in the garb of the different groups of *nazarenos*, it would be a work of supererogation to describe the processions of the different days in detail. An account of one day suffices for all.

It should be explained that the order of the processions during Holy Week is the result of a traditional and very carefully-organized programme. Each church has one or more *pasos*, and each *paso* has its chosen attendants. The *nazarenos* take the name of the *paso* to which they have dedicated their services; each of these brotherhoods has a different habit. There are no less than forty-one such confraternities.

The processions move with an exactitude and a strict adherence to their fixed time-tables, day after day or night after night, which is extraordinary, considering that they are assembled from all the different quarters of the town, and considering the thousands taking part in them, to say nothing of the great weight of the travelling stages, which necessitates such frequent pauses to rest the bearers. In spite of all these obstacles, which might well excuse delays, they emerge from the tunnel-

like Calle de las Sierpes, Street of the Serpents, a name to which its narrow, tortuous length well entitles it, into the wide Plaza de la Constitucion, where they are reviewed by the Captain-General, and where the greatest crowds await their approach, with a clock-like punctuality that has nothing whatever of *mañana* in it.

The truly magnificent travelling stages are no doubt a survival of the mystery plays of the Middle Ages, which then were general in all Catholic countries, in England as elsewhere.

An old chronicle written by an eye-witness gives us a picture of such plays in Chester in mediæval times. It shows clearly that they had many features in common with the *pasos* of Seville of to-day, albeit that now the travelling stages present pictures of the Passion, while in those far-off days they carried people who acted the mysteries. We read in this ancient chronicle that: "The maner of these playes weare, every company had its pagiants, wch pagiants weare a high scafolde with 2 rowmes, a higher and a lower, upon 4 wheeles. In the lower they apparelled themselves, and in the higher rowme they played, beinge all open on the tope, that all behoulders might heare and see them. The places where they played them was in every streete. They bagane first at the Abay gates, and when the first pagiante was played, it was wheeled to the highe crosse before the Mayor, and so to every streete, and soe every streete had a pagiante playinge before them at one time, till all the pagiantes for the daye appoynted weare played, and when one pagiante was neere ended, worde was broughte from streete to streete, that soe they mighte come in place thereof, excedinge orderlye, and all the streetes have their pagiantes afore them all at one time playeinge together, to se which playes was



great resorte, and also scafoldes and stages made in the streetes in those places where they determined to plae theire pagiantes."

Unlike the stages of Chester, which were wheeled through the streets, those of Seville are carried. Every stranger must wonder why these heavy structures are borne by men, for their great weight is obvious, instead of being placed on wheels and drawn by men or horses. There are many reasons for this, of which perhaps not the least is that the people recognize in their being carried a symbol of the Passion itself; be this as it may, the roughly-cobbled streets and by-ways of Seville would cause them to sway in a manner dangerous for the safety of the venerated statues they bear, were they transported in any other way than on the shoulders of men; and in any case they would have to be carried out from their churches and up the steps into the Cathedral, where every *paso* with its attendants enters by the principal entrance, the *Puerta Mayor*, does homage before the Blessed Sacrament, and leaves by the *Puerta de los Palos* under the shadow of the *Giralda*.

The *pasos* are carried on the shoulders of bearers, varying from twenty-five to thirty in number, who are trained for this special service; an onerous one, for these travelling stages make a heavy burden. The frequent pauses, during which they are rested on the ground, are to enable these men to get some much-needed repose; they have a journey of several hours from their churches to the Cathedral and back again, so that many pauses are necessary to give them breathing-space. One man is charged with the duty of giving the signal when to set the burden down. He walks directly in front of the *paso* and gives his signal by a short rap on its floor. Then a short rest, during which one sees heads appear

from beneath the heavy embroidered hangings at the sides of the *paso* to claim a cooling drink from the *aguador*, water-carrier, who accompanies each group. When the bearers are rested and refreshed the signal-man gives a premonitory rap, followed shortly by two others, whereupon the *paso* is smartly lifted and continues on its way. The bearers take very short, rhythmic steps in perfect unison. They are completely concealed from view by the hangings which depend from the floor of the stage on its four sides. The great images seem to move without the aid of human agency, their heads nod gently in harmony with the movement produced by the short, quick steps of the bearers, adding greatly to their often extraordinarily life-like appearance, and inspiring a feeling akin to awe in the beholder. This effect would be almost entirely destroyed were the *pasos* put on wheels. It is far better as it is, and more than this one characteristic feature of the processions would be eliminated if a change were made: the frequent pauses which the carrying entails; the sudden, startling *saeta* <sup>19</sup> when a *paso* comes to rest, and the very fact that they *are* carried.

Each day as Easter draws nearer the *pasos* leave their respective parish churches at a later hour, entailing a correspondingly later start for the processions, until on Good Friday the most famous of all, that carrying the statue of "Nuestro Padre Jesus del Gran Poder," Our Father Jesus of Great Power, does not leave its Church of San Lorenzo before two hours after midnight; and it is four o'clock in the morning when it is borne proudly into the waiting Cathedral.

All afternoon and night the crowds in the streets have hardly diminished. Who thinks of going to bed on these nights until after the last *paso* has come and gone!

It was broad daylight on Good Friday morning when the tired pilgrims were able at last to get rest, unless, indeed, they waited on and joined the many who stayed for early Mass; and so home and to their breakfasts.

For five days we have watched one wonderful and almost animate representation after another pass on the stately ambulatory stages; we have seen all the heart-stirring acts of the Divine Passion: the Way of the Cross; Crucifixions; Descents from the Cross; Pietàs; the Garden of Gethsemane; the Holy Mother bowed down, or radiant amid a forest of glowing candles; each with the train of attendants we have enumerated; the soldier guards are under arms; some are garbed as Roman soldiers, to typify the rulers in the Holy Land of old; then the two long lines of mysterious figures, the *nazarenos*, in their long, monkish garment, girdled with a heavy cord, and the striking head-dress which rises in a peak high above their heads and falls to their waists, or sometimes in a flowing cape to the ground, completely covering the face except for two eye-holes to enable them to see their way.

The habit of these forty-one confraternities is different in colour, or has different symbols upon the breast or arms. Each *nazareno* carries in his right hand a huge staff-like lighted candle which he rests upon his right hip when walking, or upon the ground during the ever-recurrent pauses necessary to rest the *paso*-bearers. The *nazarenos* form two straight lines the width of a *paso* apart, and at a regular distance of a couple of yards between each man. They pride themselves on keeping a perfect formation. Their dress, their mystery, and the silence they observe, add greatly to the solemnity of the processions.

The members of these confraternities are from all

classes of society. As is fitting, considering their vocation, they pay no heed to rank, caste or other social distinctions, although sometimes men of one profession are grouped together. The members of one *cofradia*, for example, are all officers in the army.

From time to time a penitent, bent under the burden of a heavy cross, follows in the wake of a *paso*, in humble emulation of the Man of Sorrows; others are barefooted. Some years ago a man loaded with chains was to be seen in the processions; his self-imposed penance was in expiation of a drunken act. Sodden with drink he had thrown an orange at the image of the Blessed Virgin as it was borne past him; when he came to his senses he was filled with remorse at his sacrilege, and afterwards walked in chains to make public repentance. The canopy-shaped banners surmounted by a cross, each carried by one man, which are seen at frequent intervals, suggest incorrectly to many that they are the canopies of the Blessed Sacrament. The name of this banner is "La Manga," the cross is that of its parish church. The flat banners are *simpecados*; five or six of these in a procession represent so many different parishes taking part on that day. They had their origin several hundred years ago in the Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament and of the Immaculate Conception: they are the symbol of Christ in the Holy Eucharist. Many are works of art of the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries. They invariably have a picture symbolizing the ideal to which the *cofradia* is dedicated. The guidon, *el Guion*, a smaller banner carried in the processions, is often of massive silver.

In any description of the Holy Week processions in Seville the place of honour must naturally be given to the *pasos*; not only because they are the vital part, the



*raison d'être*, which makes every other feature no more than an accessory but because the Crucifixions and the superb carved statues of Christ and His Mother which they carry are, as we have said, the works of great artists. The beauty of some of the images of Our Lady is incomparable. Every means is used to enhance this beauty. Following the custom in Spain of clothing the statues of the Virgin in the churches, they are seen here in splendid robes of richest embroidery, an ample train spreading out behind and falling far down over the back of the *paso*: gemmed and golden crowns surmount the serene, smiling loveliness of their faces; sparkling jewels, which, according to ancient custom, are lent by the ladies of the parishes to which these Madonnas belong, deck the figures; around about are flowers in silver vases; a blaze of light from innumerable candles surrounds the Immaculate Mother with a glowing, mystic penumbra. It is small wonder that the devotion to Our Lady is such an ardent one in Andalusia, when the people can daily see in their churches her face looking down on them with such an expression of love and tender beauty.

The *nazarenos*, after the *pasos*, constitute the most striking element in the processions. The dress of all the confraternities is practically identical in cut, but there is a great difference in the colours used in it; some few are of sombre black relieved with coloured sashes and insignia; others are pure white with a large red cross on the breast; some are all of one colour; others wear white habits with green, purple, red or scarlet peaked cowls which often sweep to the ground, or coloured habits with white-cowled capes. Often one is distinguished from another merely by a symbol of their *cofradia*.





A NAZARENO, CONFRATERNITY OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS, SEVILLE



A PASO, CHURCH OF SAN JUAN DE LA PALMA, SEVILLE

The origin of these brotherhoods, and the good purposes they have served, may be gathered from a brief description of that of the *Gran Poder*. It was founded in the Convent of San Benito de Calatrava by the Duke and Duchess of Medinaceli in the year 1431 to the honour and glory of the Blessed Virgin, with the title "Most Holy Power," to which was later added that of "Greatest Sorrow." The latter title is still that of the statue of Our Lady borne in the procession from St. Lawrence's Church, which is the church of this confraternity.

The rules of the *Gran Poder* were approved in 1477, when it migrated to the Convent of Santiago de los Caballeros. In 1544 it passed to the Convent of Our Lady of the Valley, at which date, in imitation of other confraternities, it became a brotherhood of penitents, and because of this, new rules were established in 1570, and a chapel erected for it in the monastery. At this time the *Gran Poder* carried two *pasos* in the processions: a Calvary, and Christ bearing the Cross on His shoulder, which they named Jesus of Nazareth of the Great and Most Holy Power; at a subsequent date they added another with the images of St. John and the Virgin. One of their rules was to visit five churches during Holy Week with their *pasos*, one being the Cathedral. Besides this duty they were vowed to perform humane services to those in need.

This brotherhood finally identified itself with the parish Church of St. Lawrence, where it acquired the chapel of Patronato de los Trivinos, and where it has remained ever since.

One of the great sights of Holy Week is to go to the Plaza San Lorenzo after midnight on Good Friday morning and wait before St. Lawrence's until its doors

are thrown open for the *pasos* of the *Gran Poder* and *Nuestra Señora de la Soledad* to start out on their pilgrimage to the distant Cathedral. Dense crowds are massed in the square, and every available place in and on the surrounding houses is occupied long ere the procession leaves the church at two in the morning. All the square is in darkness; the gloom is intensified by the usual black clothes of Good Friday. Suddenly, as the portals of the church are thrown wide, dazzling rays of yellow light radiate from the two *pasos* carried shoulder-high amidst countless candles. A way opens through the silent throng and the slow and majestic progress to the Cathedral commences. A more imposing spectacle could hardly be imagined than these two beautiful images of Our Saviour with the load of His Cross, and the sorrowing Virgin in gorgeous raiment and sparkling with a thousand jewelled offerings from her devotees.

The *nazarenos* of the *Gran Poder* are clad all in black except for the yellow sash around their waists and a black and white symbol on the breast; those who guard the Virgin are in white with a black cowl falling below the waist, on the breast a large Maltese cross.

The *nazarenos* in bygone days seem to have been very jealous of the place each occupied with its *paso* in the procession, and there must have been considerable rivalry to secure the coveted honour of starting before dawn on Good Friday morning, as the following incident in the history of the *Gran Poder* shows. Until 1717 its place was in the Maundy Thursday procession. Later it was able to take that of the *cofradia* of the *Carretería* on Good Friday morning. The latter, owing to poverty, had taken no part in the processions during a period of twenty-eight years, but in 1791 it determined to resume its old place, with the result that the *Gran*



*Poder* confraternity was ordered by the governing body to leave at dawn, and the *Carreteria* at six A.M. This did not suit the *Carreteria*, so it took the matter to the courts of law, which resulted in a Solomon-like decision that neither should go out, under a penalty of 5000 pesetas for non-compliance. The confraternity of the *Gran Poder*, however, announced its intention of joining in the processions, fine or no fine. The official charged with carrying out the edict of the court seems also to have been very much on the spot, for he caused sentinels to be posted in the streets and in the church of the confraternity, and went himself to the Cathedral, where he remained until Good Friday morning, with the object of preventing a single *nazareno* of either the *Gran Poder* or the *Carreteria* from either going out or going in. This uncomfortable situation persisted for six long years, until at last an agreement was happily arrived at.

To this day the people of the different parishes rival one another in the pride they take in their respective *pasos*, and the women of the lower class are ever ready to contend with their gossips of another parish in vaunting the perfections of their own particular and beloved Lady; they are ready even to do battle in maintaining her superior beauty!

Sometimes, as the *pasos* swing slowly by, especially when the image of Mary in her halo of candle-light comes to rest upon the ground, the air is pierced suddenly as if by an arrow: a wailing sound of indescribable mournfulness and shrillness; it is the *saeta*, a prayer sung in praise of the image which rests by the way. The words are Christian and devotional, but the notes are a legacy from the Moors. The words are more often than not impromptu, sung by some maiden or youth from among the crowd; from the chairs that line the proces-



sion's route, or from a balcony. The long-drawn wail is anything but musical to ears other than Spanish, not to say African or Oriental. It belongs to that extraordinary school of Andalusian "singing" (God save the mark!) known as *jondo* (of which we shall have more to say), interesting as a survival of the Arabs, and as marking an affinity between them and the Andalusians of our time in as far as melody is concerned. *Saetas* are sung with the same unlovely method of voice production; the notes are harsh, shrill and tremulous.

The words of two typical *saetas* are given below; the first was sung as the *paso* of the *Gran Poder*, the second when that of the Virgin of the Macarena passed.

"I do not know how I must love Thee,  
My Jesus of Great Power;  
I do not know how to adore Thee,  
But from my eyes the tears fall  
When they see Thee!"

"Thou goest weeping and afflicted,  
My dear Mother.  
For thee, my dear Mother  
I would give my whole life  
If I could alleviate thy pain!"

It is not an easy matter to obtain the text of a *saceta*, unless one catches the words as they are sung and remembers them, for the reason already given, that they are usually extempore; often sung on the impulse of the moment to give expression to a devotional thought inspired by the figure, or figures, on the *paso*. The people listen breathlessly and a profound silence prevails while the singer displays his skill to the most critical

audience in the world, for the *jondo*! As the last wailing tone dies and fades away the crowd breaks into applause.

On Good Friday morning, according to custom, one *paso* always makes its way to the city prison after it has been in procession to the Cathedral. It is accompanied by the families of the prisoners. The latter all flock to the windows and one sees the hands of these unfortunates thrust out, or clasped, through the bars; and again the mournful *saeta*, doubly mournful in this environment, rises and falls on the chill morning air. The one given here was sung by a prisoner from the window of his cell:

“Madre mia la Esperanza!  
Detrás de estas rejas duras  
Es la vida más amarga  
Que la calle de amargura;  
Ni las lágrimas l’ablandan.”

which may be thus rendered:

“Mother of mine of Hope!  
Behind these iron bars  
Life is even more bitter  
Than in the Street of Bitterness,  
And tears do not soften it.”

A short distance from the Cathedral, in the Plaza de la Constitucion, the principal stands from which to view the procession are erected in front of the Casa del Ayuntamiento, City Hall, a remarkably fine example of richly-decorated sixteenth-century Renaissance architecture. The *loges* on the largest stand are the rendez-vous for Seville’s *élite*, as well as for many of the foreign

visitors during Holy Week. These *loges*, divided off like theatre-boxes, are brilliant with women in the lovely Andalusian national dress. Neither are foreign ladies loath to take advantage of this most becoming of costumes; we saw many wearing the comb, *mantilla* and *menton*, but it must be confessed that few had the trick of wearing them with the grace of the *sevillana*. The combs were rarely at the right angle; foreign women almost invariably get them too far back, and fail to keep them up straight, thus spoiling the effect and proclaiming the outlander; again, if they arrange their *mantillas* properly, they cannot keep their *mentons*, shawls, on their shoulders, they are always slipping down and their wearers are constantly squirming to get them back again. A Sevillian woman keeps hers as firmly on her shoulders as if it were glued there.

In one of these *loges* the representative at Seville of the Spanish royal house, the Captain-General, takes his place to review the processions. As each *paso* goes by all rise up and remain standing until it has passed, the men uncovering their heads, whether in the street, at windows, or on the stands. Immediately after it has gone a few yards, gay conversation and movement recommence. On the fashionable stand, visiting from box to box is then general, giving more the impression of a social function than of a gathering forming a part of a great religious ceremony. This, possibly, is inevitable where the world of fashion is concerned, or where so many foreign visitors are present, whose interest is solely one of curiosity and to whom these realistic stories of the Passion bear, perhaps, no message; not even the message of art. We heard one such strangely-callous individual cynically remark that the only thing wanting was advertisements on the *pasos*! However, it takes

many kinds of people to make a world. Some are denied an appreciation of the life of the Man who died for them, or for art or music. We remember a German—and Germans as a race are generally acknowledged to have an appreciation of music—say that he pictured Hell as a place “where Beethoven symphonies were played without end.”

A far more characteristic environment, as it is a far more reverent one, than on our *élite* stand is to be found by taking up a position among the populace in the dense crowds herded in the streets. There one will find a gay and happy reverence; great good humour, and one will be in touch in a very literal sense with the genuine life of the “man in the street.”

Words are but feeble to convey a picture of this unique street festival of Seville in Holy Week; they can give a faint impression at best. One must see these processions for one's self; and to see one is not to see all. The most imposing are those which come last of all on Good Friday. All are not of the same artistic merit. *Semana Santa* should be seen, and lived, in its entirety. The eye and the imagination are staggered by the kaleidoscopic colour, the life and the beauty of these stupendous religious demonstrations. They stir the emotions profoundly, awake a lagging faith and leave an indelible, an unforgettable impression for all time; for who could ever lose the memory of one of these processions wending its glimmering way at eventide or at night through the narrow Andalusian streets into the immensity of the dark Cathedral? One is involuntarily reminded of the descriptions which have been handed down to us from antiquity, with the difference that here, instead of processions to propitiate some heathen god, we have those which are the natural reaction of a people

who for centuries have expressed their religious faith in representations of the Great Passion by the most imposing pageants that are to be found anywhere in the world.

Seville in Holy Week is overwhelmed with visitors from far and near. Every room in every hotel, and in every house that has one to offer, is engaged far ahead. While for the processions every window that promises a view is taken, even the house-tops offering a point of vantage are turned into grand stands.

Many who come to Seville for *Semana Santa* remain for the *Feria*, the most typical of popular Andalusian fairs, which follows on the heels of Easter. It offers the best opportunity for seeing the folk of all classes, of high and low degree, mingling in a very maelstrom of vivid colour and picturesque costume. Then, for a few days, all Seville and all the surrounding country gives itself over to an unrestrained gaiety and to all the "fun of the fair."

But we must now turn to the great ceremonies of the Church in Seville during Holy Week; naturally choosing the glorious Gothic Cathedral, one of the architectural wonders of the world, for their setting.

Many of us from childhood have been familiar with Holy Week. In every Catholic country even the poorest village has its *Semana Santa* with its devotional processions. In Protestant countries, on the other hand, they are rarely seen outside the Catholic churches or the grounds which surround the cloisters of religious communities. But what a difference there can be in the scenery in which the representations of the Great Mysteries take place!

Day after day the Cathedral is visited by a vast number of people; huge as this crowd is, it is swallowed up



in the great spaces of this immense fabric. From its vaulted roof myriads of electric lights shine down; below, the golden glow of the candles throws a warm tone over the multitudes swarming like bees to get a nearer view. From behind the high grille facing the *capilla mayor* bursts the swelling melody of the "Miserere," throbbing through the columned naves, sung by a perfect choir and perfect soloists.

All Holy Week one dramatic spectacle succeeds another; the solemn singing of "Tenebræ" on the eves of Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday; the great and breathless moment when the violet curtain which has shrouded the gigantic *retablo* (reredos) is rent asunder as the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" is sung by a priest from the High Altar, raised by its many steps far above the heads of the expectant congregation. The thin voice of the priest comes faintly to the ear in this great Temple, but it proclaims once more the Glory of God on High, and it gives back again to the people the most beautiful of Altars, which at once becomes the magnet of thousands of rapt eyes! Its marvellous gilded sculpture glistens in the reflections of candle upon candle beyond numbering; its equally numberless facets emit little sparks of fire. Music pours out in a sea of melody. Far above, and seemingly far away, ring out the rejoicing bells of the neighbouring Giralda, and every other belfry, great and small, that Seville possesses, lends tongue to make known to men the glad tidings that Christ has risen!

The ceremony of the Washing of the Feet takes place on Maundy Thursday in an open space between the *capilla mayor* and the choir, where a special structure is built whereon the twelve old men of the poorest class are seated who are to have the privilege on this great

feast day of representing the Twelve Apostles. The Cardinal Archbishop of Seville, whose duty it is to wash the feet of these lowly old men, in imitation of his Master, first has all twelve to dine with him in his imposing palace opposite the Cathedral on the quaint little Plaza del Triunfo. Each of the twelve is decently clad in a new suit and a black cloak, the gifts of the archbishop, and carries a clean white towel over his shoulder. The solemn moment draws near and the twelve take their places as the Primate of Seville approaches, robed in garments of that soft and splendid shade of red which the Church has allotted to her Princes, and followed by his attendant priests. With humble and earnest mien he kneels in the dust before these representatives of Seville's poorest; then carefully, and without haste, he washes the tired old feet, dries them, bows his head and kisses them: "If then I being *your* Lord and Master, have washed your feet; you also ought to wash one another's feet." (John, xiii, 14).

Schopenhauer, himself an atheist, once wrote: "The Pope washes the feet of the poor, an act of abnegation that would never occur to a Protestant prince." We certainly cannot picture William of Hohenzollern, the self-styled "All-Highest," stooping to this act, in fulfilment of Our Lord's injunction, in the old days of the splendid reserve and arrogance with which he always froze his guests at the brilliant court functions of Berlin.

Of all the wonders of *Semana Santa* in Seville, Good Friday morning is easily the most impressive as far as the processions are concerned. One commences a pilgrimage after midnight, wandering at will through the streets and squares. All is quiet, harmony and beauty. This is the night when the image of Our Father Jesus of Great Power is carried to the Cathedral. Slowly the

two long lines of advancing *nazarenos* herald its approach. The great doors open once more deep in the night to receive the beloved of the city. The long lines of brothers of this confraternity assume an even more solemn appearance as they draw near to the towering *Monumento*, a wooden erection which is built up in the nave for Holy Week. This white and gold tabernacle, rising to the roof over a hundred feet above the floor, is beautified with statues and silver candelabra. In the centre is the famous *Custodia* of Seville, nine feet in height, wondrous work in precious metal. It was made during the seven years from 1580 to 1587 by Juan del Arpe. *Custodias* are monstrances; the churches of Andalusia possess many remarkable specimens of these huge masterpieces of the silversmith's art; they are remarkable both for their great size and for their exquisite modelling and decorations.

The *Custodia* receives the Holy Eucharist during the time it is exposed for worship in Holy Week. The Holy of Holies shimmers in the rays of the *Monumento's* blinding lights. The cowed *nazarenos* approach and kneel in a short prayer. The *pasos* sway and come to rest, and through air heavy with incense a steadily-increasing starry heaven of candles burns and glows. Nuestra Señora de la Soledad swings by through a fog of censer and candle smoke. The pale, quiet, patient face of the Queen of Martyrs is one which all the jewels of the gorgeous crown and dress cannot comfort for the agony of the Passion; but on it we seem to see the reflection of Easter morning and of the Meeting with her Son.

The picture in Seville's Cathedral in the early hours of Good Friday morning, the endless procession, the seething crowd, recalls the throngs the Seer of Patmos

marvelled at: *turbam magnam, quam dinumerare nemo poterat*, the "great multitude, which no man could number" (Apoc., vii, 9). Here, too, they seem to be "of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues." Nor is the splendour of the procession and the magnificence of the surroundings all that impresses one, for there are many homely sights to strike the eye during the long vigil in the Cathedral on Good Friday morning. Families of country peasants are camped there; they have nowhere to go to in the city, even should they want to sleep; they recline with their children against the walls, seated on the cold floors. Little girls run about, arm linked in arm, one tiny shawl serves to cover the heads of two; this they never forget to do. They are perfectly at home, and happy, for why should they not be? Is not the House of God their house as well as His?

The way of the processions through the Cathedral, from door to door, could be traced in a river of candle-wax upon the floor, the drippings from the titanic candles carried by the *nazarenos*.

And so Good Friday begins in Seville.

An act of clemency performed by the King of Spain on Maundy Thursday was in keeping with the spirit of Holy Week: he pardoned a number of prisoners condemned to death.

It may not be generally known that while the death-penalty is not infrequently imposed in Spain, yet it is but rarely carried out. An occasion like *Semana Santa*, a royal birthday, or some other event of public rejoicing, is seized upon to exercise this royal and humane prerogative.



## CHAPTER VIII

### BULL-FIGHTS



BULL-FIGHTS hold, and probably will long continue to hold, the Spanish people of every class in their iron grip. They have for ages past secured the first place in the affections of the masses, from the highest to the lowest, as their most cherished form of amusement and "sport." They are more than a national institution; they are a national obsession, and occupy in Spain the same place, but to an even greater degree, in the life of the people that football, baseball, horse-racing and cricket do in the so-called Anglo-Saxon countries.

They have not lacked detailed description, and almost universal condemnation, in foreign books describing Spanish life and customs. Only the condemnation has not been severe enough, nor, in view of the unspeakable brutality of these spectacles, has it been as universal as might be expected in an age when the suppression of cruelty to animals, a tenet of faith in most civilized countries, has spread its protective arm over countless ill-used brutes in every other land and clime.

How is it that the constant, calculated, and highly-specialized torture of bulls and worn-out horses, horses that have performed their faithful service to man, is permitted to continue unabated in the land that boasts the oldest civilization of western Europe? Why is it that while all over the world societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals flourish, yet this, the great cruelty, goes on unchallenged? Here surely is work for a League of Nations looking for opportunities to right



wrongs in the name of humanity. It is a mission far more urgent than handing over majorities to minorities; playing at territorial delimitations; looking on at Dantzig, in the Saar and on the Ruhr and engaging in a dozen other futile tinkering. Cannot public opinion, so reinforced, lend its authority to an errand of mercy in Spain?

There are features connected with bull-fighting, especially the manipulation of the mangled horses that are not killed outright, in order that they may again appear in the ring, that are too bestial and disgusting to print. These features escape the notice of the foreigner, unless he is of an inquiring turn of mind, or unless he is told of them, because what is done is not done in the ring, but in one of the torture-chambers outside of it.

It may, however, be recorded that the vocal cords of these unfortunate horses are severed before the fights in order that they cannot scream when gored by a bull. It must strike every foreigner who witnesses a fight that the horses make no sound when torn asunder, but how many know the hateful reason why?

We propose to describe a typical bull-fight such as may be seen to-day from one end of Spain to the other, but without enumerating its most sickening horrors, merely recording some impressions and the reflections which they give rise to, and tracing the history of bull-fighting back to the days of the *rejoneo* in the days of chivalry, when it was the prerogative of royalty and the nobility to take the ring against the bull.

*Rejoneo*, from the Spanish word *rejon*, a lance, means the ancient sport of bull-fighting on horseback, in which the weapon used was a long-handled lance, or spear. This sport, thanks to a young Spanish cavalry officer, Don Antonio Cañero, has recently been revived after

a lapse of several centuries; its description and an account of its revival will be of interest; it does not appear to have been written of in English. But first a word upon its historical association and its vogue in the Middle Ages.

Bull-fighting has remained practically unchanged for more than a century and a half; prior to that, and from before the beginning of the fifteenth century it was a different and a far more sporting and hazardous game for the protagonists. Furthermore the cruel features of the mangling and killing of the horses were absent; just as they are in the resuscitated *rejoneo*.

In those ancient times, as we have said, the highest nobles took the principal parts in this sport. Such mighty warriors as the Cid, King Charles V, and King Sebastian of Portugal were renowned *rejoneadores*, as history tells us. The "Catholic Kings," Ferdinand and Isabella, while laying siege to Granada ordered these exhibitions of skill to be held on the plain stretching to the south before the Moorish stronghold, where the famed Mussulman ruler Boabdil was surveying for the last time that beloved country which his people had wrested from the Visigoths more than six centuries before; a country that these African invaders had developed, beautified with their exquisite architecture and art and left the most romantic land in Europe: the Andalusia of to-day.

It was doubtless to keep their armies in good spirits during the tedium of a long siege, as well as to provide them with manly exercise, that the Catholic sovereigns ordered these spectacles which gave such opportunities for the display of skill, courage and horsemanship, as well as so much to interest and excite the onlookers.

In any event the *rejoneos* were held, the siege was

successful, Granada fell and *el Rey chico*<sup>20</sup> left it an exile on January 2, 1492; the same year that was to witness another event that fixed the names of Ferdinand and Isabella on the page of history for all time: the discovery of America by their protégé Columbus.

It may then be assumed that in the Spain of the Middle Ages the *rejoneo* occupied precisely the same place that tournaments did in other European countries; they were the tests of prowess and horsemanship for doughty knights. In these contests noblemen replaced the professional *espadas*, *picadores* and *banderilleros* of the modern development of Spain's favourite and national institution.

It was the custom for a nobleman to enter the ring escorted by as many of his retainers as he could muster, often more than a hundred, never less than a dozen or two, when he measured his strength and dexterity against the bull.

At the fêtes held in 1673 in honour of the first marriage of Charles II, the Duke of Medina-Sidonia killed two bulls. In 1697 Juan de Valesco, Viceroy of Buenos Ayres, died from injuries received in the bull-ring. At the end of the eighteenth century the same fate met the brother of the Count d'Arcos under dramatic circumstances. At the moment of the accident Count d'Arcos was by the side of the king; seeing his brother thrown and being gored by the bull, he sprang over the barrier and dispatched his brother's vanquisher. This fact is interesting from having been recounted by Shelley in his "Letters from Spain."

In Portugal bull-fighting is a harmless and less-exciting sport, but it has no cruel or revolting features; the horns of the bull are rendered harmless by being capped, which prevents them from piercing the body

of the horses; thus the latter are not injured, nor are the bulls killed. This would make no appeal to the Spaniard, inured for generations to the sight of gore and killing, until at last these have become the features that arouse his enthusiasm and satisfy his lust for blood.

One form of bull-fighting in Spain is known as *corrida de novillos*; it enjoys little popularity, serving more as a training for the juniors to test their skill and courage; to teach them to affix the *banderillos*, paper-bound darts that are jabbed in the bull's neck to excite him to fight by their pain; to manipulate the *capas* and *muletas*, the red capes and cloths that are waved before the bull to induce him to charge, or to attract his attention away from any fighter in danger of being gored.

In rural districts it is not uncommon to hold bull-fights *à la Portugaise*, to avoid the expense that killing bulls and horses entails, but this, too, inspires no great enthusiasm.

Although much has been written against bull-fighting, certainly not enough has yet been written against this cruel, barbarous diversion, otherwise it would have ceased to be a blot on this fair land.

Many years ago a French writer described in scathing terms the progress of a bull-fight and all the horrors of the *corridas*, ending his account with a picture which is as true to-day as when it was written forty years ago.

"The spectacle of the captive bulls, their slow torture and inevitable end! These unfortunate victims should be seen, alone of all the truly courageous, pursued by a pack of their tormentors—at bay, at the end of their resources; no longer knowing which way to turn, their first rage exhausted, sadly trying to regain the gate by which they entered. One must see them from their entrance on the scene! Astonished, frightened by the



hoarse roar which greets them; arrested on the spot where those which preceded them succumbed, and, with thrashing tail and dilated nostrils, scenting death in the sand damp from the last sacrifice. It is as tragic as it is moving. And if a sentiment of pity mounts from your heart it is certainly not in favour of the executioners, nimble enough to give to their cowardice the semblance of valour!"

Probably this writer hesitated to describe in detail all that he saw, as indeed who would not? But there still remains enough that can be described to stir the heart to pity, resentment, and to action.

The bull is kept for a day in the confinement of a dark cell where no light can penetrate before being suddenly thrust into the dazzling sunlight of the ring, after having received a prod from a pike to cause him to dash into the arena with the false semblance of an animal wild, fierce and thirsting for the fray. This impression is altogether misleading. The bull is almost blinded by the glare after his long confinement in the dark; he is smarting with pain. If left alone for a few moments he could probably be yoked to an ox-cart without making any resistance.

All is pretence: the fierceness of the bulls, the bravery of the *toreros*. Anyone who has seen these "fighting" bulls grazing in their native fields knows full well that they are neither more nor less fierce than bulls are the world over; and while it must be admitted that it takes some pluck to stand up to a charging bull, yet no one who has ever witnessed it can fail to realize that very little skill is required to avoid the monotonous regularity of the bull's futile dashes, not at the man, but at the red cape or cloth held out to him at arm's length by the *torero*. The Spaniards claim to see in these statu-



esque poses of the bull-fighters a supreme art, although their beloved *toreros* have but to stand quite still while the poor, stupid bull dashes again and again at the red rag, never at the man, with a certainty which is as dull as it is exasperating for any but the *aficionado*.<sup>21</sup> There is even a name for each of these postures, and the Spanish newspapers print whole columns describing each with praise or blame, just as the entire city, or town, will discuss them for hours, at home, abroad, in the cafés and at the street corners! To the uninitiated they convey the impression of an infatuated beast trying in vain to gore a bit of red cloth, and of a man as secure from harm as if he were sitting at home, so long as he keeps perfectly still and holds the cloth away from his body, as he takes good care to do. Unless the *torero* loses his nerve, which happens sometimes, or makes a false movement, which rarely occurs, knowing as he does to a certainty exactly what the bull will invariably do, he can let the animal rush at the cloth indefinitely and without harm to himself.

This year at Seville even the boasted glory of bull-fighting, the bravery of the *toreros*, was wanting. They were afraid of the bulls; their most famous fighter broke down and cried like a child under the jeers of the public. The local newspapers supplemented their interminable descriptions and gossip of the fights with paragraphs to the effect that "there were bulls but that there appeared to be no *toreros*."

During this season some of the best bull-fighters in Spain were on strike, owing to differences with the owners of the rings. On one occasion, when the utility *toreros* were not showing any pluck, one of these strikers, Sanchez Mejias, a famous fighter, jumped into the ring at Seville in his citizen's clothes and fought a

bull, after having asked and received permission from the King of Spain who was present, to the delirious joy of the thousands assembled.

The actual killing of the bull, the final act in these piteous tragedies, only confirms the impression that little bravery and little skill are requisite to be a fighter. The hero, the *espada*, armed with his short sword and carrying a *muleta*, manoeuvres himself into a position to kill by a sword-thrust an animal that has been systematically exhausted and bled so that the man runs the minimum of risk. Often he has only to confront a beast so tired and bewildered that often it cannot be made to move by shouts, prods, pushing or the red cloth, but nevertheless it is slaughtered with just as much bravery and far less skill than butchers require to possess in the shambles. And this cowardly act is hailed with acclamations by thousands of blood-maddened people.

To call such a spectacle, or any part of it, sport, or to give it any name which does not stigmatize the calculated cruelty of the strong over the weak, is to condone it. It is a grim exhibition of how far the avoidance of fair-play can be carried. From the beginning the bull has to withstand the attacks of a horde of tormentors, mounted, or on foot. Let into the ring he is prodded with lances having an inch and a half of pointed iron at the end. These are thrust again and again into his shoulders until a broad stream of blood flows down the doomed beast to the sand under foot. Then follows the most loathsome act of the drama, but we shall not offend by a description of it: the intentional sacrifice of the horses, literally pushed on to the horns of the bull.

Like many others before us, we had thought that the killing of the horses resulted from accident, not design. It is not so; these miserable, worn-out animals, blind-

folded so that they may not know their danger and seek to avoid the bull, are spurred, thrust and beaten on to his very horns and gored to death. It is this unspeakable act of brutality that may not be described in all its hideousness; much less what is done to the horses if they survive one encounter and are not too terribly wounded to be patched up for a second, or even a third, bull.

The second act consists of the affixing by the agile *banderilleros* of the sharp-pointed darts in the shoulders of the bull. Should the bull not be "brave," explosive darts are affixed. Of all the many engaged against the bull, only two groups seem to be entitled to be credited with bravery, or to run any risks; the *picadores* and the *banderilleros*, the former because they are often thrown down with their gored mounts, although they almost always appear to escape injury, owing, doubtless, to the protection of their iron leggings and padded bodies; the latter, because they plant the darts without the safeguard of the red cloth which obsesses the attention of the bulls. Yet they are considered but minor actors, the *espada* is always the hero; the *espada* with his merciful sword.

The first two acts are intended solely to tire out the bull before the *espada* kills him, and to satisfy the ever-present lust for blood. Poor horses, poor bulls! How often during the hateful twenty minutes (the limit set in which to torture and kill a bull) of our one bull-fight did we pray that the bewildered and stupid animal would miraculously become endowed with the intelligence and activity of a dog, that he might turn on his persecutors and rend them! But no; of the hundreds of thousands of dashes the bulls make at the *capas* and *muletas* during a season of fighting in Spain, not one

in a thousand touches a fighter. Where then is the vaunted bravery?

Yet these people cannot see enough of the death-agonies of the bulls and horses, or of the indescribably revolting features that accompany the mangling and death of the latter, and they, royalties, Infantas of Spain, and all the rest of them, use their opera-glasses to see the better. A party comprising some of the greatest names among the Spanish nobility sat complacently lunching in the first row of the arena with, but a few feet below them, the hideous sight of a dying horse, shattered as if torn by a shell on a battlefield. They munched and stared as if the brutal scene with its torn and expiring animal were a fair garden wherein some pretty play was being performed. It is all barbarous, shameless and revolting. It may be doubted whether any African tribe practises such cruelty or causes such suffering to animals as one can witness in Spain in the bull-ring, nor could savages gloat more over such sufferings than do these Europeans. A British administrator of long service in Africa assures us that there is nothing in the Dark Continent comparable with it.

However, bull-fighting is losing ground. Where formerly there were ten days of bull-fighting every month during the season in Seville, there are now, except during the *Feria*, the great popular festival in April, only three. It is no longer the brilliant spectacle that we are informed, and have read, it was in days gone by, when every woman wore her picturesque dress of gay shawl, high comb and graceful *mantilla*. We counted not more than a dozen women in the national Andalusian costume; the upper tier of boxes where the aristocracy of Seville were wont to sit and hang their shawls to decorate the front of their *loges*, was almost



all occupied by parties of English and American tourists. The crowd was as drab as that at a football match. Another factor that is having a marked effect on the attendance at bull-fights is the rapidly increasing popularity of football in Spain, and many observers see in the growth of this sport the doom of the bull-fight.

Since the Spaniard must have his bull-fights, there is much to recommend the *rejoneo* as a substitute. In it the horses are not killed; hence the main horror of the ordinary fights is eliminated; while to the qualifications of the *picador*, the *banderillero* and the *espada*, the *rejoneador* adds his horsemanship, his courage and his address. If this form of bull-fighting should take the place of the other, the outcry against the dearest pastime of the Spaniard would be softened, and the hitherto unhappy foreigner could look upon it with less disgust and even find something to admire. It is, therefore, to be hoped that it has come to stay long enough to kill the other form of "sport," for it has a humane mission to fulfil. In 1923, during the bull-fighting season, there were two hundred and twenty-seven wretched horses killed in the Seville ring alone. Is not the *rejoneo*, that would put an end to this massacre, to be welcomed on this account alone, even if not because it is the revival of a knightly test of manly qualities? Furthermore, it would lead to the improvement of the breed of Spanish horses, which would then be as carefully selected and bred for the ring as the fighting bulls now are. But the first consideration is the one that makes the strongest appeal; that it would mean a natural and peaceful end for thousands of aged horses, for they would no longer be used for the *corridas*.

What lover of these noble animals who has passed a sorry old horse with bowed head and sagging knees, on



the cab-rank of a Spanish city, but has conjured up the picture of its almost too certain fate in the pitiless ring? This fate the *rejoneo* would put an end to. The slaughter of horses in the ring is but a tradition to which the Spaniards have become callous from long custom. Traditions die hard, we are told, yet why should this one not die? In all else the Spaniards are a gentle race; kind to each other, to their children and to strangers.

Owing to Señor Cañero's initiative, many young Spaniards are taking up the *rejoneo*, and practise with young bulls in the private *plazas de campo* on the estates near Seville. Señor Cañero has revived and developed a school of bull-fighting, based on that of the heroic age, which may sound the death-knell of the horrors which almost all the world outside of Spain agree in disapproving.

In the *rejoneo*, which has now become the most popular feature of bull-fighting when Señor Cañero appears, instead of *picadores* on horseback to prod the bull and sacrifice their worn-out mounts, or *banderilleros* to affix the short darts in the shoulders of the victim, or, lastly, the *espadas*, with their *muletas* and swords to give the *coup de grâce*, Cañero blends all three rôles in one. Mounted on one of his beautiful and perfectly-trained thoroughbreds, he fights the bull on horseback and kills him with his lance; or failing this, he dismounts and faces him with the short sword of the *espada*. In the meantime he has given an exhibition of skilful riding, control of his mount and successful bull-fighting that is the essence of grace and strength; man and horse working in a harmony that recalls those riding athletes on the frieze of the Parthenon. Small wonder that this modern prototype of the Cid has become the darling of the public



SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BULL-FIGHT, MADRID



ANTONIO CAÑERO, REJONEADOR



in Spain, for he is probably the most brilliant and courageous horseman of his time.

Our friendship with Señor Cañero led to an invitation to take part in a private *rejoneo*, such as is sometimes held on the great estates near Seville. It is a rare experience and it is likely that we were the first foreigners to see Cañero in these surroundings. These private *rejoneos*, or, more strictly, *tentaderos*, are usually held to give Señor Cañero practice for his stud of horses, or to test the bravery of young bulls, in order to select the fiercest for breeding purposes.

A mid-March sun, rivalling the July heat of more northern climes, was beating down on the Plaza dedicated to the soldier-saint, King Fernando, when we left Seville for a twenty-four mile drive to the private *plaza de campo* of Don Antonio Flores, a great landed proprietor and breeder of fighting bulls at Azualcollar.

We were told the night before that we should make the journey in a humble Ford, because "it was better adapted for the country." As the roads about Seville are good, and our hosts possessed, like most Sevillians, high-powered American cars, we wondered at the choice. We were to be enlightened.

Our party from Seville included a Spanish artist, Don Ricardo Marin, and two Sevillian captains of cavalry. Señor Marin has made many sketches of the art of Cañero. A characteristic photograph of the latter is reproduced in this chapter.

We drove merrily across the majestic Guadalquivir along the high road through the town of Triana. It is a place which is famous for its ancient Gypsy quarter, and for the many celebrated bull-fighters to whom it has given birth. After leaving the plain through which the great river flows, we were soon in the midst of

richly-productive fields, and forests of cork-trees. The country became rapidly more hilly and rugged. Shortly before we reached Azualcollar a guide who had been stationed to meet us and conduct us to our destination, was taken on board. Now we commenced to appreciate the choice of the light and steel-sinewed Ford. We left the road and turned into rocky foot-hills filled with ravines, gullies and every form of obstacle which might well have given pause even to the sure-footed *burro*. But "Lizzie"<sup>22</sup> never faltered; she started across country just as the bird flies, or the hound follows on the scent of the fox. We never appreciated before all the latent powers, resources and resolution of a determined Ford. She sped eagerly over the fields that in turn gave place to hills, mountains and dales. On and on she rushed headlong; up and down dried-up water-courses; jumping nimbly over chasms, charging hedges and only stopping short of climbing trees. She even tried this, but found that it was not necessary. Now we *knew* why a Ford was chosen. In fact it occurred to us that the one thing needed to achieve the ascent of Mount Everest is a small Ford and a few indomitable men to tell her the direction.

This seemed the limit that could be set to one car's achievements, but we were to learn more. We came back over that same topographical problem in the dark of the night, this time with our host's Ford leading the van. Its light skipped along ahead of us like a will-o'-the-wisp leading an erring rustic to his doom, sometimes in view, sometimes lost in the mazes of the mysterious woods of cork-trees. Having come to the conclusion that a Ford is the offspring of an india-rubber goat and an intelligent owl, we committed ourselves to its care with a simple trust that was not misplaced, for we got



back to the high road without accident or a single stop.

But the qualities of our conveyance have caused a digression from the real purpose of our perilous journey. Our destination, a long, low bungalow shining white amid green fields surrounded by olive groves and the velvet softness of distant cork-trees, was reached at last; and here our good host met us, clad in the picturesque *sombrero*, tight trousers and short jacket of the country-side.

Señor Cañero brought out the five beautiful thoroughbreds he uses in the *rejoneo*, and which he has trained himself. Each in turn was put through its paces. One got an idea of the technique of the training necessary to enable these animals to avoid the sudden mad rushes of an angry bull. The *haute-école* of the circus, the quick-thinking of the polo-pony, the glued fixity of the cowboy seat, all were there. With one hand holding the bridle lightly, Señor Cañero made these intelligent horses respond with uncanny swiftness to his every wish.

Just at the back of the bungalow was the *plaza de campo*, the bull-ring. It was now time to collect the wild bulls and cows from an adjoining field. With the aid of mounted farm-hands our *rejoneador* rounded them up into a corner of the field where a herd of tame cattle was peacefully grazing. Then came an interesting sight. These tame cattle are trained to surround the wild ones and conduct them to a corral leading into the pens that connect with the ring. They seem to know exactly what is expected of them, and they do it, although the wild bulls and cows made every effort to break away and escape into the cork forest.

The cows were separated from the wild herd and were driven one at a time, into the ring, there to be tested for "bravery." The bravest are kept for breeding purposes,

and those that do not stand the test go the way of all beef to the butcher.

No bulls were used in this display, for it was a day devoted to trying-out young cows, which, although they lacked the girth and weight of the five-year-old bulls that are made to bite the dust in the regular fights, yet they had just as much, or as little, wildness and fighting spirit as the latter. Each one on its dash into the ring was coaxed to make an onslaught on the horse and its rider, only to be deftly avoided and to receive a prod from a blunt stick or slightly-pointed lance, instead of the *banderillo* or *rejon* which Señor Cañero uses in his public appearances.

Man and horse were like elusive quicksilver. Again and again were the impetuous charges eluded, the rider giving the most thrilling proofs of his skill and domination of his mounts that it would be possible to see. On foot, as well, he proved equal in agility and aplomb to the seasoned professional.

Lads from the estate and one of our cavalry officers took their turns on foot with the red cloak as amateur *toreros*, to the great delight of the assembled country people; all faced the savage beasts with great pluck, although causing much amusement by their lack of experience.

After the last cow had been tried—all were adjudged brave—we rambled over a country of great beauty, pastures dotted with cork-trees whose leaves are much like those of the holly, only smaller. Everywhere we saw the thick bushy clumps that the roots of the cork-tree throw up, a rich springy turf which proved to be not grass but a minute clover, smooth and soft as moss. Everywhere is abundance of the flowering St. Joseph's Cane, with its tall stalk tipped with starry blossoms like

nothing so much as orchids. It was St. Joseph's Day, the nineteenth of March, so these lovely plants were faithful to their name.

The fighting bulls we now saw in their enclosed pastures were grazing peacefully, little thinking of the hoarse roar from the thousands of throats, at once their salutation and their valedictory, that was destined to be their greeting in the hot and glaring Plaza de Toros.

A day of thrills, marred by no cruelty and by death to none; a day that leaves the remembrance of great physical perfection linked with rare skill. It was as if a day of Attic contests had lived again amid a setting as fair as the shores of Hellas herself could show.

The powerful hold that bull-fighting has on the Spanish race is evidenced in countless ways. Bull-fighters are national heroes. Their successes have more material results than mere hero-worship. They retire, if they are not killed, rich men. The most popular fighters receive 7,000 pesetas, or more, for an afternoon's work, usually the despatching of two bulls. Gallito, who was killed a few years ago, had a funeral such as great statesmen are honoured with; the Prime Minister attended it. Almost the finest monument in the cemetery at Seville marks the grave of a famous fighter. On the *Fiesta de Todos los Santos*, All Saints, and the day after, when all Seville unites to deck the graves of her dead, the resting-place of the bull-fighter receives more flowers than any other.

Besides having a considerable bibliography, there are three periodicals devoted to bull-fighting published in Madrid alone. There are cafés frequented solely by the heroes of the ring and their numberless admirers.

The bulls for the *corridos* are from famous herds bred specially for fighting, mostly in the country near Seville.

Formerly they were convoyed into Seville surrounded by a tame herd, such as that which, as described above, rounded the wild cattle into the ring at Azualcollar. About twenty years ago when the street traffic made this method more difficult, it was abandoned, and bulls are now conveyed from the country to the Plaza de Toros in specially-built cages. The bulls are sold in lots as a *corrida*, six to eight, for about 12,000 pesetas.

In the Calle Feria in Seville, the scene of the interesting "rag-fair" held every Thursday, lives Alejandro Velasco, a retired bull-fighter, and brother of a still more famous fighter who was killed in the ring at Mexico City a few years ago. Velasco keeps a shop where souvenirs of fighters past and present are sold: their elaborate gold-embroidered short coats, knee-breeches, hats, *capas* and the short sword of the *espada*. Many bear traces of sanguinary encounters. The walls are decorated with the heads of bulls, with shields proclaiming their bravery and the number of horses they killed before they themselves fell victims. These recall to mind that favourite trophy of the chase, Reynard's stuffed and grinning mask.

While bull-fighting has been denounced in no uncertain terms by writers in many countries, and justly denounced, there are not a few unenlightened individuals who hold that this indignation might with equal justice be directed against fox-hunting and stag-hunting. Fox-hunting is certainly a far less sanguinary diversion than bull-fighting, nevertheless it does not seem to present a particularly strong argument, from the standpoint of fair-play, in favour of the one as against the other. The torments that the bulls and horses have to undergo, and their inevitable death, have been spoken of above, and the numbers engaged against the bull have been



emphasized to show that he is not given fair-play. The same might be said with equal justice as to the chances of the fox, were it not for his being at liberty in the open, and were he not, fortunately, endowed with the great cunning wherein lies his chance of safety. But the comparison is a far-fetched one. The one sporting chance the bull has, is not, alas, that of saving his life, but that he occasionally takes toll of a too-sluggish opponent. This is denied the fox, for we fail to remember of ever having heard of one turning on a Master of Fox Hounds and rending him asunder. It would seem a pity that foxes have not horns.

One thing that may be said in favour of the Spaniards is that the pretty thought has not yet occurred to them of having the *espada* cut off the head and hoofs of the bull in order to present them to the most enthusiastic young ladies "in at the kill." It is true, however, that the *espada* sometimes receives an ear of his victim to commemorate an especially-daring fight.

Custom and familiarity largely govern the point of view where sport is concerned. It may not always prove profitable to look too far from home, but this cannot possibly apply to bull-fighting. The more we consider it, the more we are disposed to condemn it, and the more we write against it, the better for humanity.

Shortly after leaving Spain we discovered in a little town of the French Hautes-Pyrénées an old book of travels entitled "Voyages faits en divers temps en Espagne." This narrative, printed in the year 1700, at Amsterdam, as was the case with so many French books of the period, has a foreword by the author that is as ingenuous as it is worthy of acceptance as a model for the guidance of all truthful recorders of the scenes and incidents of travel. We have been tempted to re-



produce it, as containing in its opening paragraph the very maxims which we set ourselves to observe in writing this book.

The author of the "Voyages" styles himself "A Gentleman of the Court" (of France) who left Paris in November, 1669, for the travels in Spain which he describes with much spirit. The translation of his witty and sarcastic foreword reads as follows: "One need search here for nothing but a simple and unaffected narrative, without other ornament than that of the Truth, which will be found with all exactitude in these travels; thus differing from certain others which have appeared, written by people whose only travels have been in their libraries, or at most in the Dictionnaire de Moreri; or by those again who have preferred romance and the marvellous to a bare statement of facts."

A very slight acquaintance with the literature of travel is sufficient to convince one that the number of those writing books on this subject who have only journeyed around their libraries is as great now as when our author nearly three centuries ago made this disdainful reference; yet records of travel should be governed by the same reverence for the truth as those of history herself, for are they not verily the little sister of history?

As these "Voyages" contain the earliest description which we have been able to discover of the ancient manner of fighting bulls with the *rejon*, it is given here as an interesting contemporary account of a seventeenth-century *rejoneo* held before the Court at Madrid. It is a vivid picture of the ceremony and pomp attending what was then a knightly pastime. The old-time French courtier writes of it thus:

"Sunday the fifteenth of June (1670) went to the Segovia bridge to see the bulls which had been fetched

from the *casa del campo* [country estate] to the *toril* [bull-pen], as the place is called where they are kept confined.

"The next day everyone flocked to the great square of Madrid, where gentlemen armed with long lances attacked the bulls. The more curious were already there at daybreak; some of whom had cause to repent not having found places secure from these beasts which always knock down, or even kill, some of the spectators. As for those with lances mounted on horses, they are neither in danger nor peril.

"As the time approached to attend the fête we left our lodgings for the balcony which we had reserved. The combat did not commence until four o'clock, so I had time to consider the preparations. This is the description of what I remarked.

"The square is situated in the centre of Madrid and is called the Plaza Mayor; it is 434 feet long, 334 feet wide, and 1536 in circumference. It is surrounded by 136 houses, all alike, which have five stories, with as many balconies, as is the custom in Spain, and which requires a great quantity of iron. It is said that more than four thousand people inhabit this square, and that on the days of the bull-fights it contains more than sixty thousand. A promenade extends around the place under a gallery sustained by columns. The square is used as a market where the men come to buy their household provisions, as the women do not occupy themselves with this as in France.

"The proprietors of the houses are not masters of them during this day, being dependent on the King to place whomever he pleases in them. All the officers of the Council and the royal household have their places gratis. Several give theirs to their servants, who make

money thereby; some of the balconies are let for as much as thirty pistoles.<sup>23</sup> All around the square, wooden stands are built for the public. These belong to the city and produce a large sum.

"These fêtes are announced two or three days in advance, in order to give time for all the preparations. The evening before, the grand promenade is filled with the throng, and nothing is heard but the sounds of guitars, harps and castanets; of games and laughter; all sorts of buffoon cries are permitted that at other times would result in blows or the stab of a poignard.

"It must be admitted that the spectacle (bull-fight) has something of grandeur, and it is agreeable to see the great number of people on the balconies, where all is covered and adorned with beautiful tapestries. It recalls the fêtes of ancient Rome.

"I considered with pleasure all the different incidents which ordinarily occur. From the highest to the lowest, none fails to find a place, and no gallant on this day fails to provide his lady with a balcony and to serve her with water, sweets and all the best that the season affords.

"About four o'clock the Company of the Spanish Guards, clad in yellow velvet with plumed hats, arrive and take their place, their captain and lieutenant in embroidered doublets, hats with white aigrette, mounted on very beautiful horses magnificently caparisoned and with flowing ribbons hanging from mane and tail almost to the ground. After having made the tour of the square with the accustomed gravity of their nation, they post themselves beneath the balcony of the King. This company is a hundred strong, and was formed in 1504.

"A few minutes afterwards the German Guards, also dressed in gala attire for the fête, arrive and post themselves with the others. The Flemish Guards come last,

these, otherwise known as the Archers of the Conchilla, properly form the royal bodyguard and march immediately in front of Their Majesties. They were created by Philip I.

"Those who have chariots drive two or three times around the square before going to their balconies.

"The ladies take pains to don all their ornaments.

"The King and Queen take their seats on their balcony with the Duke of Pastrance, called the *Infantado*, the richest and the most economical lord of all Spain, and who for five or six months has been Mayor Domo Mayor, which we in France call Grand Master. He stands behind the King, covered most of the time, his rank of Grandee giving him this privilege. To the right of this balcony are the ladies of honour of the Queen, while all about are placed the Councils and those who are attached to the Court, forming not the least beautiful part of this fête.

"The Nuncio and the Ambassadors have their balconies on the other side of the square, facing the King.

"A quarter of an hour after his arrival the King makes a sign with his handkerchief that the square shall be cleared of the rabble, which walks about and disturbs the beauty of the scene.

"The guards promptly expel these unimportant people, who tumble one over the other. After the square is sprinkled with water the Captain of the Archers appears before the King on one of the most beautiful black horses I have ever seen, and converses with the King and Queen, making his horse perform hundreds of evolutions. During this time the *toreadors* enter the square mounted on very fine horses and accompanied by many servants in rich liveries. The latter are more or less according to the expense their masters



will undertake. One named Saavedra had fifty servants dressed in green livery at this fête. I was told that the grandees who fought bulls during the time of Philip IV would not enter the square with less than one hundred of these attendants, all magnificently clad.

“The fighters have a sabre at their side and carry a *récon* (*rejon*) in the hand, while their attendants carry several, because it is with this arm they pierce the bulls. This *récon* is like a pike, and has a wooden shaft about four and a half feet long pointed with iron. This troop makes the tour of the arena, saluting profoundly Their Majesties and all the assembly. All these ceremonies completed, only the two who are to fight the bulls remain in the square, with a number of their attendants and four *algousils* who are there to give command to remove the bulls that are killed, or to give their horses to *toreadors* whose mounts are wounded.

“All being ready, the Duke of Pastrance throws the key of the *toril* to the first *algousil*, who rides at full pace to let in the bulls while trumpets sound. The bulls appear, bounding with impetuosity, because they have been pricked with irons to render them more furious. If they appear cool and without vigour, the attendants animate them by whistling and gesticulating with their hats and capes to drive them to their masters, who await them with a *récon*, endeavouring to strike them at a certain point between the horns. But few find the place; mostly they strike near by it. If the stroke is successful, the shaft should remain in the hand, and the iron point of the spear fixed in the bull, which often receives five or six hits before succumbing.

“The proper manner to fight is to approach slowly, pass by his side, plant the *récon* and put spur to the horse to pass the bull, because the bull never turns. A



*toreador* who kills a bull with one stroke receives great praise; the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and all cry '*vitor*,' which means 'victory.'

"The unfortunate who has to open the door of the *toril* covers himself behind it and clammers to the top. The moment the bull is dead, the rabble, despite the precautions taken, slip into the square to give a thousand sword-thrusts to the dead animal. After this the *algousil* has it drawn out by harnessed mules with all possible speed.

"The desire which this nation evinces to kill these animals is unbelievable. If, by accident, a poor brute passes near the stands they stab him with a thousand sword-thrusts, and when he is beaten down, then there is a rivalry as to who shall have his tail and other parts, which they cut off and carry away in their handkerchiefs in triumph, as if the spoils of some famous victory."

The ceremonial at bull-fights in Spain to-day is much the same as it was three hundred years ago. There is, too, the same savagery and lust for blood. Since writing the foregoing the biography has appeared of Luis Mazzantini, once a famous Spanish *matador*. His career presents features that are unusual in that of a bull-fighter. Both his origin, and his activities after he retired from the bull-ring, differ from those of his fellow *toreros*.

Mazzantini was born in 1856. In his youth he was a private secretary to the Court Chamberlain of King Amadeo. At the age of twenty-six he decided to exchange his quiet existence for the applause and glamour of the bloody arena, with its promise of a speedy road to fortune. In eleven hundred and eighty-four bull-fights, he has left a record of having slaughtered no less than three thousand and eighty-four victims. He retired in

1904, after having become a national hero and the best-paid *matador* of his time, receiving the respectable sum of 6000 pesetas for each *corrida*. During the twenty-two years in which he put an end to over three thousand bulls, he was only wounded eight times, a fact that will bear out our statement that the element of danger is inconsiderable, for the fighter.

When in 1904 he cut off his *coleta*, the typical pig-tail of the Spanish *torero*, to mark his retirement, he had amassed a fortune. He then turned his attention to politics and became successively an alderman, then Mayor of Madrid, member of the Chamber of Deputies and even filled the high office of a *gobernador* in Cadiz. When he finally left public life he devoted himself to the peaceful occupation of cultivating his garden.

## CHAPTER IX

### ANDALUSIAN FESTIVALS; GRAVE AND GAY



ANDALUSIA is the land of festivals. Although the majority of them have a religious character, many combine the religious element with all the spontaneity of a joyous holiday outing in the country; such are the *Romerias* or annual pilgrimages to popular shrines in the country-side. Some of the festivals, especially the picturesque *Ferias*, are occasions for merry-making pure and simple, despite the fact that they retain the feature of a cattle-show, to which they trace back their origin. Of the fairs, that of Seville is the most famous and the best worth seeing in Spain.

While all these fêtes sink into insignificance when compared with the great solemnities of Holy Week, yet all are full of charm and colour, full of interest, and present unrivalled opportunities for the study of the people and their customs: they are vivid, typical pictures full of throbbing life.

The long catalogue commences on the Epiphany with the Feast of the Magi. In Seville this day, on which the Wise Men brought their offerings to the Infant in Bethlehem, has been chosen fittingly as the day on which to give children their presents; for whom in this respect it corresponds to our Christmas. Just as children in England and America hang up their stockings on Christmas, so in Seville on the Eve of the Epiphany the little ones put their shoes out on the balconies of their homes to receive presents.

There is a charming custom observed on this day in

Seville. In the evening a procession is formed with the Three Kings dressed in rich eastern robes, mounted on horses and accompanied by a gorgeous retinue of heralds, knights and men-at-arms. One king leads the cavalcade, with his attendants and a gaily-decorated cart following behind; the cart overflows with toys and gifts for the children; the other two kings follow in order, each with his retainers and cart. The procession passes through the principal streets beneath crowded and decorated balconies, and proceeds to the various charitable institutions, such as orphan asylums and children's hospitals. There is a gift for every child; in the hospitals the sick children beg toys from the Kings with little hands out-stretched; for them it is the realization of a dream which has occupied them for many a day and night; for the three splendid Kings are as real to them as are St. Nicholas, or "Santa Claus," to children of other lands.

There are toys for all poor children as well; every school has its distribution and each child is sure of one gift, while all that are left over are raffled for. Charitable Seville contributes unselfishly to this festival of its poor, sick or orphaned childhood.

Nor is this all that is done for their happiness by the Magi. They offer the children of the city a comic bull-fight in the great bull-ring, which on this occasion becomes a scene of mirth and innocent happiness very unlike its customary one of cruelty and sacrifice of animal life; its horrors are banished for the time being. These comic bull-fights delight their juvenile audiences as much as pantomimes and fairy-plays delight the children of other lands during the Christmas season. They are most amusing burlesques of the fights so dear to their elders. The bulls are young and comparatively

harmless, and a great element of fun is introduced by having the fighters made up into very personable copies of such heroes of the film as Charlie Chaplin or Jackie Coogan. It is easy to picture the hilarity caused by one of these popular idols when he mounts a diminutive bicycle and is charged and bowled over by a bull. The wonder is that they seem to come to no harm. At this performance, toys are given again to the children.

The children's festival of the Magi in Seville is due to the initiative of one man, Don José Maria Izquierdo, who infected the *Ateneo* of his native city with his enthusiasm. This learned society, or Athenæum, made an appeal to the people of Seville, with the happy result which is now to be seen on every sixth of January. Don José, the sympathetic journalist, a man of great heart, whose dearest wish was realized in the laughter of children, has gone to his eternal reward from the city and the children he loved so well, but he has left a name that will be venerated so long as there is a child left to welcome the Epiphany in the old Andalusian capital!

It is interesting to endeavour to trace the curious change of the Wise Men in the Gospel of St. Matthew into the Three Kings. This change has gradually come about, not by any new light having been shed on the brief account of the Apostle, but because the pictured representations of the scene in the Manger have, in course of time, transformed the Wise Men into Kings, after first arbitrarily fixing their number as three. The Gospel tells of a star having guided certain Wise Men to Bethlehem after they had been to Jerusalem. No reference will be found to their number, or to kingly attributes; nor is any mention made of the place whence they came, or of their race.

In time they came to be represented as the white-



haired Melchior; Gaspar, or Caspar, a man of middle age; and the youthful negro Balthazar; their number became three. Later we see them still as three, still with the same relative ages and physical differences; but they have become crowned kings bringing their presents and making their homage to the Child-King.

M. Emile Cammaerts has followed the changes in the number and attributes of the Wise Men as they develop through the ages in art. In his interesting account he notes that:

“In the first representations of the Epiphany on the wall-paintings of the Roman Catacombs, and on the carvings adorning the early sarcophagi, the number of the Magi (for they were not yet crowned kings) varies from place to place. We find four of them, two on each side of the Virgin, on a fresco in the catacomb of Domitilla dating from the fourth century. In another catacomb there are only two, disposed with equal symmetry, while on the sarcophagi, where the Child in the Manger is also represented, their number is usually three. In all these early representations no distinction of type and age is made. The Wise Men are invariably beardless and wear a simple Oriental costume with a Phrygian cap. They carry their presents on large salvers, bending slightly forward to offer them to the Child.

“The only variation noticeable, on a carving preserved in the Christian Museum of the Lateran in Rome, is the gesture of the first king pointing to the star. The carving is an excellent example of the best early Christian art, in which the old classical tradition, strongly-illustrated in the attitude of the draped figure of the Virgin, blends harmoniously with the new Christian inspiration.

“In all these early works the artists do not seem inclined to emphasize any picturesque details. They confine themselves to recording accurately, according to the means at their disposal, the plain words of the Gospel.

“For centuries the same scheme prevails, whether in early Byzantine art, or in Western Europe at the time of Charlemagne. The quality of the work varies, but the traditional outlines remain unchanged. Everywhere we notice the Three Wise Men dressed in the same way, carrying the same presents, in the same attitude. The fact that Leo the Great, in his sermons on the Epiphany, fixed the number of worshippers as being three, may have induced the artists to adopt this view.

“The first striking departure from this early interpretation appears in the mosaics of Sant’ Apollinare in Ravenna. The Byzantine artist, without altering the attitude of the Magi, and while preserving their Oriental dresses and Phrygian caps, insists plainly on their difference of age. Strangely enough, the old man comes first, under the name of Caspar, the young one follows, under the name of Melchior, and the third, wearing his full beard, is inscribed as Balthassar. In a passage attributed to the Venerable Bede, which must have been written two centuries later, we read that: ‘The first of the Magi was Melchior, an old man with long, white hair and beard. He offered gold, symbol of Divine Kingship. The second, named Gaspar, young, beardless, with bright complexion, honoured Jesus by presenting Him with incense, an offering which manifested His divinity. The third, named Balthazar, brown-skinned, full-bearded, foreshadowed by offering myrrh that the Son of Man was to die.’ Bede merely recorded

a series of facts which, as shown by the mosaics of Sant' Apollinare, had already been asserted by popular imagination some time before, but he definitely fixed the respective names of the Magi, distinguished their ages, and allotted to each of them his symbolical present.

"We may well understand how, in order to emphasize the contrast between the Magi's power and riches, and the Holy Family's weakness and poverty, popular imagination conjured up the vision of three powerful kings leaving their distant courts to worship the King of the Jews. No doubt if the words of St. John Chrysostom had been more widely known, seven centuries would not have elapsed before the artists conferred on the Magi the crown which seemed due to them by all the tenets of popular lore. Whatever may have been the cause of such delay, painters and sculptors soon made full use of this new development of the story.

"Everywhere from the beginning of the twelfth century, the Magi wear their crowns. The kings appear in the carvings adorning the French cathedrals, on Nicola Pisano's pulpit in Pisa (1260), and in the remarkable mosaics by Cavallini in Santa Maria in Trastevere, Rome, which exerted such a powerful influence on Giotto and his school. It is not the only feature introduced by the early Italian artists who broke away from the Byzantine tradition. The Child stretches out His arms towards Melchior kneeling in front of Him. Both Gaspar and Balthazar are in the act of kneeling. Compared with the frescoes of the catacombs, Cavallini's mosaics and the sculptures of the French cathedrals present an animated scene. There is a marked contrast between the attitudes of the Magi, their types, and the vessels containing the presents which they bring with them. For the first time also, the Child, disentangled



PILGRIMAGE OF OUR LADY OF GRACE, CARMONA





STATUE OF THE MADONNA, PILGRIMAGE TO ALMONTE



from the swaddling clothes which hampered His movements, is able to greet His visitors.

"The thirteenth century marks a turning point in the story of the Epiphany. The legend woven around the outline of the Gospel story is now fully-developed. These few Wise Men, who appeared so remote in St. Matthew's lines and on the walls of the catacombs, have now been brought close to us by the work of legend, art and literature. We know their number, their names, and their ages.

"At the beginning of the fifteenth century the Kings' following assumes larger and larger proportions. Gentile da Fabriano shows us Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar in gorgeous Italian robes surrounded by courtiers and pages, bringing with them a whole menagerie, including horses, dogs, camels, monkeys, leopards and hawks. At the back of the picture, one of the gems of the Academy in Florence, three separate scenes describe in minute detail the three Kings watching the stars from the top of a hill, their arrival in Jerusalem, and their journey to Bethlehem. The fact that their heads are surrounded by a halo shows that their names have been inscribed in the catalogue of saints.

"Gentile gave the Kings about twenty followers. In Gozzoli's well-known frescoes in the Riccardi Palace, they seem to lead a small army. The scene is becoming more and more realistic as the cortège of the Florentine nobles passes, in pomp and luxury, before the familiar landscape of Tuscany. Melchior, Gaspar and Balthazar have come so close to us that they identify themselves with contemporary princes. Botticelli's 'Adoration,' in the Uffizi, serves merely as a pretext for painting the portraits of three of the most prominent members of the Medici family and of their principal

courtiers, who conveniently turn their heads towards the audience as if unaware of the miracle they are witnessing. There is, in the same museum, another picture, perhaps wrongly attributed to Botticelli, which marks the climax of the development which could be given to the scene. An unwieldy crowd of horsemen rushes towards the Holy Family through three arches in the background of the picture, and the throng is so dense that some of the riders are fighting their way to reach the goal. The confusion of wild gestures of amazement and the brutal struggle is indescribable, and entirely overshadows the true meaning of the scene.

"It is towards the same period that a last feature is added to the Kings' appearance. We have seen how the Venerable Bede alluded to the brown skin of Balthazar. This point was ignored by the painters until some theologians, in order to give a character of universality to the worship of the Divine Child, endeavoured to recognize in the three worshippers the descendants of Noe's three sons, Sem, Cham, and Japheth, and of the yellow, white and black races. They were fond of saying that Melchior, Gaspar and Balthazar represented Asia, Europe and Africa kneeling before the manger. It is somewhat difficult to understand how they reconciled such an opinion with the word of the Gospel, which states that the Wise Men all came from the East. Such apparent contradiction did not, however, prevent the painters of the Renaissance from availing themselves of this fresh opportunity for a picturesque contrast. The Flemings, the Germans, and the Venetians who remained in closer contact with the North, were particularly eager to seize it; only their negro King is beardless, and Balthazar takes the place of Gaspar, so

that for a second time these Kings seem to change names and places.

"The young negro appears in Memling's 'Adoration' in Bruges, in Mantegna's triptych in the Uffizi, in Dürer's works, in Luini's frescoes in the Louvre, and generally in most treatments of the Epiphany since the end of the fifteenth century. Rubens, who had many opportunities of studying negro types in the cosmopolitan port of Antwerp, made a special feature of it."

As M. Cammaerts remarks, the artists of the later Renaissance did not add anything new to the traditional cortège of the Three Kings, contenting themselves with altering the grouping of the followers and the scheme of colours. In modern days there is a tendency to emphasize the realism of this beautiful and inspiring subject; but not on the side of the Kings, rather on the side of the Holy Family, and of the poor surroundings amidst which the miracle of the Nativity occurred. We are no longer allowed to forget that the Child was born in a stable, warmed by the breath of the ox and the ass. The pageantry, the rich apparel of the Virgin Mother, and the ornate backgrounds have given place to an appropriate setting for the "pathetic mystery of a helpless Child worshipped by the richest and mightiest princes of the earth" in a simple manger.

After the beautiful Sevillian festival of the Epiphany the next to attract notice is the Carnival, which is perhaps less a "Farewell to Flesh" in Spain than it is in other countries where Catholicism is dominant. Spaniards are granted the indulgence of eating meat on Fridays. We once asked a Spaniard why this exception was made in favour of his country. His reply was laughingly made, but, nevertheless, the reason he gave was an excellent one: "Wasn't it enough that we

drove the Moors out of Spain?" Fasting, as far as meat is concerned, can be no great deprivation to an Andalusian. A southern country where there is such an abundance of good fish, wonderful fruits, olives, vegetables and grain in profusion as Spain can boast of, needs little meat, and, indeed, the people eat it sparingly. This may be the reason for their well-made, strong and slender bodies.

Carnival comes and goes in Seville without the long, flower-throwing processions like those of Rome a generation ago, or the monster floats and crowded hubbub of Nice of to-day. These are not attempted in Seville, but for innocent fun and joyousness the *sevillano* and his fair sisters cannot be outdone anywhere; dances by night; masqueraders afoot, or in carriages crowded with confetti-hurling enthusiasts, filling the streets by day; bands of *estudiantinos*, male and female, in their traditional costume of white and black, forty or fifty strong, thrumming mandolins and guitars, thumping tambourines and snapping castanets; the predominant characteristic of Andalusian good-nature everywhere.

After Carnival, Seville settles down to a period of calm until Holy Week brings its great Church ceremonies and unique religious processions. Immediately after Holy Week comes the city's gayest popular fête, the *Feria*, "The Fair of Seville"; a natural and healthy reaction after the solemn week of mourning and devotions which ended at Easter. The *Feria* lasts four days, its kaleidoscopic scene of colour and ant-hill ferment is laid on the historic Prado de San Sebastian, a great open space adjoining several of the fair city parks, which some four and a half centuries ago was the place of execution of the Holy Inquisition; now, fortunately, put to another and less painful purpose. This most



beautiful and typical of all Andalusian folk-festivals of a non-religious character was held from April 18 to 22. The many foreigners who remained for it after *Semana Santa* were given the best possible opportunity of witnessing Andalusian customs, and seeing men, women and children of every class, including the most picturesque of Gypsies in wonderful rags, decked out in their fascinating national dress. What the first great bull-fight of the season lacked in its old-time colour was made up a thousandfold at the *Feria*.

On two long streets the city builds hundreds of *casetas*, little two-roomed bungalows which are let for the duration of the festival. Here the élite of Seville is installed with wine and provisions to keep open house for all comers, to feast and to dance. Formerly only the characteristic *bailes Andaluces*, the spirited and graceful dances inherited from Moorish times, occupied the days and nights of the young: to-day the modern dances have gained a foothold, greatly to the disadvantage of the truly Andalusian atmosphere of the Fair. The men's clubs of Seville, of which there are many, erect their own great pavilions. So much for that which is under cover for the mighty. The two long streets are the places to see the life. The one runs between the *casetas* and pavilions, down the centre the broad roadway is full of passing carriages, mounted men and women: the pavements are packed with slow-moving crowds, craning necks to stare into the *casetas*, all of which are entirely open on the street side, to applaud the dances, or to listen to the singing of a *copla*. The other and longer street is lined on both sides by the canvas-sheltered booths of the refreshment- and toy-sellers. Here you may buy the steaming *calentido*, the popular doughnut made by the Gypsies; sweets of every



colour and composition, surely never seen elsewhere outside an Oriental bazaar: many strange and Arabian-Nights-looking foods. One does not need to guess from whose cookery-book these have been handed down during the five centuries since St. Fernando re-took the capital.

But the items that please most are the costumes, the carriages and the riders, the two latter making their stately progress down an alley of admiring spectators. During *Feria* everyone who can afford a carriage has it: and alas for those who cannot! In Seville the conservative middle-class women do not go out for a promenade afoot; if they cannot have a carriage they stop at home, except to go to Mass and to shop. In the carriages which pass in an unending ribbon, for they go up on one side and come back by the other, the ladies of Seville loll gracefully, as only they can, in all the splendour of the choicest treasures of their wardrobes, and the white *mantilla* reserved for such great occasions. Many carriages have the horses harnessed in Andalusian style, in yellow leather with many ornaments and pendent tassels; the coachmen, smart in grey country dress, trousers like tights, Eton jacket and *sombrero* with leather chin-strap. Gentlemen riding also wear this costume, sometimes with the addition of the broad leather three-quarter trousers, ornamented after the fashion of cow-boys in Spain; for ladies the riding-skirt in black or grey, with Eton jacket and *sombrero*, white shirt and narrow four-in-hand tie of the bull-fighter, a singularly becoming costume on horseback.

Little colonies of Gypsies amazingly dirty, ragged and worthy of painting, were encamped in a side street, their women with an arch look and a ready compliment for every likely-looking passer-by. The compliments



THE CASETAS, FERIA OF SEVILLE



THE GREAT MONSTRANCE, SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

are classic, such as the bull-fighter comparison which we have mentioned elsewhere. No doubt the whole category is an old story to the Spaniard, but we noticed that the appeals were not without effect.

Why should these outcasts make a well-dressed crowd in Rotten Row or on Fifth Avenue appear to be very carefully and exactly cut from blocks of wood? They are life, colour and music; their every line, every posture and every movement has a grace, a gay or a serene significance. They are so absolutely natural, so original; even in their methods of trying everywhere to procure something to their advantage.

These Gypsies seem to have no occupation. The only evidence of a trade we observed was a caravan shepherding an incipient circus composed of a plodding camel and a couple of dancing bears. Unlike their brothers of Austria, Hungary and the Balkan States, they do not make wonderful music. We saw and heard no Gypsy orchestras such as fill the restaurants and cafés of Bucharest with melody as wild and vagrant as themselves. Nor do their girls monopolize the profession of street flower-sellers like the Gypsy maidens of the same near-eastern capital, whose flat baskets of blossoms give such a note of warm colour to the streets.

At the *Feria* they are a thing apart; they do not intrude among the throngs in the street of the *casetas*, but one went to see them. What groups, what colour, what grace, what misery! See their bronze skins, with a patina like that of a polished antique recovered from Pompeii; eyes taken from some Buddha in an eastern land; unkempt or ebon-glossy hair; the women with the carnation of Seville snuggled behind the ear and, perhaps, a rag or handkerchief twisted about their heads.

Their laughter has a timbre that is as reminiscent of



the India of their forefathers as is their sliding walk, their keen profiles and the tint of their skin. The charming, insinuating manner of their women unloosens the purse-strings: and the heart. Why refuse a demand accompanied by all the arts and graces that charm, by the level glance of a merry, appraising eye, an honourable and honest demand for some of your prosperity? How different from the whining, furtive appeal of the drink-sodden beggar of other climes! Yes, they *can* beg; they intercept a glance in its flight and then the charm and the technique of the artist-beggar comes into play; one will not escape without paying tribute, nor want to.

Occasionally there is a stampeding to the edge of one or other of the two streets of *Feria* to see the King or Queen ride or drive by. For they spend *Feria* time in Seville in the Alcazar of the old Moorish sovereigns. The crowds cheer restrainedly but affectionately, and royalty grins cheerfully and waves its hand. There can be no doubt about the popularity of Alfonso and his consort in the hearts of their loyal Andalusian subjects.

It is a wonderful Fair and a wonderful thing to have seen, because there is nothing like it elsewhere. Nor is it astonishing that elderly Sevillians are content to spend four days sitting quietly in their *casetas*, talking to their friends and watching their young people dance. For many it is the only holiday of the year away from home: very few of them know the meaning of a summer by the sea or in the mountains. They look forward for many months to those four happy days spent in the little bungalows that cost 100 pesetas (about £3, or 14 dollars), and which have a kitchen behind and a *salon* in front where to chat, eat, drink or dance to the music of piano or street-organ. Happy, simple people!



The *Feria* is not an old institution in Seville itself. Until 1846 there were important fairs in the neighbourhood, but none in the city. On September 23 of that year, an appeal was made to Isabella II and a permanent charter was granted for an annual *Feria* to be held on the Prado de San Sebastian. Since then it has grown into the popular revel beloved of all, from Royalty to Gypsies, from the richest to the poorest. Perhaps it would be as well to mention that cattle are still bartered and sold; one perceives them at a distance in their enclosing pens; a magnet for the country people, but seen of few others.

Following on the heels of the *Feria* come the *Romerias*, which are pilgrimages to the shrines of venerated images in different regions of the various provinces. The most important is *la Romeria del Rocío*, Our Lady of the Dew, a devotion particularly identified with Triana, across the river from Seville. But we will take them in their order, as they occur in the country round about.

May is the month of *Romerias* in Andalusia. The first we were to make acquaintance with was at the beginning of the month in the little village of Quintillo, quite near Seville. The sanctuary is that of Our Lady of Valme. The processions are organized by the *Cofradia*, the confraternities described in the account of the processions of Holy Week; but now they are not made on foot. The members go mounted, and they have discarded their mysterious cowed habit for the Andalusian costume: some carry candles, others have pretty girls seated behind them, *en pillion*; the fair keeping tight hold of their gallants to maintain their insecure seats. Either thus or in the white canvas-topped oxen-carts is the proper way to visit the shrines.

The carts are plentifully decorated with flowers, banners and the gay shawls of the women and maids.

Many brotherhoods, many carts and many couples formed the cortège which accompanied an image of the Virgen de los Reyes to the Cross of May which had been erected in a field at Quintillo. The May Cross is a feature of the *Romerias*, and probably has the same origin as the May Pole in England, which was doubtless shorn of any religious significance at the Reformation. When Our Lady of the Kings had been brought to the Cross the carts were formed around it, while the equestrians drew up in orderly rows, as did the Civic Guards and the buglers which had led the way from Seville.

Soon after eleven o'clock the Queen of Spain arrived with her children, all wearing the country dress and *sombrero*, like good Andalusians. Mass was said, and then all proceeded to amuse themselves to their hearts' content. Late in the evening all returned to Seville in procession with lighted torches and lighted carts, well-pleased with their pilgrimage; for was it not a day after their own hearts? First of all it was a devotional day; it was a picnic in the country with all the picturesque details they love so well; there was also music, the *Salve* chanted before the May Cross and the holy image by the little *Seises*; and the hand-bell ringers from Triana who sang *coplas*, old and new, in praise of everything and everybody.

A Spanish writer has recently given an inkling of what these religious festivals mean to the Andalusians. He calls these unique survivals of the immemorial religious history of Spain: "Mass demonstrations of faith which move the humblest there to share the heart-thrill they inspire, which evoke feelings that are so difficult

of comprehension by the less emotional northern temperament that our great Holy Week and other celebrations make little or no appeal to the Anglo-Saxon, save as a more or less well managed 'show.' We who know the world outside can forgive this misconception of our religious festivals, but would not foreigners who travel in Spain with the avowed purpose of 'publishing their impressions' find it interesting as well as an act of bare justice to our country, to learn something of what lies beneath all the pomp and glitter of functions which have come down to us from the first dawn of Christianity?" To this we can but give a warm and feeling assent.

The *Romeria del Rocio* takes place at Whitsuntide. The sanctuary of Our Lady of the Dew, or the White Dove of the Marshes, as she is sometimes called, is a long way from Seville, at Almonte, which is situated in that sandy waste of dunes between the rivers Guadalquivir and Rio Tinto.

The Confraternity of Triana is dedicated to this Madonna. Every year on the Thursday before Whit Sunday, a singular caravan of gaily-decorated ox-carts, escorted by bands of cavaliers, leaves Triana to take their image of the Blessed Virgin to this sanctuary of Almonte, where the multitudes of three provinces, Cadiz, Huelva and Seville, congregate during three days to pray, to laugh and to dance.

The carts are filled with provisions, for many will be away on the pilgrimage for a week or more. It cannot be said that pleasure is the chief object of these smartly-dressed pilgrims: their devotion is enough to disprove any such conjecture, for it is no small hardship to bump along over cross-country trails in blinding dust and under a brazen sun for twenty, forty or a hundred miles.

Every village on the long way to Almonte turns out

to receive the pilgrims, or to augment their numbers. Church-bells are rung and at each stopping-place a Mass is said in honour of the "White Dove of the Marshes." There is but little sleep at night, for there are *coplas* to be sung and *sevillanas* to be danced. It needs little excuse to induce four of these lithe, black-eyed children of Terpsichore to spring from their carts and twirl their billowing skirts and supple bodies in the graceful country dance, in the shade of wayside trees if there be any, if not, then beneath the scorching rays of the sun. All is laughter, all are in highest spirits; nor do these ever falter, not even on the long way home after what has been a severe test of endurance.

The cult of Our Lady of the Dew was an Andalusian one, but its devotion has crossed the borders of the province to inflame all hearts throughout the peninsula. In the fifteenth century Spain was the most Catholic of European countries, and a people of crusaders; their spirit was chastened by the great struggle of seven centuries against the Moors when they took the Cross and sword in hand, becoming a nation of missionaries, sowers of the Faith, starting from this Andalusia, the province of the Virgin, the land of the blue sky and emerald sea. Here tradition tells us of a hunter from the hamlet of Almonte engaged in the chase in the forest of the Rocinas, a wild place full of brambles, lonely woods where human beings rarely penetrated. The hunter noted a strange agitation among his dogs; full of curiosity he went to the place where they were barking, and marvelled to behold in a hollow tree an image of the Virgin, the sweet Shepherdess of that region. It was a statue of carved wood, covered with a linen tunic of blackish-green; it bore a Latin inscription which named it Our Lady of Help. Because of the place where it



was found it was known as The Virgin of Rocinas, which in time became shortened to *Rocio* (dew).

The hunter wished to carry the image to Almonte, three leagues away, but it resisted him, and the *Rocio* became the Rose of the country-side. The image is not in its original state; the face has become almost featureless, and it is now embedded in the present statue, which was also in the style of the fifteenth century, until two hundred years later it was clothed in the fashion of that day. The Child held in the Mother's arms is clad in seventeenth-century garments. Her merciful eyes are inclined towards her Son, and the whole offers an aspect of the mystic Mother whom St. John saw and described in his Apocalypse, surrounded by the rays of the sun, crowned with an imperial diadem of stars, the moon beneath her feet. It preserves, in other words, much the same beautiful presentment of the Immaculate Conception as that which Murillo delighted to portray, and of which there are several noble examples in the Provincial Museum of Seville.

So during Pentecost the sanctuary of the Virgin of the Dews becomes the place of assembly for many pilgrims from far and near throughout the three provinces, and they celebrate the festival with a vast amount of noise. The caravan returns to Triana after the trying journey over the rough country, still singing, still dancing and still chanting the hymn to the Queen of the Marshes. This is the version sung by the pilgrims:

“Health of the sick, early Rose,  
Star of the morn, Fountain of perfume,  
Lily of the Marshes, White Dove,

Virgin of Dew, remaining alone in the marshes  
Their Shepherdess,



The Virgin of the Dew, lovable Rose,  
Smiling in love, look to Triana."

After the *Romerías* of May the next great festival is Corpus Christi, this time a fête wholly religious in character, just as are those of *Semana Santa*. The Brotherhoods of the Blessed Sacrament, whose august duty commences on Maundy Thursday and ends with the festival of Corpus Christi, one of the greatest days for Catholic Seville, outdo themselves in paying honour to the Sacred Host. These guardians are specially chosen from the members of each parish. Their duty is to accompany the Sacrament on its last visits to the dying, and to take part in the solemn functions of Holy Week and the octave of Corpus Christi.

The Eucharist is canopied during the ceremonies by rich draperies of brocade suspended from massive silver poles, while many, if not all, the churches of Seville possess a splendid and artistic *custodia* (monstrance) in which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed and carried. These *custodias* are among the wonders of the city.

It is said that Rome borrowed the idea of the institution of a Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament from Seville, and that the citizens of the latter presented rich canopies to some of the churches of the Eternal City. In the sixteenth century Abbot Alonzo Gordillo recounts that Seville was divided into districts for the celebration of Corpus Christi, each district had its standard emblazoned with its coat-of-arms, and each was in charge of a city Guild; among which those of the scavengers, the day-labourers and the glovers were mentioned. The Brotherhoods still exist unchanged, and the celebrations are as splendid as of yore, for Seville is as eternal as Rome herself.

Other Sevillian festivals are those of the Virgin of the Kings on August 15; the *Consolacion* at Utrera, near Seville, on September 8; the *Romeria de Torrijos* in October. Then there is a kind of Carnival of the Balconies, when prizes are given for those which are most beautifully decorated. A Sevillian balcony decorated with flowers and maidens is a sight to remember.

What other city has such months of glorious weather, festivals, flowers, brilliant costumes and animated crowds such as rapidly succeed each other between December and June in incomparable Seville? All these, and more, make the city an irresistible magnet for tourists during these months. If time is precious, then choose Holy Week and the *Feria*.

## CHAPTER X

### ANDALUSIAN DANCES AND MUSIC



EITHER the theatre nor the opera makes a strong appeal to the Sevillians. There is no permanent organization for either in the city; the public is dependent upon touring companies, generally from Madrid, for its short season which commences after Easter and lasts about six weeks.

The first half of this brief season is devoted to plays by modern Spanish authors, followed by three weeks of opera, such works as "Aïda," "La Favorita," "Carmen," and "Cavalleria Rusticana," are those that meet with most favour. Singers, conductor, the nucleus of the orchestra and the chorus are all brought from the Spanish capital.

Seville has one important musical society, Sociedad Sevillana de Conciertos, which gives an annual series of concerts from October to May. The vocal and instrumental artists who assist at these concerts are not of the first rank; but the audiences are large and fashionable; they give the impression of being more interested in seeing their friends and in being seen themselves than in the musical programmes offered.

There are numerous music-halls, open most of the year. One produces topical Andalusian musical sketches which are too local in their references to be appreciated by foreigners, while the musical numbers are too unimportant to interest them. The most popular are those where one may witness the famous Andalusian dances, *bailes andaluces*, which have played an

important part in the amusements of this people for centuries.

In Spain, as elsewhere, actors were formerly held in the same ill-repute as vagabonds, Gypsies, acrobats and itinerant singers, and were looked upon as vagrants, the strolling players of Merrie England. In Spain they were called *comicos*, fun-makers or clowns.

The last Hapsburg kings to reign in Spain, like their cousins in Germany, kept their own companies of court players, and a species of court theatre, similar to those maintained by the kings, grand dukes and dukes of Germany until the war caused them to be turned into national, or municipal, property.

The Bourbons carried on these traditions. The Spanish writers of drama and comedy of the so-called "Golden Age" of Spanish literature occupied much the same status in their country as Shakespeare did in England. A great Spanish dramatist, Lope de Rueda, was an actor. The privileged class in Spain would not recognize the despised *comicos* as possessing any qualities which entitled them to social consideration. This was the attitude of the very class which, because of its affection for the stage, came most into contact with actors and actresses, many of whom were immortalized by the genius of Goya. The title "Don" was denied actors, although to-day it is one that every street-sweeper may successfully lay claim to.

Strange to say it was under Ferdinand VII, who re-established the Inquisition, that actors began to be considered in a more favourable light.

In 1832, in Madrid, Valero, the greatest Spanish actor of his time, appeared in ordinary dress, and without a mask, at an aristocratic masquerade-ball during Carnival. The nobles and courtiers present were greatly

outraged by this "shameless impertinence" of a *comico* in presenting himself uninvited in their midst. He was forcibly turned out into the street. The insulted Valero at once sought an interview with the King, and complained bitterly of the treatment he had received; King Ferdinand ordered the ball-committee to give him immediate redress. In spite of the opposition of the proud aristocrats, Valero had the satisfaction of being invited to the next ball in due form. This invitation he accepted, appearing in the same dress he had worn on the former occasion. He promenaded the length of the crowded ball-room several times without anyone venturing to remonstrate.

Some thirty years ago the last vestige of the disability affecting actors disappeared, when Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, Marquess de Fontanar, Count of Balazote, Count de Lalaing, a Grandee of Spain twice over, who, as such, enjoyed the right of remaining with covered head in the presence of the Sovereign, and also an hereditary member of the Senate, became a *comico*. We may add that he was not only one of the most famous of his generation, but also a theatre-director who rendered conspicuous service in raising the standard of dramatic art in Spain.

Naturally this Grandee of Spain who placed the laurels of the stage above those of the Senate, and who preferred the direction of a theatre to the conduct of the affairs of State, was considered *déclassé* by his peers. All the more so that in 1896 he married the celebrated actress Maria Guerrero, the daughter of a humble weaver of mats, making her by this alliance a relative of the King.

This heroic act by which Diaz de Mendoza made a breach in the Chinese wall of aristocratic caste-prejudice



led to passive tolerance which in turn gave way eventually to recognition and approval.

Only a short time ago these now aged artists were given an ovation by the highest lamas of Madrid society, and the King bestowed the Grand Cross of the Order of Alfonso XII on the daughter of the mat-weaver. The palace doors of one of Spain's greatest families, that of the Dukes of Fernan-Nuñez, opened to receive the great *tragédienne* on her return from her American tour, in order that the ladies of the aristocracy might present her with the diamonds for her Grand Cross, and an album containing a dedication of admiration and affection for "the distinguished artist Maria Guerrero de Diaz de Mendoza," with the signatures of the King, the Queen-Mother, many members of the royal house and other personalities.

*Quæ mutatio rerum!* This was an act which did honour to the Spanish nobility no less than it paid homage to the modern followers of Lope de Rueda, Molière and Shakespeare.

The *bailes andaluces*, Andalusian dances, are a form of entertainment provided by the popular music-halls of Seville. These halls are, properly speaking, cafés filled with tables and having a small stage for the dancers. The audiences are almost entirely composed of men; ladies, except foreign tourists, do not frequent these cafés, not because of the character of the entertainment offered, but because Andalusian women seem bound by the traditions of the East, and do not share everything with their male folk, as do those of their sex in other European countries and in America. The dancers themselves, their costumes and actions, are far less startling than those in the revues which these lady-tourists would flock to at home. Some visitors may

have their curiosity stirred by a paragraph in the venerable Baedeker which intimates that ladies should avoid these cafés. The time-honoured cicerone must have happened on days when the dances, dancers and public were other than they are now. True, there are dance-halls of a low type, frequented by sailors and others of robust habit and appetite, where ladies might well be warned off.

The tourist, however, whether male or female, whose expectancy is aroused by the intriguing passage in the omnipresent red guide, will be doomed to disappointment if the sensational is his, or her, quest, and will pass an evening surrounded by well-behaved men. The dances and dresses are as modest as those of the days before it became impossible for a modern dancer to express her art without the aid of naked limbs and almost all the rest of her skin; while the male public sits quietly drinking its cup or two of coffee, and many carafes of water without a thought of molesting any woman.

A feature of these cafés is that no charge is made for admission. A very modest outlay enables the Sevillian to while away a little of that time of which he always has so much on his hands. Drunken men we never saw, and noisy ones only on the nights when the students of the University appear *en masse* to take possession, after the manner of students the world over. They show their approval of a dancer with boisterous enthusiasm, but they, too, avoid strong waters.

The Andalusian dances in Seville are famous, and few tourists fail to spend an evening watching the spirited and graceful dancing of the professionals, who help to keep alive an art that is so picturesque and essentially Andalusian. Practically all Andalusians

learn these dances as children. During their great Spring festival, the *Feria*, and at other times they can be seen dancing out of doors in the natural surroundings which add so much to their charm and sincerity.

Across the Guadalquivir from the golf-links lies Triana, with its ancient Gypsy quarter; its young girls may often be seen dancing in the fields, while the sound of castanets comes faintly over the water. Foreigners apply the name *flamenco* to all these dances, but the *flamenco* is only one of the large group properly called *bailes andaluces*. *Flamencos* is also a name given to the Gypsies themselves. When the Spaniards held Flanders, the Low-Lands, they adopted the habit of calling everything that was strange to them *flamenco*. The term *flamenco* is also used to-day to describe anything redolent of the soil of Andalusia, such as its dances, a bright peasant costume, a very brave man.<sup>24</sup>

These dances are as old as the Moorish occupation itself, and how much longer they flourished on African soil before the Arabs transplanted them into Spain can only be a matter of conjecture. Not the dances alone but also the music played, or sung, to accompany them is African. Travellers in the Dark Continent have heard the latter among the natives further south than Arab influence has ever been known to extend. The identification of both dances and music with the *flamencos* (Gypsies) is doubtless due to their having made both their own when they came into Spain and, as they found them to fit their temperament and habits they have held tenaciously to them ever since.

Nothing could be less phlegmatic and Flemish than the wild *abandon* of the *bailes*, the exotic imagery of the *coplas*, short verses sung by the musicians, or the behaviour of those waiting their turn to dance, the primi-

tive music, and, lastly, the negroid custom of hurling ejaculations at the dancers to inspire and encourage their efforts; just as negro youths dancing their "steps" on a far-away Virginia plantation shout to each other such phrases as: "Now yuh talkin', honey"; "Go it, nigger" and the like. All these manifestations may probably be traced to a common African ancestry.

To determine the period when the Gypsies first arrived is not easier in the case of Spain than it would be in that of most other western countries; it is thought that they came from Bohemia, but by way of Flanders, which would account for their being called *flamencos*. It is well known that Flemish emigrants settled in Andalusia during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and it is, therefore, quite possible that those centuries saw the first incursions of Gypsies into southern Spain. We have pointed to the strikingly Arab, or better, African, character of the *bailes* as sufficient ground for attributing their introduction to the Moors, and have also assumed that the music is no less African. If, indeed, the Gypsies had introduced this music into Spain, and if they themselves were of Bohemian origin, then they must have left every vestige of their own musical expression behind them. In Andalusia there is not a trace of the passionate *abandon* of the lyrical and melodious music of the Bohemian, Hungarian and, especially, of the Rumanian Tsiganes, the Gypsies of the present time.

The monotonous rhythm of the Arab is still the dominating note in the Spaniard's musical expression; there are pronounced traces of it even in the message of the modern Spanish composers. The reiteration and monotony of the castanets and the guitar, the melancholy, whining cadence of the voice when the Spaniards sing,



are Arab, and recall memories of African nights to the listener.

There is a bewildering number of Andalusian *bailes*: Sevillanas, Cante y Baile, Malagueñas, Tarantas, Fandango-Guillos, Medias Granadinas, Alegrías, Soleares, Siguiriyas Gitanas, Martinetes and more. Nor is this all, for these groups are subdivided into variants, each having its own peculiar characteristic and its own name. A typical programme of an evening devoted to *bailes* comprised the following names, a veritable bouquet of imagery: a number explain themselves, some are untranslatable:

<i>First Part</i>	<i>Second Part</i>	<i>Third Part</i>
Sevillanas	Sal de Seville	El Aragonés
Guajiras	Jota aragonesa	Triana
Bulerías	Alma gitana	Malagueña y Torero
Por Petenras	Seguidillas en cuadro	Nativa de Faraón
Panadero de la "Flor"	Canté y baile flamenco	Pasacalle
Ole lo Gitano	Peteneras	Gitanerías
Brisas andaluzas	Majita	Cante Gitano
La Flamenca	Alegría Madrileña	Fandanguillo
Viva Faraón	Farruca	Viva mi tierra

In English the names of some of these dances are: "Baker of the 'Flower'"; "Andalusian Breezes"; "Long live Pharaoh"; "Salt [Sevillian equivalent of 'Pep'] of Seville"; "Gypsy Soul"; "Joy of Madrid"; "The Girl from Malaga and the Bull-fighter"; "Born of Pharaoh"; "Street March"; "Gypsying"; "Gypsy Song"; "Long live my Homeland."

There is a long list of older *bailes*, which are not given as they are no longer taught in Seville; there being a fashion in Andalusian dances as in other things.



Seville is the home of the most noted school and teacher of the *bailes* and attracts many pupils from abroad who hope to follow in the footsteps of those famous exponents of these dances, Carmencita, beloved of a former generation of music-hall habitués, Amalia Molina, Las Tarifeñas and Maria Montero.

The Seville school is still conducted by Señor José Otero, who has taught the *bailes* to thousands during the past forty years. All the great dancers named above were his pupils. His *salon* is known far and wide and it is there that the most promising young dancers are to be seen. The worn and uneven floor attests at once the antiquity of the art and the sure-footedness of the *élèves*. Here Señor Otero organizes the dancing performances that every tourist is in honour bound to attend. The old artist will point out an ancient and much-worn wooden bench, with the proud boast that "every crowned-head in Europe has sat there." He no longer teaches himself, but keeps a keen eye on his successor. He admitted to us that his heart is in the old *bailes* and that he could not bring himself to teach the new. He has taught many Carmens in many lands and the chorus dances for that opera as well.

The female dancers wear the Andalusian dress, comb, *mantilla*, and shawl, *manton*. In some dances the *sombrero* of the male; in others, such as "el Vito" the female dancer wears the man's coat in addition to the *sombrero*. In this dance she represents a bull-fighter, using at times the red cape and sword of the *espada*, dancing around the *sombrero* placed on the floor to play the part of bull.

In the *bailes* of the *Fiesta del Cante y Baile andaluz* in April and May in Seville, and at Señor Otero's academy, the dancers wear the skirt reaching to the



ANDALUSIAN PEASANTS DANCING



JOSE OTERO, TEACHER OF ANDALUSIAN DANCES

ankles, which the *andalusienne* has always worn, and which in less contracted days was considered short! The skirts are wide and give a very graceful line to the body in these whirling dances.

The men dancers wear their native dress of tight trousers, short jackets with broad silk band around the waist, and either the *sombrero* or the flat hat of the bull-fighter.

The music is supplied by the guitar alone, accompanied with the time-marking castanets and clapping of the hands; while the *coplas* are sung by one of those not dancing.

These verses, or *coplas*, which are an important accompaniment of the dancing, are very characteristic; the words strikingly illustrate the poetic fantasy of the Andalusians. They are amorous, jesting, gay or regretful, full of grace and often of an Oriental pathos. The words are in the Andalusian dialect, usually couplets, or verses of four lines only. They may be sung uninterruptedly during the whole time that a dance lasts.

The following are literal translations of typical *coplas*:

“When you see me dying, little one,  
In thy white hands take mine;  
Thy lovely eyes fix on mine,  
And again to life I shall return, little one.”

“Who is in doubt and would know  
If, truly, absence is anguish—  
Ask me, I who, oh my life!  
Have passed a day without thee.”

"Last night I dreamed two negroes killed me;  
'Twas your beautiful angry eyes that pierced me."

---

"Comes the night, to God I make  
The humble confidence of all my sins.  
The penitence God gives me  
Is—no more to love you so."

---

"I have a nut-brown sweetheart  
And a Cartajana pony,  
And at nightfall her window;  
What more can heart desire!"

---

"Had I the power I'd give thee life once more,  
Only to see thee again, then die to keep thee ever."

---

A proverbial *copla* runs:

"Los aires llevan mentiras  
El que diga que no miente  
Que diga que no respira."

The Sevillian Society "Por el Arte Popular Andaluz" was organized, as its title indicates, for the purpose of encouraging popular Andalusian art. During the months of April and May, when one festival after another gives to the Andalusian capital a greater interest for tourists than any other in Europe, this society organizes a *Fiesta del Cante y Baile andaluz*, fête of Andalusian song and dance, which is not only interesting because it offers the opportunity of seeing and hearing the best of the beautiful Andalusian dances and the singers of the extraordinary Andalusian school of singing known as *jondo*, but also because, being a purely



Andalusian festival having as its object the encouragement of two arts very dear to the people, every lady in the great audience wears her brightest national costume and looks her loveliest. The young girls appear in their flowing skirts, tight bodices; their smooth, black hair parted in the middle and brushed severely down over the ears, the ultimate test of feminine beauty, wearing the long antique ear-rings of filigree silver set with diamonds, that are heirlooms in every Sevillian family and the immense combs, reserved for festive occasions, with a spray of carnations to relieve the severity of the coiffure. The brilliantly embroidered shawl falling from the shoulders completes a costume, than which no greater complement to woman's beauty was ever devised.

A group of these young girls is like a flock of splendid birds of paradise. Is it thinkable that all these inherited glories are being wilfully discarded for the unlovely female garb of the day? Formerly every opportunity was taken to wear the Andalusian costume, especially at the bull-fights.

The *Fiestas* are held in the spacious *patio* of the Hotel Alfonso XIII, that has been built for the Ibero-American Exhibition of 1928. Hung with garlands of flowers and thousands of coloured paper lanterns, the balconies draped in Spanish style with many-hued shawls, a typical background is formed for the unique audience.

The first *fiesta* we attended left an unforgettable impression, for many reasons. It was to have commenced at nine in the evening, a comfortable hour for the leisurely Sevillians. According to the best Spanish traditions, the crowd only began to arrive at half-past nine, but it was twenty minutes after ten when the Spanish royalties put in an appearance, the signal that

the performance might begin. All this time the feet of the dancers could be seen beneath the curtain at the back of the stage. They had been standing over an hour; hardly a good preparation for an evening of strenuous and vigorous Andalusian dancing. The dancers are pretty and their dancing charming, especially the *sevillanas* when danced by six of these graceful creatures. The combinations vary; one girl, a girl and a man, or more dancers take part.

The programme of the *fiestas* contained a foreword explaining the Society's object, from which the following is worth reproducing literally, a close adherence to the Spanish text not being without its value in illustrating the Oriental imagery of minds influenced, as no other European race has been, from the earliest times by peoples of Eastern and African origin. The very extravagance of the language will help to explain the attitude of the Andalusians to the music which they prefer above all others, *jondo*, a primitive, purely African form of musical self-expression that will be referred to later.

The foreword states that: "A group of Sevillians has undertaken, with respect to Andalusia, what, in a like manner, has already been done in other regions of our native country, to rehabilitate and ennoble popular art in its various manifestations, gathering up the fragrance of those flowers of intuitive inspiration which, though they bloom uncultivated, do advertise the long-standing intellectual predisposition of the people. They have taken this upon themselves by the natural bent of their spiritual activities, which incline them to the cultivation of the fine arts; conscious also that character, one of the most powerful of human motive forces, is what truly assures personality, not only of individuals but

also, especially, of peoples; and convinced further that in their art peoples manifest the noblest characteristics of their temperament.

“Realizing that the labour of garnering the fair flowers of the fertile gardens of the Andalusian muses, trampled upon and despised by those who feel enthusiasm only for imported art, must offer insuperable difficulties, were its complete renaissance attempted at one and the same time, it has been thought best to turn most urgently to the rehabilitation of music, of popular song and dance, and to exalt its significance in a grand festival, in a public competition affording an opportunity of stimulating by important prizes those tendencies which are most in harmony with the distinctive purity of the various forms of popular music.

“Therefore the festival was organized to take place in a clean atmosphere and in a setting of spectacular nobility, thereby presenting a splendid vision of the incomparable soul of Andalusia.

“They have invited those persons who, despite the vigorous attacks of disturbing fashions, have preserved the fine phases through which this people, who in all the world are best able to sustain such exquisite sensibility, express our popular songs and dances.

“It is to be hoped that the good will of this group of Sevillians which has taken upon itself so arduous a task may meet with the splendid co-operation of Seville, beloved city graced with all the charms which every springtime receive universal homage.”

The extravagant claims made in the foregoing manifesto are quite unintelligible to any person possessing the most meagre pretensions to an understanding of music, and especially to those who have heard the agonizing *jondo* rendered by its specially-chosen exponents at

this Sevillian festival. We cannot classify the *jondo* under the heading "Art," nor do we believe that in it the Andalusians manifest "the noblest characteristics of their temperament" and their "exquisite sensibility." We prefer to find the proofs of their temperament and sensibility in other forms of art which are to be found in their beautiful city. By making such professions we fear that they put themselves quite outside the circle of those nations which may reasonably lay claim to the possession of musical taste. But theirs is an honest admission; no one who has seen a Sevillian audience of the flower of its society, with its leading musical authorities constituting the jury to award the prizes, can doubt that their convictions are at one with the author of the foreword.

What is to be said of the dances? The dancing of the professionals is indeed graceful, but it is simple, and the music that accompanies it is as crude as the *jondo*; while the clapping of the hands, the rattling of the castanets and the cries of encouragement to the dancers are as barbaric as any other accompaniments of dancing that have the same origin, African.

[A troupe of Gypsies clad in their dirty, if picturesque, rags contributed an item to the programme of these evenings of art. Negroes in their native wilds, untutored and untaught, and much more the American coloured people, could give an equally artistic display; while if a comparison were made with the exquisite art of the Russian dancers it would be like an attempt to associate the sublime with the ridiculous. Yet, here again, these talentless Gypsies inspire an enthusiasm that is perfectly incomprehensible. Certainly their antics would be amusing at a country fair; yet the society that organized the festival solemnly proclaims this



to be art, even if qualified as "popular." No audience in northern Europe or in the United States would tolerate it; the proof is that neither the dancing of these Gypsies nor the *jondo* is seen or heard in the music-halls of other countries. One must regard the infatuation of the Andalusians for the *jondo*, as well as for some of their cherished dancing, as highly significant. When such words as those quoted above are written in praise of the *jondo*, and they faithfully embody the convictions of this people, they show that the conceptions of what is art and what is music which here prevail differ from those of the rest of the world.

*Jondo* is thought to be a Gypsy corruption of the word *hondo*, meaning "deep," although deep is not descriptive of the voice-production in these songs; it is high, wailing, nasal and tremulous. The singer closes his eyes, and with the saddest expression of face, and the most alarming contortions, produces a series of effects that are precisely as unmusical to the stranger's ear as are those of the one-string Chinese fiddle, or the melancholy chanting of the African jungle. They bear no more resemblance to the lyrical songs of other civilized countries than the scratchings of the cave-dwellers do to a Whistler print.

To watch a Seville audience listening spell-bound and enthralled to these amazing discords, to see their nods of approval, their pained faces and grave head-shakings when, apparently, some note goes wrong, to hear their hysterical applause for a favourite, who has filled us with exquisite anguish, is to make a long step towards understanding the gulf that separates Andalusia from the rest of Europe. None of this interest, this attention or this applause is ever given to the greatest singers



or musicians who appear at their concerts devoted to classical or modern music.

Nothing could better illustrate the difference between this race and the people of northern Europe than the *jondo*; not even their joy in the hateful spectacles of the bull-ring, and nothing can better testify to their Moorish blood and tradition.

We doubt if many strangers study the *jondo* from the point of view of the light it sheds upon the psychology of the Andalusian people; they merely pass it by as something unlovely and inexplicable. Our opportunity of hearing it under the conditions we have described occurred very late in our stay in Andalusia; we felt that, if this experience had come our way earlier, many things which had puzzled us would have found their explanation.]

In Seville the music-lover is haunted by two great shadows of the stage; Carmens are more often to be met with than living likenesses of Rossini's playful barber. The tobacco-factory still exists where Carmen rolled her cigarettes, but a visit to its vast hall will no longer reveal thousands of young girls at work; youth has departed and age has taken its place.

Minnie Hauk, the famous singer who created the title-rôle of "Carmen" at Her Majesty's Theatre in London in 1878, writing of a visit she paid to the factory more than forty years ago says: "Never in my life had I seen anything like this. A prodigious pillared hall lay before me, veiled in mysterious semi-darkness. As far as my eye could reach I saw between the pillars a sea of seated female figures, a medley of colour in unceasing movement. Countless tables stood on the red-brick floor, and about each table, four to six girls of from twelve to twenty years were huddled on foot-

stools, busily occupied in rolling cigarettes. Near them stood great baskets of finely-cut tobacco, the little papers lay upon the tables before them. . . . On the walls and on the many pillars, in every available place, hung shawls, skirts, jackets, head-kerchiefs and aprons in the most vivid colours; in one word, a confusion of colours and clothing, as if the dancers at a masquerade-ball had removed their outer clothing and hung it on the walls. Among the thousand girlish figures were some with blue, red, or yellow shawls over their shoulders such as Murillo painted with such art, but which we are not accustomed to see in 'Carmen' on the stage."

But that was forty years ago. Time has changed the picture; there are no longer maids of twelve to twenty in their thousands. The women of the tobacco-factory are now elderly or old; for this, our age of machinery is to be blamed. When, a good many years ago, cigarette-making machines were introduced into the Seville factory, an innovation that brought with it the prospect of unemployment for many of the girls, it was decided by the authorities that no girl should be dismissed; they were kept on and their number allowed to diminish according to the laws of nature, marriage or inclination. In the years that have passed no new blood has been engaged; there has been a constantly-increasing number of machines and a corresponding decrease in the number of women employed, until one may now wait in vain at the door of the long, low building for a Carmen of the stage type to emerge. Still they are not all dead to the past; we have seen some leaving the factory doors with the carnation, reminiscent of their youth, decorating their ever-black locks.

## CHAPTER XI

### ANDALUSIAN ART



THE great Spanish masters should be studied on the warm soil that gave them birth. Murillo and Velazquez are both sons of Seville, and Seville has been indeed a jealous guardian of the works of her favourite child. Alas for those of Velazquez! They are not here, but mostly in Madrid, as far as Spain is concerned. Murillo, however, remained always true to his native city, while Velazquez roamed far afield. Thus Seville should be chosen as the place in which to get the closest contact with Murillo's art. Here art and artist explain themselves better and more intimately; here many of their characteristics become intelligible which from a distance seemed obscure.

Certainly it is of the greatest advantage to study paintings in the places where they were conceived and executed. Spain has preserved almost inviolate her treasures of a glorious art. And this in spite of the stress of wars, invading armies, insurrections, and decline from vast riches and mighty power; factors which might well have excused the dispersion and disappearance of most, if not all, of her great masterpieces. Poor in commerce, Spain has remained rich in art, nobly resisting all temptation to sacrifice this wonderful heritage. Only a race imbued with a rare spirit could, having fallen on evil days, reject the opulence which the sale of her pictures would have brought during the eighteenth century when there was a determined on-

slaught upon the art-collections of other countries, notably in Belgium and Italy. Spain has preserved her artistic wealth because she has always had an intelligent regard for the things of the past, and has held to them with a tenacity that has found its reward in the magnificent galleries of Madrid, Seville and elsewhere in the kingdom; while in several other countries cupidity or ignorance has led to the spoliation of churches, convents and ancient guilds. In a large measure Belgium and Italy have been the victims of their own weakness; in a lesser degree of the masterfulness of the mighty who laid a heavy hand upon them.

It is interesting, in view of the pious horror certain manifestations of acquisitiveness on the part of belligerents in the Great War have occasioned, to note that in former times France exacted *droits de guerre* which were particularly onerous when she looted Belgium and Italy of many treasures of art. It is true that a number of paintings was returned to their rightful owners in 1815, but many never came back, and many were destroyed by the invading soldiery. The works that were not returned ultimately went to enrich French museums or fell into the hands of private individuals. The greater part of the Flemish masters which ornament the provincial galleries of France found their way into that country as the spoils of foreign campaigns. Examples at Lyons, Dijon, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Grenoble, Nantes, Nancy, Toulouse, Lille and Rennes lend point to the long catalogue.

A list of paintings taken from Italy would form an imposing document. By a special dispensation of Providence Spain did not have to endure French invasion to the same extent as some other European countries; a very happy accident which permitted her to retain her

great collections more intact. Fortunately Joseph Bonaparte, who occupied the throne of Spain temporarily, did not like or understand Spanish painting; and his marshals, Soult, Sebastiani and their colleagues, did not have time to make a choice and carry off all that pleased them. It is due to these accidents and to the other causes indicated, no less than to Spain's lack of cupidity, that we owe the preservation of the rich stores of native art still to be found in every part of Spain. Long may she continue to retain them for the delight of her own people and of those enjoying her hospitality!

It must be admitted that, unlike Italian art, that of Spain was neither understood nor appreciated abroad before the nineteenth century; especially in France, where its vigour and realism were often considered brutal; although we doubt if this feeling existed in the case of Murillo. Spanish severity frightened and had no attraction for frivolous natures, which responded chiefly to the appeal of what was sugary, scented and powdered.

It was not until Louis Philippe created his "Musée espagnol," afterwards dispersed, that an appetite was created in France for the works which it had heretofore abhorred. Curiosity and interest were excited in the paintings of the neglected Spanish artists. The long and fruitless appeals that a few resolute connoisseurs had made to an unheeding public were at last listened to with respect. Sometimes, a king can do no wrong.

Those days have long since passed away and the great Masters have now come into their own. Murillo, Velazquez, Zurbarán, Ribera, Roelas, Pacheco, Valdes Leal, Goya and a host of others less eminent are at last honoured as they deserve.

A truly incomparable collection of Spanish art is to



be found in the Prado at Madrid. This gallery was formed a couple of generations ago by uniting the Royal Gallery with the National Gallery of the Trinidad. Both these galleries were remarkable; the first-named is due to King Ferdinand VII who took for it all the pictures then in the royal palaces of the capital and in the other royal residences; the last-named was founded in 1840 and comprised all the works collected from the suppressed convents in the provinces of Madrid, Segovia, Toledo and Avila.

The Louvre, the Royal Gallery at Dresden, the National Gallery in London, the Vatican, the Uffizi-Pitti in Florence, the Metropolitan in New York and the Alte Pinakothek in Munich, and what is, or was in the Hermitage in St. Petersburg are, perhaps, more important and comprehensive collections of all times and schools, but few can show a larger number of really great works than the Prado.

In the Museum of Seville are many examples of Spain's illustrious painters, and, especially of Seville's son and pride, Murillo. Not only this museum but the Cathedral and churches of Seville contain almost countless numbers of great paintings. In the Cathedral alone there are more than twenty-five Murillos, foremost of which is the huge "St. Anthony's Vision." This great work, like all the artist's pictures in Seville, was inspired by the deepest religious feeling.

Murillo had as his master a painter whose name must live in the annals of art because he heralded the great epoch of Spanish painting which was first to be given its expression by his illustrious fellow-townsmen and pupil. This painter, Juan del Castillo, was a man of thirty-four when the infant Bartolomé Murillo was carried, newly baptized, from the Church of Santa Magda-

lena in Seville on January 1st, 1618, into a world of strife and warfare. Not much is known of Castillo except the important fact that Murillo was apprenticed to him at an early age and later became his assistant. He left Seville and his young pupil to try his fortune at Cadiz. Two of his paintings remain in Seville: the reredos in San Juan de Alfaraiche and the "Assumption" in the Provincial Museum.

A greater influence on the youthful painter even than that of his master's must at a later period have been that of his fellow-pupil, Pedro de Moya. In view of his association with Murillo it is interesting to trace, briefly, the chances that led to this qualification for a niche in the Temple of Fame.

About the year 1635 de Moya, tiring of his environment, and, doubtless, like many youths of his time, dreaming of adventure, laid aside his palette and brushes and departed from Seville for the Low-Lands. With empty pockets, what more natural than to enlist in a marching regiment? He was not a long time in Flanders before the splendours of Flemish art, which enriched the churches, convents, town-halls and guilds, caused him to repent of having abandoned his art, which in the Spain of that time was a cold, sombre and uninspiring one, whereas the glowing canvases of the Flemings fired him anew to a passion for painting. Van Dyck was the special object of his admiration, but just then the great Flemish painter was at work in London. Thither de Moya followed him and begged to be accepted as a pupil. Van Dyck welcomed him and they were inseparable until the death of the former a few years later, when the sorrowing disciple returned to his native Spain. He brought back something of his master with him; sufficient at any rate for him to set up as a



BLESSED ENRIQUE SUSON; ZURBARÁN, PROVINCIAL MUSEUM, SEVILLE



ST. FERDINAND; MURILLO, SEVILLE CATHEDRAL



master-painter at Seville. From the beginning he had his share of pupils, one of whom was Murillo.

The lives of most great creative artists have not been without their trials and vicissitudes. Murillo was no exception. It is known that he had to put his hand to anything that came his way in order to earn his bread. He painted tapestry-hangings for the patrician families of Seville; flags and standards for the sea-captains of the time, opulent from their rich trade with the western *El Dorado*. Not a few of these ship-ensigns must have waved to the breezes from off the American shores; no doubt also that many of the holy pictures then, as now, sold by vendors during the *Feria* were the work of the needy young artist.

From these years of *Sturm und Drang* little has come down to us of his life and work. Except for two years at Madrid Murillo passed his long and fruitful life in his native city. In Madrid he sought out his fellow-artist and townsman Velazquez, who helped his young colleague with advice and gained him admission to the royal palace and to the Escorial, with permission to study and paint.

At the expiration of his two years of study in the capital he returned to Seville, to which he was to remain faithful until his death. Of his earliest work two examples alone remain. These he executed for the St. Dominic's Chapel in the St. Thomas College and they were undoubtedly his first commission from one of the Orders of the Church; a connection that was afterwards destined to be productive of so many of his great religious canvases. The more important of these two pictures is now in the Archiepiscopal Palace of Seville and represents the Virgin bestowing a rosary on the founder of the Order. This beautiful painting approxi-



mates to his later ones. In it is seen the same serene transparency, there is the same finish in the brush work. The Virgin, the blond Child and the monk have a beauty and a nobility that are reflected in his maturer work. The only other known painting of this period <sup>25</sup> is now in the Cambridge Museum, "St. Francis Appearing to a Monk."

In the middle of the seventeenth century the Convent of San Francisco was the largest and most important in Seville. It had many *patios*, a garden and great cloisters, with the fountains beloved of the Sevillians to this day. It must have been an institution containing much of beauty and art in its chapels where many of the patrician families of the city and province had their ornate tombs. It contained a high-altar with a splendid marble reredos and rich paintings of great value even before the young Murillo was commissioned to execute the eleven famous canvases commemorating events in the history of the Franciscans, including five having for their subjects incidents in the life of St. Diego, an Andalusian lay brother, a holy man who in life was famed for his self-denial and charity. He was canonized by Pope Sixtus V at the instance of Philip II in 1588.

These eleven pictures were the cherished treasures of the Brothers of St. Francis down to the ill-fated year 1810, when the convent was sacked and plundered by the French and its works of art dispersed for ever. Only two of these Murillos remain in Spain: "St. Francis Listening to the Music of Angels," and "St. Diego Feeding the Poor," both in Madrid. Two are in the Louvre, one of which, the "St. Diego and the Angels' Kitchen," has the rare signature "B<sup>æus</sup>. Step<sup>s</sup>. de Murillo. anno 1646. me. f.," showing that he himself

must have held it in esteem. Another of this cyclis is in a second French gallery, the Museum at Toulouse, and shows the saint arrested in mid-air; another is in Dresden, and one is in New York.

In 1841 the civic authorities of Seville pulled down the convent to make a public square; this was three years after the suppression of the conventual institutions in the Andalusian capital. Where once there stood so much to succour the poor and needy, to delight the eye and inform the student of art, now spreads the hot and dusty *plaza* with its modern, ill-proportioned monument to the Soldier-King, St. Ferdinand.

From the time that this cyclis of Franciscan history was completed, Murillo's fame was established for ever. Never again did he lack commissions and henceforth he was the city's darling.

Until 1810, when the French laid a heavy hand upon Seville's rich inheritance of art, the hospital of the Brothers of Charity, the Caridad, had been thought to offer the best opportunity for studying Murillo as artist and man. He painted two altar-pieces and six large pictures for the nave of the chapel; "Moses Striking the Rock," the "Visit of the Angels to Abraham," "The Prodigal's Return," "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," "Peter's Deliverance," and the "Charity of St. Juan de Dios." In addition, an "Annunciation," "The Infant Jesus and the Child St. John." Of these priceless works the French looted five; six remain *in situ*. Fortunately the two most important are still in the places where Murillo hung them; for, thanks to their great size, it is said that they presented too great technical difficulties for the French to carry them off. One, emblematic of the purpose of the founder of the hospital, the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," represents

a desert-scene lighted by the reflection of a clouded sky and shows the figure of Christ standing out from the multitude in the act of blessing the bread. The companion piece, "Moses Striking the Rock," has long been popularly known as "La Sed" (The Thirst), the scene is again a desert waste; Moses, with eyes uplifted to Heaven dominates the foreground. The figures are animated; it is an interpretation full of joy, almost of gaiety, and quite unlike that of other old masters who have emphasized the expression of wild desire and suffering in the faces of the hordes hurrying for the precious water.

Murillo delighted to make everything lovable, beautiful and serene. In the Caridad, however, is found the inevitable exception that proves the rule. His altarpiece of "St. John of God," alone of all his works, is a conception full of bitterness; it breathes a dark and gloomy note. Through a midnight street, lit by the feeble rays of a sickly moon, the holy saint staggers and falls under the burden of the sick man he is carrying to the hospital, and turns a startled, weary face to the angel who has come to his aid.

The two exquisite pictures of *el niño Dios*, and the childish St. John, with his crisp locks, are a joy to the beholder. The Hospital of the Caridad was founded by a rich and pious nobleman, Miguel de Mañara, in the middle of the seventeenth century. He was Prior of these Brothers of Charity, whose vow was to offer bed and board to the weary pilgrim, or wayfarer; to succour the poor and nurse the incurable. For nearly two hundred years they carried out their noble mission undisturbed; but sore trials were in store for them; in 1810 the looting by the French took place, heedless of the

work done there in fulfilment of the Apostle's reminder that "the greatest of these is Charity."

The Church of the Caridad, where hang these great canvases, has its baroque façade ornamented by a series of five mosaic pictures in the familiar *azuléjos* (coloured tiles), reputed to be from designs by Murillo. The founder of the Caridad lies buried beneath the high-altar of his chapel. His portrait by Valdez Leal is in the Chapter Hall.

Seville is so rich in Murillo's paintings that detailed descriptions of each cannot be attempted. We have endeavoured to note the more important in the two convents, that of the Franciscans long since swept away, and the Caridad, where, fortunately, so much remains. A few words must be added concerning the important Murillos in the Cathedral and the Provincial Museum.

It has been said with justice that the series of pictures he painted for the Franciscan Convent shows none of the crudeness and limitations that are supposed to be invariably present in the early work of even the greatest artists. The creative power, the contrast in the treatment of the subjects, technique and light effects are all present, as well as the flowing rhythm of the master hand; all facts that go to prove that Murillo "found" himself almost in the beginning.

The "Vision of St. Anthony" in the chapel of the baptistery of the Cathedral has been often described as the Sevillian's greatest work. He painted it in 1656 at the age of thirty-eight, and one can imagine his greatest ambition to have been fulfilled the day he saw it hung. The light coming through the ancient glass window falls on the kneeling figure of the young Franciscan, a benediction of glowing colour; the Child, surrounded by a wreath of cherubs seems about to fall softly into



the outstretched arms of the ecstatic monk. It is painted with great clearness; the light effects, composition and colour are of the greatest perfection.

In the same chapel hangs another Murillo, a "Baptism of Christ." Others in the Cathedral are an altar-piece; the "Guardian Angel"; "Sts. Leander and Isidore"; eight canvases depicting the patrons of Seville, and a "Conception"; and these form but a part of the splendid collection of the artist's works which the great Gothic fabric contains. One other should be mentioned. In the Cathedral is the only female portrait by Murillo known to be in existence; a nun, Mother Francisca Dorotea de Villad , foundress of a Dominican Order of Nuns. This is not a portrait from life,<sup>28</sup> but a copy made by Murillo in 1674 of an older work. The face is that of a woman old and worn, her lips pressed fervently to a crucifix; a face purified and chastened of all the cares of a forgotten world.

Again, in the Museum but a few works can be selected for comment. The "Christ Embracing St. Francis from the Cross," embodies true inspiration and great beauty. The head of the Saviour of the World has great character, while the saint's expression of awed anguish, the poise of his body and his solicitude to support tenderly the body of his Master contain elements of real grandeur. Here are his canvases of the Madonna, represented over and over again; the "Adoration of the Shepherds"; the great "Piet "; the "Immaculate Conception"; an "Annunciation" and the several paintings of the Virgin and the Child. Of these it may be said that the great Christian drama has never been expressed with greater strength and greater majesty. Never has religious feeling been interpreted with more convincing elevation of mind.



In the "Adoration of the Shepherds" what motherly pride and expectancy in the face of the Virgin, as if she waited on the verdict of the lowly men to declare her Babe perfection! The Madonna "de la Servilleta," was so called from the pretty tradition that ascribes it to the request of a convent cook, who asked Murillo to paint her a picture on a napkin. What a charming impression of the Child, sturdily bending forward! What expressive eyes full of eagerness and interest! How calm and protective the Mother!

One is always struck by Murillo's power of making the Virgin's expression convey all that is rejoicing, or burdening, her heart and mind; for example, "The Madonna with the Child," the eyes of both proclaiming that they are all the world for each other; the calm, the quiet content, and dreamy mystic quality of their faces. Then again that other expression with the premonition of the sorrows to come shining through the love and pride and tenderness. Again the "Descents from the Cross" and the "Pietàs"; here is the sublime drama; the touching heroine, the Virgin, the troubled and austere embodiment of suffering, the suffering of the mother lamenting her Child; a suffering merged in beauty, all the more sublime because it is not of the body, but of the soul, a soul bowed under the load of human frailty and weakness. The face is seen strangely altered by the maternal agony, but it is lit by a ray of the infinite which announces that the sacrifice is not in vain, that upon the foundations of the old, new, and if men will, better things shall arise. Only the grandeur of genius such as that which inspired Murillo could express so much.

Our painter was the great interpreter on canvas of the Catholic Faith; to this end he dedicated his life and

his brush. It would almost seem that his soul left its mortal habitation and vibrated in celestial regions where the miseries of the earth found no echo. His life might have been, and probably was, plunged in the ecstasies that he transferred with such deep religious feeling, and serene, smiling beauty to animate these devotional works, from which every Christian virtue speaks as unmistakably as by the written word. The cult of Murillo was that of St. Teresa, of St. Ignatius Loyola, and St. Anthony of Padua; a tender, but ardent, worship. He painted the wonders and visions which appeared to him as if they were the happenings of daily life. They are so convincingly painted, these images of the soul, that one feels that he must have seen them and felt them with his mortal senses.

One last picture by Murillo to be noted in the Museum is the "St. Felix de Cantalicio" with the Christ Child. The saint on his wanderings to collect food for his poor, has been surprised late in the evening by the Child and has taken Him gently in his old arms, letting fall his beggar's bag. How lovingly the Child regards the kind old face of the saint, a typically bearded Capuchin, and puts an arm around his neck and fondles his grey beard!

The well-known street-types, gamins and beggars enjoying their fruits and games, which form the subjects of so many popular works, have no place in the collections of Seville, and do not, therefore, fall within the limits we have set ourselves, although they present striking proof of another side of Murillo's art.

A portrait of himself by the artist was engraved on copper by Richard Collin of Brussels in 1682, the year of Murillo's death. From the inscription on this print



ST. HUGH; ZURBARÁN, SEVILLE



VIRGIN, CHILD, AND SAINTS; LUCA DELLA ROBBIA,  
SEVILLE CATHEDRAL



it would appear that it was made at the request of his children.<sup>27</sup>

The last work of the Master, the mystical "Espousal of St. Catherine," hangs above the high altar in the Church of the Capuchins at Cadiz. It was while engaged in painting this picture that Murillo met with the accident that cost him his life. He fell from the scaffolding and was so seriously injured that death resulted shortly after he had been carried back to his native city. He died at Seville early in April, 1682.

The earliest reference to Murillo's paintings in any book, so far as we have been able to ascertain, is contained in the diary of Count Harrach, the Austrian Minister, who visited Seville in August, 1677, five years before the great artist's death. Harrach, writing with the quaint seventeenth-century German spelling,<sup>28</sup> relates that he was taken to a small passage in San Francisco and shown "certain pictures by a painter called Morillo [*sic*] who still lives, and are very good."

Zurbarán is represented by some characteristic works in the Museum. He would be represented by his greatest had not the French Marshal robbed the Church of St. Bonaventura of its eight magnificent altar-paintings, five of which were by the painter-mystic. As usual, it is in the Louvre that one must look for the best that were taken; two are there: one showing the Saint presiding at a chapter of his Order; the other his death-bed.

When one studies the wanderings and vicissitudes of the works of the great Masters which war and invasion wrested from their rightful owners, the reflection arises that had it not been for French soldiers of the same acquisitive type as the great Napoleon and his Marshal



Soult, the Louvre would lack much of the importance it has so long enjoyed.

Of the five paintings from St. Bonaventura, two are accounted for in the Louvre, one has totally disappeared, another, the "Election of the Pope," is in Dresden. It came from Louis Philippe's gallery, already referred to, and it was finally sold at a London auction for £68; truly an amazing bargain. The fifth is in the Berlin Museum.

Mysticism may be said to be the leading characteristic of the great Spanish painters whose work is so well worth prolonged study in Seville. The canvases of Murillo and Zurbarán radiate faith and devotion, showing them to have been themselves profoundly religious.

In contemplating the wonderful paintings (there are twenty-three) of Zurbarán in the Museum, one feels that the artist must have led the cloistered life to have been able to realize, as he has in his figures of monks and religious, the devotion, austerity and faith of the chill and silent cell. It is as if no consideration of this world inhabited these ascetic bodies and that they had laid aside their mortality in taking on their habit.

The composition of the "St. Bruno," showing the saint and the Sovereign Pontiff, has a note of calm, of contemplation, which dominates all; there is no action, but a surprising simplicity. It is as if the discussion of some grave and weighty problem has left saint and pope lost in deepest reflection. There is a majesty in this restful, intellectual and contemplative masterpiece which stirs the heart profoundly and mysteriously.

The "Miracle of St. Hugh," a group of figures at a table spread with the frugal meal of a convent refectory, is a noble collection of portraits on one canvas. The "Crucifixion," the "St. Louis Bertrand," the "Blessed

Henry Suso," the "Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas," the "St. Gregory," and the "Virgin of the Cuevas" are all typical of his magnificent portraiture, his plastic modelling and his almost invariable use of whites and shades of grey.

The Seville Museum contains many works by others of the Spanish School: Espinal; Herrera; Gutiérrez; Marquez; Pacheco; Polancos; Roelas; Valdes Leal and others, all well worth study.

An example of Goya in the Palace of San Telmo should be mentioned; a delicious "Queen Isabel of the Two Sicilies," a graceful child of twelve. In its budding charm of youth it is a singular departure from the artist's usual rough and terrifying manner.

The Cathedral and churches of Seville offer a particularly rich field for the study of Spanish plastic art. Every form in which it can be expressed is to be found in bewildering profusion in the Andalusian capital. Here Montañés in his statues made the polychrome-plastic art of the Middle Ages live again, and he added nobility to a craft which had then fallen into decay. Whatever the medium, whether stone, wood or plaster, the results are seen on every side in altars, crucifixes, statues, choir-stalls, reredoses, Madonnas, saints and *pietàs*. The beauty and realism of many of the figures cannot be conveyed by photographs. The most moving is the "Christ Crucified," by Montañés in the great sacristy of the Cathedral. Here we find the ultimate expression of patience and suffering. One is instantly reminded of the three paintings of the same subject by Zurbarán in the Museum. All four possess the same marvellous anatomical perfection, the same majesty and beauty; inspire the same emotions and convey the same message.

Spain is poor in modern art; one name alone stands out: Fortuny; if we except two of his contemporaries, Pradilla and Benalliuere. Neither these nor those who have appeared later concern us in our passing glance at the art of Andalusia. It is Spain's ancient art; its one great school, which shines with splendid brilliance down from the walls of Seville and Madrid. We may devoutly hope that these wondrous works will never leave their native soil where, as we have expressed the conviction, they best explain themselves and are best understood.

To turn to another aspect of Andalusian art, namely architecture and its decorative treatment; it is here that the direct influence of the long Moorish occupation, culminating in the style known as *Mudejar*, is most apparent. This style is an original and happy combination of the earlier Gothic which the Moors found on their arrival with the rich and fantastic traditions of the Arabs. This expression of art dates from the fifteenth century. It is seen on every hand in the Spain of the Moors; particularly in the mosques which were turned into Catholic churches. It is not rare to find in southern Spain church-towers that are identical with the minarets of mosques.

This pleasing and graceful artistic liaison frequently manifests itself in the decoration and workmanship of ceilings, windows, stairways and façades; in the myriads of varied designs and traceries embroidered in wood and stone and plaster with an almost indescribable delicacy and charm. We may notice it particularly in Seville's *chef d'œuvre* of Arab fantasy, the Alcazar, that fairy-like palace of the Moorish rulers which is a bewildering labyrinth of stately halls, arched and domed, with walls of multi-coloured *azulejos*; and of sleepy, flower-scented

*patios* with their marble fountains: a palace of pure romance set amid gardens of unrivalled beauty.

The Renaissance brought to Andalusian art another and more sombre note which, allied with the Arabian-Nights grace of the *Mudejar*, gave birth to that called the Plateresque, an art that was not slow to grip the imagination of the artists and architects of Spain, spreading quickly from one end of the country to the other. Plateresque, despite the fact that it accorded with the severity of the new artistic ethics, had characteristic features of boldness that border on an excessive capriciousness. It was in its turn followed by a weird and exaggerated style, the Chuirigueresque, which marked the end of beauty and brought death and destruction to many of the masterpieces of those earlier Gothic and later classic periods which had evolved such noble forms of art.

## CHAPTER XII

### THREE GREAT MONUMENTS



IT is not our intention to attempt a description of the monuments of Seville. That can be left with safety to the guide-books on Spain, unsatisfactory as they are in most respects. It would, however, be an affectation if, in a book devoted to Andalusia, all mention were omitted of the three glories of its ancient capital: the Cathedral, the Giralda and the Alcazar.

It would need no apology if the remaining pages were consecrated to the glorious Cathedral; glorious in itself and in the possession of a truly bewildering treasure of paintings, sculpture in wood and stone, gold and silver vessels, unique vestments, great illuminated *Libros de Coro*, relics of saints and tombs of the mighty. At best it would be but a superficial description, for a small library could be written on these great collections.

Few indeed of all the visitors to this shrine see more than a tithe of the rare and beautiful things hidden away in the many chapels, almost always locked, and in the sacristies; in the treasury, the *vestiare* and elsewhere in the precincts.

Only under the guidance of a resident canon who has made the study of the Cathedral and every object in it a labour of love, can one hope to make acquaintance with most of its contents. Such a privilege was ours on numberless occasions, but even so, and with a cicerone as conscientious, and one whose knowledge of, and pride in, his spiritual home was as complete as that of our



friend Canon Don Antonio Jerez, we should hesitate to pretend to know and to have seen all the artistic wealth of this stupendous treasure-house of God. One always left with a mind dazzled by its majesty, amazed at the number of its priceless works of art, and humbly grateful that such things could be; that there existed such a place, open to all and at all times, in which to pray, to meditate or to admire.

Yes, all that the capital of this beautiful Province possesses in splendid buildings and splendid art fades into insignificance before the majesty of its great Cathedral. It has been said that "He who has not seen the Cathedral of Seville has seen no Catholic church." Certes, he who has not seen it has missed one of the wonders of the world. No other church, in our opinion, not even eternal St. Peter's, makes such a profound impression as this Sevillian interior with its quintuple naves, naves carried on monster columns, yet which, owing to their great height and perfect proportion, appear as slender and graceful as trees of the forest, or light-houses by the sea.

The Spanish custom of building the choir within enclosing walls in the centre of their great cathedrals, a church within a church, deprives the eye of the long drawn-out perspective, of the enjoyment by a single *coup d'œil* of their vast interiors in their entirety. One feels this to be an error of architecture; for at no point does the view embrace the whole: the vaulted distances, towering pillars, transepts, choir and *retablo*. Yet even the obstruction of the choir has no power to lessen the sudden emotion produced by the grandeur of the lines and the sublimity of the conception of Seville's Cathedral. One recalls in vain the vast uninterrupted views in St. Peter's, in the cathedrals at Milan, Cologne,

or in England; in the great edifices at Rouen, Chartres, Amiens or Rheims; none, we feel, can surpass that in Seville.

Unlike many cathedrals whose interiors are dim and cold, perhaps even depressing, Seville's is filled with a glow of warmth; its columns and stones are honey-hued. There are galleries and chapels full of mystery, but the great doors stand wide to admit the strong glare of the Andalusian sun, while the bright day penetrates through the century-old glass of the splendid windows, throwing brilliant symphonies of colour upon walls and floor; upon altars shining behind their iron or gilded grilles, vivid patches of colour as circumscribed and definite as if enamelled where they fall. There is no way of forgetting that this is the Cathedral of Andalusia's capital. The influence of the warm sun and the blue skies without makes itself felt within these four walls and drives away cold and damp from their every corner.

One is at a loss where to begin, or rather what to leave out, in attempting a brief account of some of the principal features of the Cathedral. This difficulty was well understood by de Amicis when he wrote<sup>29</sup>: "He who would describe this immeasurable building should have at hand the longest adjectives and the rarest comparisons that ever flowed from the pen of the most hyperbolical author who has something of the most extraordinary height, greatest width, awful depth, and of grandeur beyond words to explain."

Everything here is on a gigantic scale. Each of the five naves would make a large church in itself. In the central nave an average cathedral, including its spire, could take a walk. The sixty-eight vaulted sections of the roof seem slowly to spread out and ascend when one looks at them steadily. The principal chapel, *Capilla*

*Mayor*, with its titanic reredos of gleaming, gilded carving, is placed just beyond the middle of the central nave; it is so lofty that it almost reaches to the roof, and appears to have been built for giant priests for whom ordinary altars would reach but to their knees. The Easter candle has been likened to the mast of a ship, and the bronze candelabrum which supports it to the spire of a church. The organs are as large as houses. The chapels have the proportions of tiny churches and contain the works of some thirty-six painters and sixty-seven sculptors. Murillo, Zurbarán, Cano, Valdez, Montañés, Herrera, Boldan, Roelas and Campaña all have left here undying traces of their art.

For an American the imposing tomb of Columbus awakens more interest than the magnificent silver-gilt sarcophagus, a veritable jewel-casket, which contains the remains of St. Ferdinand, crowned and wrapped in his royal robes. The tomb of Columbus lies near the chapel of the Virgen della Antigua with its door inlaid in tortoise-shell and gold. It is said that Columbus expressed the desire that this chapel should become a loadstone for those hailing from the Americas. The shrine of the saint-king glimmers in the "Royal Chapel" (Capilla Reale). In this chapel also repose the remains of Beatrice of Swabia, Ferdinand's queen, and their son, Alfonso.

In the Chapel of the Baptistry all the space above the altar is taken up by Murillo's masterpiece, the "Vision of St. Anthony." The adjoining chapel contains a "Madonna, Child and Saints" by della Robbia that must be the *chef d'œuvre* of the great Italian master of the plastic art in faience. We remember nothing comparable with it at Florence. The principal sacristy is a little museum of art. The sacristy "de los Calpes"

is glorified by that supreme carving, the crucified Christ by Montañés, a Zurbarán painting of the same subject and five Murillos. In the treasury are incomparable examples of the silversmith's art used in the ornate ritual of the Catholic Church. One room houses the great collection of choir-books, huge tomes of vellum with page upon page of early musical notation illuminated with exquisite miniatures. Another room contains glass-faced cases and cupboards with the unique collection of vestments, stiff with wondrous mediæval embroidery on richest mediæval stuffs.

In the Cathedral is the famed statue of the "Virgin of the Kings," a lovely example of the Romanesque style carved in cedar wood. This "Virgin" is a patron of Seville. On her fête-day (the Assumption), August 15, she is carried in procession through the Puerta de Palos to the Plaza de Cardinal. The *paso* on which the statue is carried has no candles, contrary to the usual custom; for the people will have it that her loving smile, her majesty and the love of her children are her greatest ornaments. The statue was a gift of the French king St. Louis to his cousin St. Ferdinand after the conquest of Seville in 1248. It is German work of the thirteenth century.

We will leave the Cathedral with an account of an almost unique privilege which it possesses among Catholic churches, one which is the wonder of all visitors who have seen it; *Los Seises*, the religious dances performed during the octaves of Corpus Christi and the Immaculate Conception and on the three carnival days, before the high altar by ten choir boys in quaint mediæval costume. The dances are known as the *Seises*, literally "the sixes," although the number of dancers remains constant at ten. They are a species of stately





TOMB OF ST. FERDINAND, SEVILLE CATHEDRAL





THE SEISES, SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

minuet, and naturally arouse wonder and speculation in the minds of travellers as to their origin, why they exist or even why they are permitted. Not because they seem lacking in reverence; but dancing in a church as part of a religious ceremony is hardly in accord with modern conventions.

The dance is permitted to continue now in these unwonted surroundings, as it has been permitted for centuries past, for a very special reason if the legend be true, and in memory of a very special historic occasion.

At the time of the taking of Seville by the Moors in 712 this dance, we are told, was in the act of being performed in the principal church of Seville, which it must be remembered was at that time Visigothic. The story goes that the Moors paused in their agreeable occupation of plundering to watch the little dancers, and that the priests were able to take advantage of this preoccupation of the invaders to gather up their treasures of holy vessels and archives, and remove them from the Cathedral by an underground passage leading beneath the Guadalquivir to its opposite bank, where stands Triana.

Of what happened to the *Seises* during the Moorish occupation we have no knowledge, but they were revived, if they had fallen into desuetude under Moorish rule, after the re-conquest. In the eighteenth century an Archbishop of Seville disapproved of the dances and ordered their suppression. This action almost led to a riot, but ended in a deputation, of which the *Seises* formed a part, being sent to Rome by the Cathedral Chapter. The *Seises* appeared and danced before the Pope and assembled cardinals in order to obtain a final verdict. The beauty of the dances and the singing had the effect the Chapter hoped for. It found favour with

the Holy See, with the result that the deputation returned in triumph to Seville. The dances have ever since been carried out without interruption, to the delight of all who have seen them in their magnificent setting.

It is said that the Pope gave his permission for the continuance of the dances conditionally; that he ruled that they should continue only so long as the clothing of the dancers held together! This explains why they retain the old Spanish costume. New clothing is never bought, the old is simply not permitted to wear out. The garments are made of strips, or bands, sewn together, so that it is an easy matter to repair them without having to replace any one entirely. Doubtless but little of the original clothing which went to Rome remains, but it cannot be said that it has not held together; thus the ordinance of the Pope has been obeyed. After all, these costumes are used on very few occasions, and there are two separate sets: one of white and blue, used during the octave of the Immaculate Conception; the other of white and red, during the octave of Corpus Christi and the three days of Carnival; so their survival for a very great many years is not to be wondered at.

The impression received from the dancing of these little people in such surroundings is quite other than a mere description would give the reader to expect. The charming little figures with their fresh, innocent voices, dancing and singing before the high altar in their ancient costumes; the reverent, kneeling crowds; the brilliance of the light flooding altar and dancers; the prostrate Cardinal-Archbishop and Chapter;<sup>30</sup> the illimitable distances of light and shadow thinly veiled by clouds of incense; and then through the silence the heavenly voices of the *Seises* singing to the glory of the Blessed Sacra-

ment and the Immaculate Conception! The *Seises* are simply another manifestation of the devotion of Seville to these two great mysteries, and for this alone they exist, they sing and they dance. Streams of melody pour from their throats, accompanied by the staccato clicking of their ivory castanets to the time of the music, uplifting the heart to higher regions.

After the dances are finished, Seville takes leave of the Son of God, whose Presence upon the high altar a mighty monstrance enriched with pearls and precious stones has proclaimed, with a last song, one that had its origin in Seville in the seventeenth century. It is sung as the monstrance is being covered:

“Blessed be the Holiest Sacrament of the Altar and  
the Immaculate  
Conception of Mary, Mother of God and our beloved  
Lady. . . .  
O Sun of Righteousness, hidden behind the clouds to  
light me,  
Inflame my heart and breast to Thee. . . .

Pure Immaculate Virgin. . . . Thou spurnest with  
light foot the Dragon’s head.  
For centuries Thou knowest it has been the glory of  
Seville  
To call Thee spotless in Thy Immaculate Concep-  
tion. . . .

Handful of lilies, Heart of my Jesus, Coffers full of  
rubies  
Broken through the blow of the Cross.  
Thou art my Ægis, Thou art my life, my glory, Thou  
wilt be the light.



The staff of Jesse has already blossomed, guarded by  
purity,  
Protected by innocence, the promise of the Lord,  
Germ of mother earth, germ of the Redeemer."

One leaves the ceremony and this great House of God profoundly and strangely stirred.

If the Gothic Cathedral of Seville is a "poem in stone," then, assuredly, the towering Giralda which rises beside it is a Moorish poem in brick. It is a masterpiece of Arab architecture, and one of the few examples left in Spain of this splendid style which is unspoilt, and has not passed through the vicissitudes of the ubiquitous "restorer's" hands. It is the belfry of the Cathedral. Where once the voice of the muezzin called to prayer, now the clear bells of the Giralda awake the echoes, and flood every corner of old Santa Cruz with vibrating waves of sound. This lofty spire, standing sentinel by the Cathedral's side, was for the Moors, as it is for their Christian successors, at once the symbol and the embodiment of the spirit of Andalusia. It dominates the country for many miles around; it is the first landmark to meet the eye of the oncoming visitor to Seville, and it is the last on which his lingering glance rests as he speeds away over the spreading plain, the *vega*, to south, to east or west.

The delicate brick-work traceries of this campanile gleam golden-red against the azure Andalusian sky, where, two hundred and twenty feet above the sleepy Plaza del Triunfo, the two seem to merge over the head of the gigantic statue of Faith, holding the banner of the Emperor Constantine in her hand and watching over the city of her children. Beneath the statue is the so-called "Monogram of Christ." Research has estab-



lished the fact that this symbol was known already at the beginning of the fourth century.

The Giralda is a rare combination of strength and elegance. The typical Moorish decoration is so light, so airy, that it has been likened to a lace veil pendent over the four massive walls rising so solidly from the ground. The tower is pierced by many arched windows with slender supporting columns, all of a fairy-like delicacy. The builder of the Giralda, Al-gebr, is said to be no other than the inventor of algebra. He designed it as the minaret for the mosque once occupying the place where the Cathedral now stands.

The legends from the time of the re-conquest tell us how in the terms proposed by the Moors for the surrender of the city there was a clause giving them the right of destroying the minaret. It seems that many counsellors of the Saint-King urged him to accede to this stipulation. Not so Don Alfonso, his son. He threatened the Moors with the loss of their heads if but a single stone was disturbed. Whether for this reason, or because, according to an alternative legend, the victors threatened to burn the city if the Moors carried out their intention, the beautiful monument was preserved, and remains to be one of the city's greatest ornaments.

The interior has a winding pathway, instead of steps, leading to the top. So gradual is the ascent that one of King Ferdinand's knights, a Scotsman, is said to have ridden his charger from the bottom to the summit of the tower when the Christian army stormed and took the city.

There are twenty-two bells hung in the Giralda. The manner of ringing them differs from the ordinary: given a start they are, by means of weights, made to revolve faster and faster, making complete revolutions,

instead of swaying to and fro, until the bell-ropes are wound up, when another pull causes them to unwind; and they then revolve in the opposite direction: each revolution causes the clappers to strike.

On the other side of the Plaza del Triunfo, with its statue of the Immaculate Conception, and its richly-foliaged orange-trees, loom the high walls guarding the Alcazar, the royal palace, some parts of which are the remains of the very ancient palace of the Moorish sovereigns. The public entrance is through a gateway into a large court-yard with its rows of familiar orange-trees. Pass across this little square and through a tunnel and you enter into one of those delightful narrow streets that amble through the old Santa Cruz quarter, which here begins. In the outer wall of the Alcazar is a second great gate from which the proud lion of Leon looks down, crowned and bearing a cross in his dexter paw. This is the private entrance to the royal apartments, which are occupied by the King of Spain and his family every year during the joyous *Feria*. The wall of the Alcazar would delight the eye of any artist; a vast bulwark standing at right angles to the *plaza*, with lofty, crenellated top; its colour a rich patchy orange-brown, which it is to be hoped will never be hidden under a fresh coat at the hands of some tidy castellan!

These great Moorish walls, so often met with in Andalusia, seem more fitted to guard some massive structure of antiquity, an amphitheatre or severe temple, for they are Roman in character, than the jewel-caskets which are to be found within them at Seville and Granada, whose every exposed inch is ornamented with the lightest and most intricate carvings and lace-like traceries, and whose fragile columns seem designed to support cob-webs. Surprise and delight are, therefore,

all the greater when the Alcazar and the Alhambra reveal their charms; for there is no indication on the outside of the fairy-like creations which await one within these solemn walls.

The Alcazar is as harmonious a whole as could be expected from its history. But little of the original palace which was built by the Moorish Sultan Yousuf Abou Yakoub towards the end of the twelfth century is left. Pedro the Cruel caused most of the present building to be erected, but he was not a "restorer" who restored out of all semblance of the original form; he not only respected its Moorish style, but even employed Moorish architects and workmen for the rebuilding and additions he caused to be made during his reign, 1350 to 1369. Hence this palace is as really Moorish as if it dated back to the Arab occupation, although the inevitable alterations have been made from time to time since Pedro's day.

The principal thing is, that those in search of typical specimens of Moorish architecture at its best, will find here one of its most beautiful expressions. It is not to be denied that the Alhambra, high above and dominating Granada from its green hill, and with its background of the snow-heights of the Sierra Nevada as a species of Olympian curtain, occupies a niche by itself; but the beauty of the courts and rooms of the Alcazar need fear no comparison with the wonder of Granada's stately pile.

When we enter the Patio de las Banderas (Court of the Banners), lighted by the warm sun and the friendly green of many orange-trees, there lurks no suggestion of the grim tyrant who held his audiences on this spot. But one conjures up the picture; and, perhaps also that of Doña Blanca de Bourbon cringing in her bower, a

prey to terror of the man who left her in the first days of their honeymoon, and killed her by poison before many more years had laid their heavy hand upon her fair young head. Pedro the Cruel's deeds have furnished a prolific theme for the folk-lore and music of the people as a blood-thirsty monster who loved cruelty as a pastime. By some he has been held to have been a just and righteous judge in the tribunals over which he presided in this secluded court-yard. The weight of evidence would seem to incline more to the former hypothesis. Spain's greatest dramatist has immortalized Pedro in the literature of the Spanish stage. Whatever his faults, his taste in architecture was impeccable. His Alcazar is beautiful.

A second court-yard and then an entrance door-way, where the riot of ornamentation and colour begins. In his efforts to find a comparison for the rich interior which this portal discloses, a writer <sup>31</sup> has hit upon this original idea: "One must take the Cathedral of Milan, turn it inside out; richly gild the numberless little pinnacles, sculptures and ornaments of every kind, cover them with mosaics and paint them with every gay colour, in order to give something that recalls the Alcazar."

The Patio de las Doñacellas (Court of the Maidens) is a dream from fairy-land, caught and fixed in stone, stucco and pigments. Four large and twenty-two smaller chevronny arches rising above fifty-two crowned marble columns serve to connect the spaces of lovely stucco ornament. Although alike in general characteristics, to describe one is by no means to describe all these wonderful halls and courts, opening one into the other. The Patio de las Muñecas (Court of the Dolls) has a name poetical enough to put one on the scent for an interesting legend. But no, the name is derived from



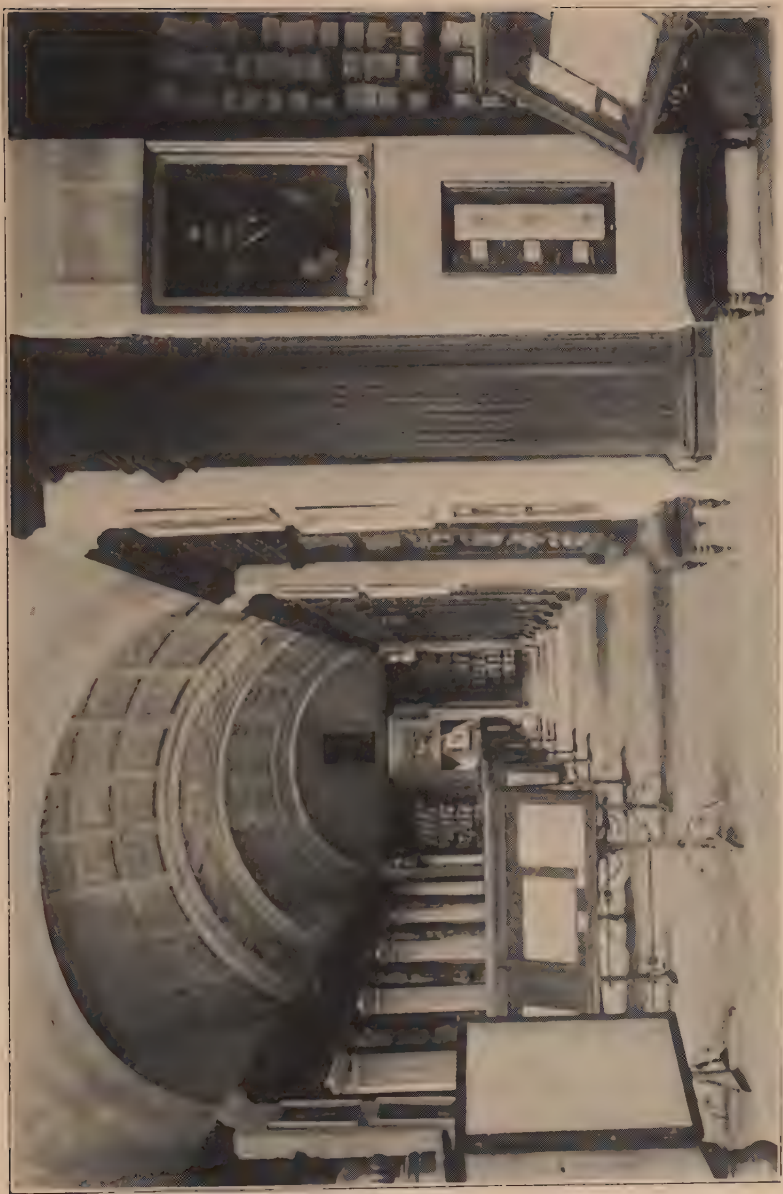
two doll-like heads which may, with some difficulty, be discovered in the decoration of the walls. The Salon de Embajadores (Hall of the Ambassadors) is the epitome of Moorish decoration. The brilliancy of the walls, tiled in *azuléjos* of many hues, is dazzling. In their feeling for colour-schemes the Moors of Spain had the same unerring instinct as the Chinese. The colours mingling on these walls are as harmonious as those on a Chien-lung or a Ming vase. This hall has a triple entrance of delicate pillars bearing horseshoe arches; its walls rise to a great height; first to the balconies of the upper-story, then up to the cupola with its myriad fields set with tiny squares and lozenges of mirror-glass. Here is a prodigality of ornamentation which leaves no play to the imagination. The private apartments of the royal family are above. We can take leave of the interior of the Alcazar without further exploration.

When the surfeited eye can no longer bear all this richness it can seek refreshment and repose in the most beautiful of gardens, the pleasure of the Alcazar. The vegetation is tropical; long alleys of giant palms, forests of oranges, lemons, myrtle, stately cypresses, sweet-smelling hay, magnolia and pomegranate trees; *patios* a mad riot of roses around marble basins sending up sparkling water to cool the heavily-scented air; a garden of enchantment that might well be the cradle of all the princesses of childhood's fairy-tales.

In recent years a beautiful and interesting stone gateway has been placed in the gardens, misplaced unfortunately, for it is in every way out of keeping with such surroundings. It is an ornate example of sixteenth-century work. We asked the guardians how old it was. One replied: "Oh, many, many centuries." Another declared it to be Visigothic. On our venturing



the opinion that its shields with coats of arms, and other decorative features pointed to a much later date, and that we were disposed to regard it as being of the sixteenth century, our Visigothic friend readily agreed. His "Si, si, Señor, that may well be," was said with the perfect manner of the *caballero* whose sole desire was to render himself agreeable. But we doubt not that the next enquiring visitor was told that he was beholding the art of the Visigoths and was expected to stand awe-stricken by its hoary antiquity. This romantic garden is the complement of a visit to those storied halls; to the court-yards into which the blue heaven of Andalusia laughs, and where one lovely prospect after another opens up into adjoining chambers. One is glad of this earthly paradise with its invitation to linger, rest and be thankful that one is alive.



ARCHIVES OF THE INDIES, SEVILLE

Brothers

You have a long Journey to take before  
you can see your beloved Country and your  
own Home. I pray the great Spirit to  
preserve you & conduct you safely.

Philad<sup>a</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup>. 30. 1787

B Franklin

Who requires all the Citizens of Pensilvania  
that may happen to meet with W<sup>m</sup> Woods  
and the Indians under his Care, to treat them  
with Justice, and protect them from Injuries  
they being come from far distant & friendly  
Nations on public Business.

B. F.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE ARCHIVES OF THE INDIES



THE State archives of Spain are especially interesting to Americans and to all students of the earliest history of the American continent. None is more important than the Archivo General de Indias (General Archives of the Indies) at Seville. Here are stored documents concerning Spain's colonial empire said to number several millions. They are arranged in about forty-seven thousand packages. So far as we were able to judge, these priceless records are far from being as carefully protected from dust and casual handling as might be expected; for they are unique. Every scrap of paper that passed between the representatives of the Mother country in America and in the Spanish insular possessions in both the Atlantic and the Pacific seems to have been carefully preserved by the Spaniards; therefore, as a result, there is an astonishing mass of information bearing on the discovery, early exploration, colonization and administration of the greater part of the Western Hemisphere.

Among this almost countless multitude of manuscripts are reports such as colonial administrators would have to make to their home departments on the state of affairs in the territories under their jurisdiction; records of travels, investigations, negotiations with natives; a correspondence on every phase of colonial affairs. Here is the material for the histories of the American republics which once were subject to the Spanish Crown, as well as of Australia and the present colonies of

Jamaica, the Guineas and others. It is striking that until quite recent times this rich field, and similar collections at Simancas in Castile, and at Madrid, was rarely disturbed by the American investigator engaged in historical research. If this was true a generation back, it is no longer so at present. American students are now very much in evidence in the halls of the Archivo General de Indias, so that this great storehouse of historical material is far from being neglected, and, in time, full justice will be done to the unrivalled opportunities it offers. The results of this searching of Spain's archives are already visible in the literary output of the new school of Hispano-American history.

The documents in the Seville archives date from the discovery of America in 1492 to about the year 1825. It seems to have been the desire of the Spanish government to collect at Seville all the documents relating to her possessions; for some reason this plan was never realized. Colonial papers predominate at Seville, while those of a more purely diplomatic character are preserved at Madrid and Simancas.

The Archivo General de Indias is housed in the beautiful old building that was formerly the merchants' exchange, the Lonja, a fitting home for the treasures locked in its safe keeping. It is of the late sixteenth century, built by the Herrera who completed the Escorial, the famous monastery and resting-place of the Kings of Spain. The erection of the Lonja was due to the habit the merchants of Seville had acquired of frequenting the precincts of the Cathedral for the transaction of their affairs. Their bargaining became a grave scandal in the eyes of the ecclesiastical authorities. From the steps, *gradas*, of the Cathedral they were wont to call for bids to equip their expeditions to the Americas,



to read their proclamations, to make their announcements and to buy and sell. It was to abate this nuisance that the Exchange was built in 1583-98.

Before the merchants departed for their splendid new Exchange, it was around the grand old Gothic Cathedral that was to be found the most important out-of-door mart of its time; a forerunner of the "curb-market" of to-day.

The interior of the Lonja is arched and domed and enriched with coloured marbles, the rich environment suitable for the men who sent out galleons which were to return so heavily freighted with the gold and silver of the Western World; but no treasure cargoes were ever dealt with inside those walls, which were as precious as the documents they now contain.

## CHAPTER XIV

### IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF COLUMBUS



**A**DJOINING the Cathedral of Seville the peaceful sanctuary of the Patio de los Naranjos, the Court of the Orange-trees, slumbers unchanged throughout the ages; a cool and inviting retreat from the sun-baked Plaza, and a fitting ante-chamber to the cooler depths of the mighty minster.

The rich Moorish gate-house known as the Puerta del Perdon, leading into the Patio from the busy thoroughfare, invites attention to a picture of cloistered, dreamy quiet within that is in sharp contrast with the humming world outside. Only a rare passer-by enters and halts beneath the shade of the old orange-trees or lingers by the ancient fountain that graces the centre of the courtyard. The marble basins of the fountain date from Roman times and bear deep scars in evidence of the generations that have rested their water-vessels upon its brink since the dawn of the Christian era.

In later days it was at this fountain, *al-mîdha*, that the Moors performed their ablutions before entering the Mosque of Yakoub which was torn down in 1401 to afford space to build the present vast fabric, the Cathedral of Santa Maria de la Sede, largest among existing Gothic monuments, being only surpassed in size by St. Peter's and the Mesquita of Cordova.

The rich façade of the Cathedral looms on one side of the *Patio*, another is occupied by the Segrario, now the parish church, with one entrance from the nave of the Cathedral and another from the court itself. In

the crypt beneath the Segrario are the tombs of the Archbishops of Seville. The street-side is lined by a row of church-buildings pierced by the *Puerta del Perdon*, under whose Arab arch is a shrine with an "Annunciation" and statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. Before its ever-burning light a woman or two of the people may almost always be seen at her devotions; many seem to bring their troubles here and kneel to seek consolation in prayer before the shrine. The outer wall of this side of the *Patio* is blank except for the gateway and two shrines built into it and protected by glass from the weather. Along its whole length extends a terrace with a flight of steps leading up from the street. Processions bearing the Host on certain great Church festivals pass along this terrace on their way around the Cathedral, guarded by the two-score canons and priests forming the Chapter, clad in the splendid vestments of which the Cathedral has probably the most wonderful collection to be met with anywhere. Seen with their background of Gothic and Moorish stone carving, wending their way slowly and majestically through the kneeling crowds, these processions make the rich pageantry of the Middle Ages live again in a shimmering blaze of golden splendour.

On the fourth side of the *Patio* under the shadow of the towering Giralda, at the angle where the *Puerta del Lagarto* leads into the Cathedral, is the *Capilla de la Granada*. Before this chapel hang some objects which must arouse the curiosity of every visitor who casts his eyes upwards to the vaulted roof of the vestibule. A stuffed crocodile, pendent, recalling old pictures of the laboratory of an alchemist; an elephant's tusk and a rusty iron curb. How these curious embellishments came to be hung here is not known. Tradition relates

that the crocodile was sent in the thirteenth century by the Sultan of Egypt to King Alfonso the Wise, in lieu of the hand of the African monarch's daughter; perhaps a cynical method adopted by the Sultan of informing his Spanish cousin that he would be happier with the crocodile as a life-companion. The elephant's tusk seems to have neither a history nor a tradition attached to it; while the iron curb is said to have been that of the Cid's favourite charger, Babieca. Although why this curb should be preserved at Seville instead of at Burgos is not apparent, for it was at Burgos that Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, whom the Spaniards made their national champion and hero in the eleventh century, giving him the Arab title *el Cid* (Lord), lived and is buried.

Before leaving the *Patio de los Naranjos* mention must be made of an unusual sight to be seen from it in the springtime: hundreds of hawks<sup>32</sup> flying about and alighting on the Cathedral. These birds come to breed in March and leave again in May. During this season we frequently saw them fighting around old Moorish towers in the country in other parts of Andalusia.

The fourth side of the *Patio* also houses the *Colombina*, which brings us to the subject of this chapter: Columbus. The *Colombina* is the great library formed in the early sixteenth century by Fernando Colon, the son of the immortal Columbus.

Fernando Colon was the youngest son of the great discoverer, and died in 1539 at the age of fifty-two. He was a soldier, traveller and a bibliophile of great discrimination, as the *Colombina* well attests. During his travels with his father, his brother Diego (the admiral), and his Sovereign, he visited the West Indies, Asia and Africa, as well as France, Flanders, Germany and Italy. During his lifetime he collected more than



PUERTA DEL LAGARTO, SEVILLE CATHEDRAL





COLUMBUS'S MAP OF ESPAÑOLA; COLOMBINA LIBRARY, SEVILLE

twenty thousand volumes and it was these which formed the nucleus of the present Colombina, some fifty thousand books comprising many rare Americana, early editions and manuscripts.

At the time of his death Fernando Colon was engaged upon a plan of founding a school of mathematics as a part of the College of St. Laureans de Nuestra Señora de la Merced. Owing to the ambiguity of his will there was a contest between the ecclesiastical authorities of the Cathedral and the Dominican Friars for the possession of his library. A compromise seems to have been effected and it was placed in the building adjoining the Cathedral which it now adorns, together with many historical paintings, including a rare portrait of Columbus painted in 1545, thirty-nine years after his death. The portrait bears the following inscription: "HÆC EST EFFIGIES LIGVRIS MIRANDA COLUMBI ANTIPODVM PRIMVS RATE QVI PENETRAVIT IN ORBEM. Sebastianvs Venetvs Fecit 1545." It is not known whether this work is a copy of a contemporary portrait, or what other source of inspiration the author of it had.

The library also contains a portrait of the soldier-king, St. Ferdinand, by Murillo. Here also is to be found the priceless map of the Isla Española, Santo Domingo, by the great navigator himself. This unique map, the first cartographical drawing showing any part of the Western World, is exquisitely made, and quaintly shows the three caravels, the "Santa Maria," the "Pinta" and the "Niña," both arriving at and leaving the island. These tiny ships are minutely and exactly pictured, so that the map is an historical document of the first importance, if only because it gives a perfect idea of the rig and appearance of the first ships to cross the Atlantic of which we have knowledge. And it also

gives a striking proof, if one were needed, of the supreme courage of the *conquistadores* who ventured into the unknown on such frail decks.

The map shows towns, indicated by churches with spires, with their names. This feature leads to the assumption that the map must have been made by Columbus in his later years and after his last voyages. At the Colombina they are vague on this point, and no one has ventured, or ever been in the position, to fix the date of this chief treasure of the famous library.

Although the Colombina, strangely enough, contains no holographic manuscripts from the hand of Columbus himself, there are several volumes which were used by him, and which, fortunately, bear annotations quite reasonably attributed to his pen. These books and the Española map constitute the most important Colombiana in the collection; as, indeed, they are the only possessions of the library which can be identified with the discoverer.

That there are no diaries, reports or letters in the hand-writing of Columbus in the Colombina strikes us as being most singular; it is all the more singular inasmuch as the marginal annotations above referred to, in the books collected by a pious son to do honour to an illustrious father, are in the most perfectly formed writing, the writing of a scholar and of one who must have had great practice to arrive at such perfection. Furthermore, as the library was formed by the son of Columbus, presumably as a lasting memorial to his father, and as a complete record of his voyages and discoveries, it would appear obvious that Fernando Colon would have included in it any and all of the manuscripts in his father's hand-writing that he was possessed of, or could obtain. It is a mystery, and all the more remark-

able because no people has guarded its archives more jealously than those who have inherited the Iberian peninsula; this the great collection in the *Lonja* and the archives at Simancas fully prove.

Fernando was, as we have noted, one of the great travellers of his age, and it should be added that he accompanied Columbus when the latter sailed from Cadiz on May 9, 1502, on his fourth voyage to the New World. They arrived at Martinique in the West Indies on June 15, the voyage lasting only thirty-seven days, which would not be a bad performance even now for so small a craft.

The books with the Columbus marginal notes referred to are:

HISTORIARUM RERUM UBIQUE GESTARUM, Venecia, 1477, by Enea Silvio Piccolomini (Pius II);

IMAGO MUNDI, by Cardinal Peter d'Ailly; Louvain, printed by Juan de Westphalia, 1480-1483.

HISTORIA NATURALE DI C. PLINIO, Venecia, 1489.

VIDAS DE LOS ILUSTRES VARONES, by Plutarch; Spanish translation by Alfonso Palencia; 2 vols., Sevilla; Paulo de Colonia, printer, 1491.

DE CONSUEUDINIBUS ET CONDITIONIBUS ORIENTALIIUM REGIONUM, by Marco Polo de Venecia. Translation from the Italian by Fr. Francesco de Pepurus de Bologna; Amberes (Antwerp), 1485.

In addition to these there is the important volume known as LAS PROFECIAS, which bears the following inscription (in Spanish): "Manuscript written by Columbus in 1502, being assisted in this by Father Gasper Gorricio, monk in the Cartuja [Carthusian monastery] at Seville." LAS PROFECIAS treats of the establishment of religious in the New World. As for the alleged Columbus letter which is incorporated with this MS., it



consists of five holographic pages beginning as follows: "Carta del Almirante al Rey y a la Reina y a los Cristianisimos y muy altos principes." (Letter from the Admiral [the title bestowed on Columbus after his return from his voyage of discovery] to the King and the Queen and the most Christian and exalted princes.)

Washington Irving mentions in his "Life of Columbus" a letter he saw at the Colombina written by the discoverer to Ferdinand and Isabella. Irving, who might well be called the "Discoverer of Granada," for it may be reasonably maintained that his romantic and often imaginative books opened up the long-sealed page of the romance and charm of Andalusia to tens of thousands of later tourists; Irving tells us that this letter was preserved with a manuscript volume of scriptural writings. It is easy enough to identify the manuscript referred to with "LAS PROFECIAS," but to assert positively that it is from the hand of Columbus is to go far beyond the evidence available.

An old priest who fills the office of librarian at the Colombina believes that Columbus himself wrote the manuscript, but there is nothing tangible to substantiate this belief. It would seem hardly necessary for him to have been assisted by a monk if he could himself write.

Books have been published by a Spanish ducal house, one in 1892 and the other in 1902, relating to "Autografos de Cristobal Colon," and an announcement recently appeared in the press that the Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of Columbus, had sold his "Archives of Columbus" to the State for the sum of 1,250,000 pesetas. It is possible that this collection may contain documents of Columbus describing his voyages and discoveries. One may assume that he made detailed reports in writing to Ferdinand and Isabella, even with



the aid of a monkish scribe. We have seen none such, however. They may have been hidden away in the Duke of Veragua's archives, or among the millions of papers in the Spanish archives in Madrid, Simancas or Seville.

A second hypothesis to account for their disappearance, if such documents as we are considering ever existed, might be found in the destruction of the archives of the Convent of La Rabida by the French during the Napoleonic wars in the Peninsula. This act of pure vandalism must have caused the loss of many papers of the greatest historical interest bearing on the discovery of the New World. It is not unreasonable to suppose that Columbus left there numerous evidences in writing, if not in his own hand, then in the records of the two Franciscans who were his staunch allies, concerning that great plan, to mature which he spent six years at the convent. It might be that his gratitude for the hospitality and encouragement he received at the hands of these brown-habited friars led him to deposit his records in their archives as some small recognition of their part in the discovery of the new continent.

One of the most interesting annotations in the *Colombina* books is that on the margin of the "*Historia Naturale*," where Columbus says he gave the name of *Española* to the island which he thought was that of *Cipango*. The rendering of the original Spanish is exceedingly difficult. We have taken pains to consult a number of authorities. Spanish, Latin, French and Italian scholars have been tried in turn; the consensus of opinion being that the annotation in question may be rendered thus:

"Of amber it is certain that it is found in the Indies underground and I have caused it to be extracted in

many of the mountains (forests) of the Island Haiti, or Ophir, or Cipango, to which I gave the name Española,<sup>33</sup> and there have been found pieces as large as a head but not totally clear, except a few, there being some grey and some black, and there are very many."

It will be remembered that writers of that age gave the name Cipango to the country we now know as Japan. Ophir was that purely mythical land whose whereabouts have never been learned.

The Colombina is rich in the works of the "Golden Age" of Spanish literature as well as those of an earlier period. Among other treasures of great rarity is a manuscript of the "Divine Comedy" said to be of almost the same date as that at which the masterpiece was completed by Dante; a beautiful "Book of Hours" that belonged to Isabella the Catholic; and the fine Missal of Cardinal Gonzalez de Mendoza, written in fifteenth-century characters and adorned with many notable miniatures; another Missal dates from 1311 and has in the capital letters miniatures painted with an almost inconceivable minuteness and delicacy. Missals are, indeed, a feature of this library; one splendid example has this inscription at its end: *Qui scripsit scribat et semper cum Domino vivat*, followed by the declaration in Spanish that "This book was written, painted and finished on the 8th day of January in the year of Christ one thousand CCCC and LXXIII" (1473), and "I, Pedro Guillen de Urrea, made it by order of my lord, Don Alfonso Sanchez de Caen, schoolmaster of the Holy Church of Seville."

Fernando Colon, the founder of the Colombina, lies buried in the Cathedral, not far from where the remains of Columbus himself repose under the mighty nave, after many wanderings and vicissitudes. The dis-



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS; SEBASTIANUS VENETUS,  
1545; COLOMBINA, SEVILLE



TOMB OF COLUMBUS, SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

coverer was first buried at Valladolid, where he passed the last two years of his life and died on May 31, 1506. Valladolid was the scene of the marriage of Isabella, Columbus's royal patron, to Ferdinand in 1469. From this city the body of Columbus was removed to Seville in 1513 and buried in Nuestra Señora de las Cuevas. It had been his dying wish to rest at Santo Domingo, and this wish was carried into effect in 1540. But again his dust was to find no rest, for Santo Domingo becoming French at the end of the eighteenth century, the body was taken to Havana where it remained until 1898, when it was brought to Seville.

The tomb where Columbus now reposes, never, be it hoped, again to be disturbed, is a monumental structure. A massive slab of marble supports at each corner a bronze figure of heroic size, crowned and representing the four kingdoms of Castile, Leon, Navarre and Aragon. These symbolical images bear the sarcophagus upon their shoulders. In front Castile holding an oar and Leon the Cross, these figures, with heads erect, have a proud and defiant air, while those of Aragon and Navarre bear their burden with bowed heads and sorrowing mien. On the pall are engraved the words of Isabella: *A Castillo y Leon Nuevo Mundo Dio Colon*; a very unique and splendid memorial.

To make a pilgrimage to Seville and pause reverently before this tomb where lies America's discoverer in the dim, Gothic twilight of Spain's noblest cathedral, to render homage and gratitude to the intrepid spirit of immortal Columbus, and to the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella, should be the desire of every good American.

Nothing proved of greater interest to us than our endeavour to trace the footsteps of Columbus in Andalusia. It was from the port of Palos de Muguer on the



Rio Tinto, justly called the "Red River," that Columbus set forth with his three tiny caravels, the "Santa Maria," "Niña," and "Pinta," on the 3rd day of August, 1492. With unerring instinct and seamanship he returned to the same port on March 15th of the following year, after the epoch-making discovery which added a continent to the Crown of Spain and opened up the source of almost inexhaustible treasure which continued for long years to fill the coffers of the motherland to overflowing with gold, silver and precious gems.

The persistence of Columbus in seeking the necessary aid to enable him to undertake his momentous journey and to prove his theories must have been nearly crushed out of his brave heart when on that fateful day in 1486 he arrived before the portal of the Franciscan convent at La Rabida with his little son Diego and rang the bell to crave the bread and water that these friends of the poor gave to every hungry and weary wayfarer. Apparently about this time Columbus had been gaining an indifferent livelihood in Seville as a *colporteur*, selling what were probably the first printed books introduced into Spain. Not only did the Franciscan friars give him and his son bread and water but also a roof and hospitality for six long years, until he sailed gallantly away from Palos.

From time immemorial a sanctuary has existed on the promontory where the Convent of La Rabida now stands, renovated, carefully restored and again the home of the same Franciscans who welcomed Columbus nearly four and a half centuries ago. After a long exile they are once more the faithful guardians of this historic spot. Re-conquered from the Moors by Alfonso the Wise in 1257 the building has been in turn a home of the Templars, a refuge for the children of St. Francis

of Assisi, an almost deserted ruin during the period when the religious Orders were suppressed in Spain, and now, at long last, the property of its former and rightful owners, worthy custodians of that which sheds so much glory on their Order, and an everlasting monument to the wisdom and faith of their guardian and friars who received and heartened Columbus in the darkest days of his life.

This convent was destined by Providence to unfold the first chapter in one of the most momentous events in the history of humanity, for it was through the providential intervention of the religious of Columbus' time that the unknown sea was made to render up its secrets, the extent of the world to be doubled, and the Name of God carried to a new continent. It is all the more remarkable that this little convent should have been the cradle of such far-reaching events; far removed from the stirring world outside, and although in the possession of the Franciscans for centuries, at one time Conventuals, at another Franciscan Friars, this secluded and solitary home had, in the ordinary way, been frequented for ages only by the simple fishermen and peasants of the district. In spite of this, La Rabida became the starting-point for the discovery of America; La Rabida, which, from its position, in all human judgment was a way to nowhere.

It is well to remember that Columbus arrived at the convent tired of vain asking for help to carry out his great plan, which all until then had regarded as the vision of a dreamer. He had appealed without result to João II, King of Portugal, and was on the point of leaving Spain, when he arrived at the portal of La Rabida, leading his little son by the hand, and he, who only asked for bread and water for his child, found there

among those poor and humble religious what he had been unable to find in courts and populous cities, a heart and an understanding. God willed that he should not leave the country and that he should not again suffer disappointment, and He accordingly threw in his path two lowly friars; the one a pattern of learning, Antonio de Marchena, a man whose erudition was famous and whose remarkable knowledge of cosmography entitled him to judge of the possibility of Columbus being able to carry out his scheme; the other a big-hearted man, Juan Perez. These two opened their arms to the despairing Columbus, prevented him from leaving Spain by infusing a saving hope in his breast, and identified themselves so thoroughly with the mariner's scheme that one went personally to plead with Isabella and succeeded in arousing her interest by his enthusiasm.

The history of the world revolved more on the wisdom and faith of these two holy men than it did on the decision of Isabella to supply the funds necessary for Columbus to carry out his great project; a project that seemed to almost all illusory, if not mad. Both for the pious Franciscans and the Queen the impulse which led them to support the navigator was this: they saw in Columbus the instrument for spreading the Faith in a new world. Little could they have dreamed of the power and vast riches that were to come to Spain through their faith and foresight.

During the six years that Columbus remained at La Rabida there must have been many days of dark despair, despite the encouragement he received from his two allies. But this constant encouragement, friendship, and the unceasing efforts of the two monks to enlist the aid of the Catholic Queen were not to be in vain. That the latter was ultimately prevailed upon to act was

probably due to the fact that one had been the Queen's confessor, a man in whose wisdom and judgment she had learned to place confidence.

One can share the joy which the monks and navigator must have felt when on April 17, 1492, Columbus was commissioned at Santa Fé by Isabella to undertake the voyage on which his staunch heart had so long been set. His joy was all the greater because he had been driven at last to despair of receiving aid in Spain, and had started on his way to France to try his fortune there. It was at this juncture that on a morning in springtime the messenger of Isabella overtook him at Pinos Puente and brought him before the Catholic monarchs, who were then laying siege to the Moors at Granada.

If Columbus had been balked by fate, if he had been turned from the doors of the holy house of La Rabida, if he had not met the understanding and sympathetic sons of St. Francis, who knows when, by whom, and to the advantage of what nation, the discovery of America would have fallen?

On the re-opening of the convent in 1920 Don Joaquin Hazanas acknowledged in these eloquent words the debt owed to Columbus and the great Order of St. Francis: "A continent seems to have been made by God to spring forth from the ocean to reward the faith of that great navigator, of that most renowned Queen, and of those humble religious who had expected to find a shorter way to the coast of Asia by a direct line across the unknown seas. In a cell of this house Columbus explained his thoughts to the friars; here his theory ripened; here he received the call to the camp of Holy Faith, just as if Divine Providence had wished that these two names America and Granada should run jointly, so contemporary were the workings



of the discovery of the New World and of the glorious finale of that epic of eight centuries which we call the Spanish Reconquest. From the contiguous town of Palos, which has the distinction of having this sanctuary within its boundaries, sallied forth the expedition which was more venturesome and risky than that of the Greek Argonauts."

The great part the Franciscans played in the discovery of America was to be continued and to find its sequence in the further exploration of the continent; in a, for those times, gigantic missionary work to spread the Gospel among the natives and convert them to Christianity. All this the Franciscans were the first religious to undertake. How vast and comprehensive their activities were will become apparent from the following brief résumé.

The first bishop consecrated to exercise his Apostolic ministry in America was a Franciscan; twelve members of this order, with Friar Martin de Valencia evangelized New Spain. Friar Juan de Zumarraga was the first Bishop and Archbishop of Mexico, as well as author of the first printed book in the New World. Friar Vincente del Valverde was the first Bishop of Santa Maria del Antigua del Darien. The lay-brother, Friar Pedro de Gante, was the first who taught the Indians the liberal arts of reading and writing. The Franciscan convents were the first built in America, and by the middle of the seventeenth century they were able to count no less than four hundred such houses. As an evidence of the keenness of the members of this order to bring about the conversion of the idolaters it is but necessary to refer to the manner in which they devoted themselves to the study of the aboriginal American languages, producing an astonishing number of



books written in those idioms and dialects, a list of which would form a veritable philological bibliography of earliest America. Nor were these works confined to doctrinal subjects and catechisms; they included grammars, vocabularies and kindred educational text-books such as "The Art of the Mexican Language" by Friar Andrés de Olmos, who compiled a vocabulary of that dialect, as did also Friar Alonso de Molina. We may mention further "The Arts and Dictionaries of the Mechuacans" by Friars Maturino Gilberti and Juan Baptista de Lagunas, works in the languages of the Quichua and the Aymara peoples by Friar Luis Jeronimo de Ore, and many others far too numerous to enumerate here.

Their work was the spreading of the word of God in the new continent, a work in which the religious of all orders vied with each other. All these applied themselves with such fervour, such eagerness and such success to the study of the many alien languages that, in the words of a learned academician, "it seemed as if the same sudden wind blew over them as over the Apostles in the Cenacle on the day of Pentecost." But no other religious order, notwithstanding the part it may have taken, and many played a very great part indeed, in the task of Christianizing the New World, is able to claim priority over the sons of St. Francis, nor was any able to outstrip them in the seriousness and thoroughness of their work.

As an illustration of the value of the learning of the Franciscans, and its bearing on history, it is only necessary to cite the instance of Fray Antonio de Marchena lending a ready ear to the theories of Columbus. This learned friar in his studies of botany in the Canary Islands had noticed there a strange flora, washed-up

upon the shores by the waves of the Atlantic, which phenomenon led him to believe in the existence of an unknown and distant continent. Had he not made these studies and observations it might well have been that Columbus could not so easily have enlisted his sympathy and aid.

There is an excellent motoring road from Seville to Palos and La Rabida. By train the journey must be made to Huelva whence conveyance may be had by road, or by boat to the banks of the Rio Tinto, above which the town and the neighbouring convent lie.

On May Day when we set out from Seville by motor-car the beautiful countryside was gay with flowers; gayer still were the villages through which we passed. Triumphal arches had been erected with "Viva el Rey" (Long Live the King) inscribed upon them, and the houses had been decorated with flags, garlands and flowers. All the villagers and country-folk were in their festival dress, for the King of Spain was expected to make his first visit to Huelva, Palos and La Rabida. But no king came; in his place was sent the Dictator, Primo de Rivera. It must have been a sore disappointment to a very loyal people. However, it gave an excuse for a fête and the dancing so dear to the Andalusian heart. One could not but wonder that his Spanish Majesty had never set foot on the historic ground so closely associated with the man who had added more glory to the Spanish Crown than any other, especially as it lies but a bare couple of hours from the Andalusian capital where he makes an annual sojourn, and about the same distance from the wild lands at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, where each year sees him in faithful pursuit of the chase.

Palos is sixty-two miles from Seville and La Rabida

a few miles further on the same road. In the time of Columbus Palos was a flourishing little sea-port possessing fifteen hundred houses and ten churches, but of these there remain little more than two hundred houses and but one church; the latter, dedicated to St. George, is fortunately preserved, and is the one in which Columbus knelt in prayer just before sailing. Palos was destined to become even more important after the discovery and colonization of the Americas. Not only Columbus, but other hardy *conquistadores* sailed from here, and Cortez landed at this port on his return from the conquest of Mexico.

On our arrival at Palos we found the object of our pilgrimage, the church, closed and locked, the priest and all the adult male population having gone to La Rabida for the reception to the Dictator at the convent. However, all who remained in the village turned out to welcome us: women, children, and babes in arms. We arranged for the key of the church to be fetched against our return and proceeded on our way to the convent.

The convent is beautifully placed on an eminence gently sloping to the Rio Tinto and in full view of the Atlantic. The scene which greeted the discoverer when he landed in America must have reminded him of the green slopes of La Rabida and Palos, for it is singularly like these verdant, low-lying shores. Before the convent still stands the ancient iron Cross bearing the symbols of the Passion, beneath which Columbus and his little son rested before applying for succour at the convent gate whither destiny had guided their steps.

The Convent of La Rabida met with the same fate as that meted out to all institutions of the religious Orders in Spain, and it was suppressed in 1838. With the lapse of years it fell into decay, until in 1854 the

Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, the latter a sister of Queen Isabella II of Spain, provided the funds necessary for its restoration. This has been carefully and intelligently carried out with the view of making the convent in every possible way the same as it was in the historic days at the end of the fifteenth century. It is now a charming memorial of the two great-souled monks and their illustrious protégé. Five years ago the Franciscans returned to take possession of their old home; four friars of the order now comprise the little community.

We were fortunate in finding at the convent the President of the Sociedad Colombina Onubense, Señor Marchena Colombo, name of good augury! Having just disposed of the Dictator, he received us with the greatest kindness and conducted us over the convent, a part of which is reserved for the meetings of his society, which, as the name implies, is devoted to the cult of Columbus, and furthermore, to the ambitious project of drawing the Ibero-American peoples closer together in a community of interests.

In the rooms of this society is an interesting collection of maps and pictures relating to the Spanish discovery and exploitation of the Americas. Señor Marchena Colombo graciously acted as our guide in showing us these rooms, where his society keeps its archives, and then handed us over to a kindly friar, who proved a most intelligent and animated cicerone. He loved his convent, and his pride in it and its great associations was quickly communicated to us. We remarked to this genial Franciscan that had it not been for Colon we should not be there; quick as the proverbial flash he replied: "Had it not been for the friars, you would not be



here." At this we all laughed heartily. Of the truth of his apt reply there can be no doubt.

The convent has a large chapel which, in part, dates from Visigothic times, and which was, like almost all the ancient churches of Andalusia, a mosque during the Moorish domination and until the re-conquest. One side-chapel contains some Roman columns that were employed by the Moors. It is probable that they had been found on the spot where, according to an ancient writer, there once stood a temple dedicated to Proserpina, daughter of Jupiter and Ceres, and spouse of the king of the underworld. So that this hallowed spot has been in turn dedicated to the faiths of pagans, Mussulmans and Christians. The temple to Proserpina is mentioned in the Latin geographical poem "Ora Maritima" of Rufus Festus Avienus, which seems to have been inspired by a Phœnician narrative of the sixth or fifth century B.C.<sup>34</sup>

The small room where the long conferences between Columbus, and the Guardian, Antonio de Marchena and the Friar, Juan Perez, were held keeps its old name of the "Repose Room." It is simplicity itself, containing only a table with a standing crucifix and a portrait of Columbus. The little cloister with its *patio* of flowers, surrounded by its arcaded walk is a fitting place for contemplation and rest. The refectory is furnished with the long tables and hard benches common to all monastic buildings.

Above stairs is a fine room known as the Hall of Padre Antonio de Marchena. It contains portraits of the Guardian, Columbus, Isabella the Catholic, Isabella II and the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier. There is also an interesting series of pictures depicting incidents in the life of Columbus at La Rabida and Palos:



Columbus and little Diego arriving at the Convent in 1486; Columbus and the Prior discussing a new route to the East; the proclamation of the royal order of Isabella authorizing the expedition; Columbus taking leave of the Prior and embarking on August 3, 1492, and the sailing of the caravels from Palos.

On this upper floor are also the cells of the four friars of the present community, and the guest-rooms, four frugally-furnished cells being set aside for the latter, as well as two little writing-rooms. The convent offers hospitality to such male visitors as may desire to pass a few days under its roof. The religious make no regular charge for this entertainment, but the Franciscans being an order dedicated to poverty, alms are accepted; it being left to the guest to offer whatever his generosity may suggest to enable the brotherhood to carry on its humane mission of succouring the poor and needy.

Everywhere in this peaceful spot was sunshine, scrupulous cleanliness and order. Nothing in Andalusia made such a deep impression on us, or aroused such emotions, as did this historical convent where the memories seem actually to live as fresh and green as the view from its windows down to the waters that bore away the caravels with Columbus, the Pinzones and their hardy mariners on that greatest of all voyages.

When we retraced our steps to Palos we stopped to see the tall marble obelisk erected to Columbus and his men some thirty years ago. On a plateau, not far distant from the convent, the monument rears its head far above the stunted fir-trees of the surrounding promontory and forms a landmark for homing boats. The square base supports a column over two hundred feet in height surmounted by a bronze terrestrial globe, whose equatorial band bears the names "Colon" and

"Isabela la Catolica." This memorial is not destined to be as lasting as the fame of Spain's greatest navigator; already it is falling into decay and the pedestal is surrounded by a barrier with a notice warning visitors to keep at a distance.

Continuing on to Palos to retrieve our failure of the morning, and visit the Church of St. George, we found the youth of both sexes dancing their beloved *sevillana* in the one long street to the sound of their clicking castanets. The hard earth of the highway suits these simple peasants as well for their national dances as would the polished surface of a ball-room; and an outdoor setting is their natural accompaniment. The happy, laughing faces of the dancers have nothing of the strained, grim determination that characterizes those of the modern dancers in the great world.

Our faithful companions of the morning soon detached themselves from whatever pleasures or occupations they were engaged in and once more accompanied us to the church. Their delight in our admiration of it and of the beautiful and interesting things it contained was expressed with the unanimity of a Greek chorus, and so were their shouted replies to all our questions.

Over the Gothic archway of the principal doorway leading into the church is the following proud civic inscription:

A LOS PINZONES IMMORTALES HIJOS  
DE ESTA VILLA. CONDESCUBRIDORES  
CON COLON DEL NUEVO MUNDO  
3 AGOSTO 1910.  
EL PUEBLO DE PALOS

(To the Pinzones, immortal sons of this township.

Co-discoverers with Columbus of the New World 3 August, 1910. The Borough of Palos.)

In the fifteenth century the Pinzones were a famous family of Palos seafarers. Two members of it, Martin Alonso Pinzon and Vicente Pinzon, were trusted lieutenants of Columbus and sailed from their native town to accompany him on his first voyage of discovery.

We had read that none of this family remained at Palos, that all had left it for the neighbouring town of Moguer when Palos fell on evil times after the decline of Spain's great colonial empire. What we had read, as we soon found, was to be refuted by living proof to the contrary.

One of the merry villagers who kept us company all the time we were in Palos was the prettiest young girl we had seen in all Andalusia; a type of classic Greek beauty. We told her that we were from the country which the valiant Pinzones of Palos had discovered with Columbus, and laughingly asked her if she did not wish to go there with us. The crowd answered as one woman: "No, she cannot leave her father and mother; and she has a sweetheart," an explanation which caused roars of laughter from the whole assembly and many blushes in the subject of the reply. This conversation led up to the discovery that the village beauty's name was Carmen Pinzon, and that she was a descendant of one of those great mariners of four hundred and two score years ago.

The west entrance to the church is of Mozarabic brick work. Close at hand on the bluff overlooking the river, and near the place where the ships of Columbus must have ridden at anchor, stood a castle of which almost every trace has disappeared. Although this castle has been referred to in several books as having been of



PULPIT FROM WHICH FERDINAND AND ISABELLA'S PROCLAMATION  
TO COLUMBUS WAS READ; ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, PALOS



THE COLUMBUS WELL, PALOS



Moorish origin, documents preserved in Palos show it to have borne the name of Montijo, the family name of the late Empress Eugénie of France.

The venerated statue of the Virgèn de La Rabida, formerly the pride of the Franciscan Convent, found sanctuary in the church of Palos when the friars were driven out and the convent began to fall into ruins. When the religious returned in 1920 they claimed their Madonna, but the people of Palos refused to give her up, saying: "She does not want to go"! The possession of Our Lady of Rabida must still be a burning question with the towns-people, for when we asked our attendant throng where she was in the church, they said: "You have not come to take our Virgin away?"

Two other objects in the church were of interest: a Gothic statue in alabaster of St. Anne and the Virgin as a child, a most beautiful and rare specimen of plastic art; over the High Altar a fine carving of St. George and the dragon. St. George is the patron saint of Palos; we know of no other town in all Andalusia who claims him, nor did we see his representation elsewhere in southern Spain.

The old well from which the men of Columbus drew water to provision their ships still exists in a field below the church, but it has been filled in and only the well-head now remains to mark the spot.

It may be thought that Palos offers but little of interest, but the little is enough. From here Columbus sailed, and here he returned again nine months later to kneel in thanksgiving in the Church of St. George; having vindicated his theories and more than justified the trust which was reposed in him by Marchena, Perez and Isabella.

We took leave of our friends of Palos with mutual re-

gret; our last sight was the hand of the pretty daughter of the Pinzones waving a farewell, and soon the little hamlet was lost to view in a bend of the winding road above the winding river. Again came the thought of all that the welcome by the Franciscans at La Rabida meant to the exhausted wanderer and his little son. Had it been withheld perhaps the name of Columbus would now be strange to our lips, the discovery of America delayed for generations; and, as the good friar insisted, we should not have been there.

The road from Palos to Huelva passes through another town that had its associations with Columbus: Moguer, which in the discoverer's time was the principal town of the district, larger than Huelva, which is now the capital of the province. Tradition has it that Columbus also went to pray for the success of his expedition in the Church of the Convent of St. Clare at Moguer. Before the altar of this interesting church are nine remarkable recumbent figures in marble of the ancient family of Portocarrero, lords of the district at the time of the discovery of America.

We made a mistake in passing the night at Huelva, the Onuba of antiquity and now the third port of Spain in importance, ranking after Barcelona and Bilbao. The *fondas* (inns) of provincial Spain are often primitive, the cooking sometimes appalling; little, if any, water for sanitary purposes, and, in Huelva, at our *fonda*, old hags for maids and dirt for a messmate. After the immaculate cleanliness of the Convent of La Rabida the condition of the rooms and the entertainment offered at the Huelva *fonda* made us regret that we had not invoked the hospitality of the Franciscans. We had the worst dinner of a long experience of travel in remote places; a record we had hitherto apportioned impartially

between the fare of a French Canadian *habitant* cabin-inn in the backwoods of Quebec where we had gone for moose-shooting, and an alleged hotel in the mountains of Rumania where we went for brown bear that failed to make their appearance.

It has been mentioned that there once stood a temple dedicated to the daughter of Jupiter and Ceres on the ground where the Convent of La Rabida now rises. Legend runs that during the reign of Trajan a daughter of his, named Proserpina, died, and that Ferrun, governor of Palos, caused a temple to be erected to her namesake of the nether world. According to the legend he also instituted the yearly sacrifice of a maiden during the festival held at the place now called Prado del Alcalá, about two kilometres from the Convent. Legend may be on firm ground when it relates that the Arabs took possession of the country and converted the temple into a mosque, but it seems less worthy of credence when it asserts that during the twelfth century the Knights Templars raided the province, dispossessed the Arabs and turned the place into a fortress.

It can easily be understood that prior to the fall of Seville and Niebla into the hands of the Kings of Castile, small bands of Christian forces could not well take and hold ground in any part of the province; so that a picture of a 'Templars' stronghold at La Rabida fades away if the date of their conquest is placed in the year 1178, but it could have been possible after 1258, when Niebla fell, although no data can be found to uphold this interesting claim.

At the time of the re-conquest it was the fear of being forced to become Christians that impelled the Moors to desert the fallen Arab cities of Andalusia and to go to swell the forces of the Moslem kings of Granada, Cadiz

and Algeciras, or else join the Tunisian or Algerian pirates who spread terror among the Spanish coast dwellers, whose habitations they swept down upon unexpectedly in the night-time, plundering, destroying, killing the aged and carrying off the young to become slaves. As a result of these constant raids the coasts of the country could not be peopled, and then it was that the feudal lords of the seaboard hit upon the plan of erecting *eremitorios*, or church-fortresses, where in the time of danger old people, women and children could take refuge.

During the last decades of the fourteenth century the lord of Palos must have built one of these strongholds at La Rabida, probably at the request of the friars, permitting some of them to live on the premises to serve as a protection for the families of the fishermen of the neighbourhood. In any event the Spanish antipope Benedict XIII issued a Bull in 1412 allowing the friars Juan Rodriguez and eleven others to dwell in the "*Er-emitorio de la Rabida*." What this *eremitorio* was can be seen clearly to-day. It began at the old chapel nearest the high altar; next came the door leading into the open country, and adjoining this the chapel now called the "Arab Chapel," whence led the staircase to the outer walls and turret over the door. There is another papal bull emanating from Pope Eugenius IV, dated December 18, 1422, and authorizing the Father Guardian of La Rabida to receive a further twelve friars in the convent. The same Pope in another bull of 1437 invites the faithful to contribute to the expenses occasioned by the enlargement of the building. When this work was completed the *eremitorio* received the name of Convent of Our Lady of La Rabida.

Trajan, the Roman Emperor who was a native of



Italica near Seville, married Plotina, a village belle of Tejada in the Province of Huelva. They had no children; as for the Roman governor called Ferrun, his name does not figure in the list of those sent by covetous Rome to enrich themselves at the cost of her Spanish colonies. This disposes of the legendary temple built by the governor in memory of Trajan's daughter. But that a temple did stand on the spot is attested by so reliable a geographical document as the "Ora Maritima," previously referred to.

It may be interesting to note that when the town of Niebla was recaptured from the Moors, King Alfonso X distributed part of the newly-acquired lands amongst his faithful knights. In the royal decree confirming this, "Repartimiento de las tierras de Niebla," issued by the sovereign shortly after his conquest, we read that the *Alqueria* (farmhouse) of Palos, was bestowed upon Don Alonso Caro, together with the surrounding lands, as a mark of royal favour, with the stipulation that he should thenceforth have to defend them against the hostile Arabs in Spain and those from the coast of Africa.

The "Repartimiento" furnishes conclusive proof that neither a Roman nor a Moorish Palos existed; for in 1322 the place was still but a farm. In 1390 the lord of the manor was the Admiral of Castile, Don Alvar Perez de Guzman, who is supposed to have been the builder of the three castles, traces of whose ruins can still be seen outside the actual town. The old walls by the riverside have disappeared, and gone are the great ship-building yards that lasted until modern days, where the war-ships engaged in the pursuit of Arab piratical craft along the Mediterranean coast, and the mercantile ships that carried the over-seas trade were built. The



Pinzones and other hardy sea-dogs of the time of Columbus helped the Spanish fleet as privateers.

A good deal has been written in recent times by Spaniards, or South Americans, with the intent either to deprive Columbus of the glory of the discovery of America, or, alternatively, to give him an origin purely Spanish.

If we may believe an erstwhile director of the Real Academia Sevillana de Buenas Letras (Royal Academy of Belles Lettres of Seville), Don José Maria Asensio, author of a bulky work of dubious value on the life of Columbus,<sup>35</sup> no credit at all is due to our navigator for the discovery of America. It was not Columbus, the Genoese, the foreigner, who may justly claim the laurels, but rather Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the trusty lieutenant, "star of the first magnitude," according to Don José, "genuine Spaniard, born beneath the fair sky of Andalusia." We are almost tempted to subscribe to this thesis for the sake of the fair Carmen Pinzon who welcomed us to Palos!

But it is interesting to examine how our historian and his compeers endeavour to establish indirectly their curious and unexpected presumption. This is the substance of Don José's argument: it is not denied that Columbus sailed from Palos and traversed the ocean, but before arriving in the new lands his courage failed him; he wished to return to port without having accomplished his task. Happily Pinzon, his lieutenant, in reality his superior from every point of view, intervened, revived Columbus' courage, imposed upon him his own will, and indicated the true route to follow until America before long revealed itself to their ravished eyes! The inspired Don José even goes to the length of reporting the exact words exchanged on this memorable occasion:<sup>36</sup>

"The three caravels [he has their number right at least!] having been assembled within hail, Martin Alonzo Pinzon said to the Admiral: 'What does your lordship desire of me?' And Columbus replied: 'Martin Alonzo, the men on board murmur and wish to return. That is also my sentiment, because, for a long time we have navigated without seeing land.' And Martin Alonzo replied with the greatest energy: 'Hang high with short shrift a half-dozen of these people, or throw them into the sea. And if you do not dare to do it, I and my brother will go aboard your ship and put this into execution. A fleet sent by order of such great monarchs should not return without bearing good news.' On this Admiral Colon submitted himself to the firm will of the Captain of Palos!"

This dialogue needs only to be set to appropriate music to form a fitting number for light opera. It was borrowed by Señor Asensio from a declaration made half-a-century after the alleged incident, by an individual closely related to the Pinzons, and who claimed to have had it from one of the latter.<sup>37</sup> The statement of an eye-witness would have been more convincing.

It is unnecessary to labour the demand Señor Asensio thus makes on the credulity of his readers; nor is it necessary to insist on the fact that in the Chauvinist works of the school of Asensio, the reader will discover neither new facts, nor new light to illuminate the shadows which veil in places the history of the discovery of the New World.

The works of these writers abound in tissues of fantasy, or misrepresentation; strangely allied, in as far as the fantasy is concerned, with the imagination and fatuity of their great fellow-countryman, Don Quixote. When, however, they have the hardihood to document

their theories as being historical actualities, then they are guilty of gross presumption, and of undervaluing to an extraordinary degree the common-sense of all students of Columbus and his times.

If the Asensionian school cannot prevail, one has the choice of a second patriotic school—one which will not admit that Columbus was an Italian at all, claiming him for a Spaniard, a native of Galicia. Much ink has been spilt in the advancement of this pretension, especially by an enthusiastic South American. We fail to find any convincing material on which to base it; as for proof, it is absolutely non-existent; unless one is content to accept the existence of a few documents relating to Spaniards of Galicia who bore the family name of Colon. One document describes a certain Colon of Galicia as being a mariner, and although his baptismal name was not Cristobál, the fact that there once lived a Spanish seaman named Colon is quite sufficient foundation on which to build a Spanish Columbus, discoverer of America!

It is a strange mentality that would deprive the bearer of one of the great names of history of either his honours or his birth-right: for, *nota bene*, it is not sought to deprive Columbus of both, only of one; for if it be admitted that he discovered America, then he is a good Spaniard and loses his Italian nationality; if, on the other hand, the honours of the discovery are to be bestowed upon Pinzon, then Columbus may remain an Italian, a foreigner; nobody cares; happy and comforting solution for the Spaniards!

It must be admitted that nowhere is historical research more difficult than in Spain; and this in spite of the magnificent archives that are so jealously guarded in that country. The relation of the Pinzon episode

and the disputed nationality of Columbus will explain the reasons for such difficulty. There is conflicting opinion on everything; both in the writings of the dead and the living; nowhere can one get so many conflicting views on matters that should not present especially fertile fields for controversy as in the Peninsula. In sifting all the evidence we have endeavoured to advance nothing except that which we believe to be reliable historical facts.

Many may wonder at the reference in all writings contemporary with Columbus, and for many generations afterwards, to the new Western World as "The Indies." The Lonja, for instance, contains the archives relating to Spain's American possessions, yet it is called "The General Archives of the Indies." The explanation is simple: Columbus thought that Cuba was the eastern extremity of the Asiatic continent, and that it and the other islands of those seas were in the Indian Ocean. Hence the name West Indies (*i.e.*, Indies reached by travelling westwards), which persists, was given them. It must always be borne in mind that Columbus did not set forth to discover a new continent, but to find a shorter route to the Indies; and this he thought he had done when he found land on the far side of the Atlantic.


That Brazil alone of all the Americas was not Spanish, but Portuguese, also admits of a simple explanation. Owing to the rivalry between Spain and Portugal in the fifteenth century over their infant colonial empires, Pope Alexander VI, himself a Spaniard of Valencia, issued a bull dated May 2, 1493, giving to the Spanish sovereigns all that land one hundred leagues westward of the Azores and the Cape Verde islands. All territory discovered by the Spaniards to

the west was to come under the sway of the crown of Castile; while all to the east was to accrue to Portugal. Portugal had at that time already annexed parts of the African coast, the Cape Verde islands, etc., prior to Columbus's first voyage of discovery, and was much disturbed for fear that the Spaniards might encroach on their new possessions; for this reason Pope Alexander made the partition of the east and the west between them. By a later extension of the dividing line towards the west, Brazil fell to the Portuguese, which accounts for the Portuguese language and origin of the people of that country.



## CHAPTER XV

### MOTORING IN ANDALUSIA

NCE on the country roads the intimate charms of unknown Spain reveal themselves, unfolding one lovely picture after another. We say unknown Spain advisedly, because of the tens of thousands of Americans and British who travel on the Continent annually, probably not two per cent include Spain in their itinerary, nor does a tithe of this meagre percentage wander from the beaten track in Andalusia in an endeavour to search out the hidden beauties of a province where Nature has been prodigal of her gifts.

Perhaps this seeming indifference is hardly to be wondered at, nor are these comparatively few tourists to be blamed altogether, inasmuch as most of them get their travel inspiration from guide-books; and the guide-books on Spain, while they concern themselves much with the large cities, the splendid churches, paintings and monuments, generally ignore what lies between these cities on the highways and on the by-ways. This the guide-books, even the omniscient Baedeker, pass by with brief comment; when mentioned at all it is but to give a name, a few statistics, or to note some far-off historical happening. So much of interest, of beauty, or of the unusual and unexpected lies hidden from the reader, away from the great cities, that it seems desirable to say a few words about the places, people and country-life encountered in motor-trips from one end of Andalusia to the other. Such excursions may be

made easily in a fortnight, making Seville the headquarters and following the plan which we will map out, and which can be recommended from our own unforgettable experiences.

One does not get to know Spain by travelling from Burgos to Valladolid, Salamanca, Saragossa and to Madrid; to Toledo, Valencia and on down to the romantic cities of Andalusia. The object of the following chapters is to fill a hiatus, and to aid the tourist to get close to the heart of the old Iberian Peninsula. What the guide-books have left undone we cannot undertake to remedy, but we cheerfully indicate some of the more important excursions which will well repay the making; giving our impressions of places and sights along the way.

What follows is necessarily for the motorist, for it is only by road that many of these places can be seen at all.

The roads of Andalusia from the point of view of motoring are for the most part good; where they are not, the fact will not be disguised. The motoring trips from Seville to Carmona, to Cordova, to Granada and back to Seville here to be described should take at the least five days. From Seville to Jerez, to Cadiz, to Algeciras, to Gibraltar and again to Seville another five days. From Seville to Palos, to the Convent of La Rabida, to Moguer, places so closely identified with the voyages of Columbus, two days. Besides these many one-day excursions may be made; to Italica, Arcena and the towns of the spreading *vega*. Lucky is the man who can devote four months to the exploration of this fascinating province, as was our happy fate.

Our plan was to take these trips from time to time, as the spirit moved us. They were spread over the four months of our sojourn in Andalusia; the time in

between motor trips being devoted to the study of the art and monuments of Seville, Queen of cities, and short enough this period seemed for a study so engrossing and so rich in material.

In passing it should be mentioned that on all the roads leading out of Seville, which we took on our many excursions, we met with steam-rollers and gangs of men at work re-making the surfaces: we met these more often, in fact, than we had done in many thickly-inhabited parts of England and elsewhere in Europe since the war; an evidence that motoring is in the way of being made even more enjoyable than it has been heretofore in Andalusia. This is all the more remarkable in districts so sparsely peopled as those we traversed; where, often, one travelled many miles without seeing houses or meeting traffic of any description. So few foreign motor-cars are encountered on these roads that the sight of one is an event to be remembered, as well as a proof of our observation at the beginning of this chapter that this part of Spain is neglected by the tourist. The car of an ambassador of one of the Great Powers, which we noticed at Jerez for the coronation fêtes of Our Lady of Carmen, is the only foreign one, as far as the occupants are concerned, which we recall having passed, or met on the highroads.

The mile-stones, or sign-posts, along the Andalusian roads must of a verity be the largest and most conspicuous in all the world, for they are painted in huge letters and figures on the sides of the houses from time to time, and cannot well escape the eye; a blessing which the motorist accustomed to descend from his car in an endeavour to decipher half-obliterated inscriptions on board or stone will appreciate.

That part of the country through which our excur-

sions will now take us lies in the meridional division of the Iberian Peninsula, known to the Phœnicians as Hispania, and which the geographer Strabo called Turdetania; the Bætica of the Romans; our Andalusia.

Most of the towns of this rich littoral were of Phœnician origin. The itinerary to be followed is largely along that great Roman road which ran from Rome to Cadiz, traversing Italy, the south of Gaul and the length of Spain; one of the mightiest engineering conceptions of all times. The Roman towns on this military route, of such vast importance for its builders, were between Cadiz and Cordova:

GADES; Cadiz.

- XII M.P.<sup>38</sup> AD PONTEM; the bridge at Zuazo.  
 XIV M.P. PORTVS GADITANVS; Puerto de Santa Maria.  
 XVI M.P. HASTA; the ruins of Mesa de Asta, between Jerez and Lébrija.  
 XXVII M.P. VGIA; Las Cabezas de San Juan.  
 XXIV M.P. ORIPPO; the tower of Los Heberos, near Dos Hermanas.  
 IX M.P. HISPALIS; Seville.  
 XXII M.P. CARMO; Carmona.  
 XX M.P. OBVLGVIA; near La Luisiana.  
 XV M.P. ASTIGA; Ecija.  
 XII M.P. AD ARAS; Siete Torres, near La Carlota.  
 XXIV M.P. CORDVBA; Cordova.

On leaving Cadiz this venerable highway makes the tour of Trocadero Bay, then heads for the hills which form the limits of the valley on the left bank of the Guadalquivir, the Bætis of the Romans. Only three



# SEVILLA A HUELVA

98 km.



MOTORING MAP, SEVILLE TO HUELVA





MOORISH ARCHITECTURE, ALCAZAR, SEVILLE

of the places mentioned in the above list were bathed by the river: Oripippo, Hispalis and Corduba; Hasta was situated on one of its estuaries. In those times the first bridge on the river was at Corduba, about 144 miles from the sea.

We first join the old Roman road at Seville, following it from that one-time capital of the Christian kings to Cordova, the ancient caliphate of the Moorish sultans. That part of the road which lies between Seville and Cadiz will form the subject of excursions in later chapters; for we shall describe these motor trips in the order in which they were made by us.

## CHAPTER XVI

### SEVILLE TO CARMONA BY THE OLD ROMAN HIGHWAY



THE road out of Seville to Carmona leaves the city by an avenue of eucalyptus trees, almost the only high trees to shade the way between the former city and Cordova on this fine stretch of the highway of the Romans. There is but little traffic during most seasons of the year. The lumbering wains of the country-side are met with from time to time, drawn by four or five mules hitched one before the other, the mules so common in Spain and Portugal, splendid beasts larger than most horses. If on the way to Seville, the usual load of these carts is three huge casks of olive oil; they are the produce of the hills and valleys above the vast, spreading *vega*, the plain of plenty reaching out here towards Cordova on the north-east and Granada on the south-east.

The *vega* is the "bread-basket" of Andalusia, and the valley of the Guadalquivir is famed for the luscious olives which yield an oil of a higher quality, of a more delicate flavour and one that should have a higher commercial value than that of any other country along the width of the Mediterranean littoral. How many consumers of the purest olive oil are aware that Spain is the country of its origin? It masquerades under the trade-marks of both Italy and France, thanks to a more highly-developed commercial instinct in those countries. The manufacture of olive oil is the chief Andalusian industry, and its export forms an important item in Spain's foreign trade. It is, as we have said, the finest

quality made, yet the Spaniards are strangely apathetic in taking any steps to secure for it the predominant position it deserves. It is sold to Italy in bulk, and in that country it is bottled in its pure state, or blended with the native oil, to be sold as the product of that country. The same procedure may be said to be in vogue in France, although less general in practice.

We have said that Spain is thus deprived of the credit which is her due, because of the "more highly-developed commercial instinct" manifested in Italy and France; perhaps it might be more correct to say that Spain loses the credit owing to the apathy of her merchants, as well as to elastic standards of commercial honesty characteristic of the twentieth century, which labels so many things with the names of countries which were not the lands of their origin.

We can cite an example of the (shall we say?) reluctance of the Spaniard to grasp the trade opportunities presented to him. In 1923 the olive oil production of Spain was normal, while in all other olive-growing countries it was a complete failure. Here was Spain's invitation to establish the reputation of her oil in the markets of the world as being of unrivalled quality. Buyers came from everywhere to bid for the supply. But no, her oil producers were content to sell it as usual to foreign traders, and to let it once more be distributed through the old channels, and under the same old false labels.

It is not only olives which fill the "bread-basket" of Andalusia to overflowing: its fields of grain in the *vega* extend mile upon mile as far as the eye can carry. Land of astonishing fertility, fecund as those rich alluvial soils of the Danube in Rumania, or of the rolling plains of the American and Canadian far-west. Here in the

*vega* are the Elysian Fields of Herodotus, "rejoicing in perpetual springtime which gives sweet apples thrice in a year."

A sudden bend in the road skirts a deep valley, the course of the Guadaïra; on the opposite side Alcalá de Guadaïra <sup>39</sup> is perched, nine miles from the capital. The position of this town is picturesque in the extreme, standing high and dominated by a massive and extensive Moorish *castillo*. We shall come to recognize these Arab fortresses as being as significant a feature of this country, standing out, as they do, in the landscape above the Andalusian towns, as are those hoary mediæval church-towers beneath whose protecting wings the old hamlets of Merrie England nestle.

This castle of Alcalá de Guadaïra was taken by King Ferdinand the Saint from the Moors on September 28, 1246, just two years before Seville fell to his conquering army. A massive ten-arched Roman bridge crosses the Guadaïra and points the way up to the town, built on the site of a Roman predecessor whose name has not been preserved.

The town is well worthy of a visit, for the extensive ruins of the fortress-castle give an excellent idea of the Andalusian stronghold of the Middle Ages; the home of the feudal lord and the refuge for the villagers in time of danger. The great walls, with double or sometimes triple lines of defence, its nine towers and an enormous donjon-keep, are in accord with its tradition of impregnability; while the many silos and cisterns show that every precaution was taken to provision the place for many months and for long sieges.

The names of many people famous in the history of Spain figure among the unfortunates who have been held prisoners in this fortress. Rodríguez Bermejo,



a seaman on the caravel of Columbus, who first sighted American land was a native of Alcalá de Guadaíra.

Leaving Alcalá de Guadaíra behind one is soon on the vantage-ground of the *alcores*, a ridge, or chain of hills, extending from the north-east to the south-west, bounded by the affluents of the Guadalquivir, the Corbones and the Guadaíra and having a length of about twenty-four miles. The hills divide the *vega*, that plain "elevated, vast and very fertile" in the words of Strabo, and they rise above and sprawl over it like the bones of some great monster of pre-historic times.

Along the *alcores* are found ruins of Roman villas, bathing establishments, farms, olive presses and pottery works, besides the remains of a much earlier period. All these bear witness to the high degree of civilization enjoyed by the inhabitants of this region under the Roman emperors Trajan and Hadrian, born, as we have mentioned, at Italica near Seville, as well as of their predecessors.

The view from the heights embraces gardens, plantations of olives and oranges, the immensity of the plain and several chains of mountains to the south-east, the Sierras of Moron and Ronda. The air is so pure that on many days the snow-capped Sierra Nevada can be distinguished, a hundred and twenty miles away.

To-day the *vega* is a Brobdingnagian granary, possessing some startling features of husbandry. The plough of antiquity is still employed; the richness of the soil does not require deep ploughing. The methods of cultivation are in keeping with the extent of the plain; thus often one sees during the time of tillage teams of from forty to sixty oxen yoked to the plough, cutting furrows several kilometres in length. These animals are under the guidance of mounted *capataces* armed

with a lance-like pole, much resembling those used by the *picadores* in the bull-ring.

The absence of fences and hedges throughout this part of Andalusia is striking; these familiar divisions of the country-side which elsewhere mark the limits of farms and fields are wanting here. Often barriers of aloes or cacti line the roadways, but more often there is nothing between them and the lands which stretch into the far distance, unless it be the parterres of wild flowers which form luxuriant borders of colour for mile upon mile, one of the loveliest sights which delight the motorist on these tours.

In his "Les colonies agricoles pré-romaines" Mr. George Bonsor gives a most interesting account of the manner in which the farmers of these districts live, work and nourish themselves. The following characteristic details are taken from his monograph: "The crops are sown during the first half of October; the harvest lasts from the first of June until the end of July. The harvesters still use the little sickle<sup>40</sup> to cut the stalks of the grain, at a height of about four inches from the ground; the sheaves are then carried to the threshing-floor to be trampled under the feet of horses. The straw bruised in this manner serves as fodder for the live-stock.

"The agricultural operations have hardly changed since the times of the Romans;<sup>41</sup> their origin, like the customs of these peasants of the plain, undoubtedly go back to a period far anterior to the Romans. . . .

"*El aperador*, the farmer, hires every year the men he judges necessary for the cultivation, or for the harvest. Their labours terminated, they return to the villages. Women are never seen on the farms, or *cortijos*, not even those of the farmer; they stop in the

villages where their men join them for the great festivals of the year.

“Like almost all Spanish peasants, those of the *vega* are remarkable for their sobriety. In winter they are given a *soupe à l’ail*, composed of bread, oil, garlic and water in the morning. In the fields, near mid-day, they take their *gaspacho*, which is made of bread-crumbs, oil and vinegar, to which water is added. On the return to the farm when work is over they are served with the principal dish of the day: the *garbanzos*, grey peas cooked with oil, bread and water. In summer during the months of July and August the old sheep killed at this season are given to them: these make two meals in the day; early in the morning a ragout is prepared of the blood and waste parts of the sheep, and at two o’clock roast meat; between times, towards noon and after sun-down, they take their *gaspacho*.

“One man, *el casero*, is specially detailed by the farmer to prepare the common food. He empties the contents of the *marmite* into a large basin, from which each one serves himself in turn with a wooden or horn spoon. They make these spoons themselves, and ornament the handles with divers engravings representing figures and animals on a chequered ground, of which the archaism and *naïveté* are remarkable.

“This alimentary régime of the people of the *vega* gives us an idea of the importance in Andalusia of the three following crops: wheat, grey peas, and olives. The wheat and peas are cultivated in the plain; while the olive oil, which represents more than half the riches of the country, is derived from the *alcores* and the valley, where the peasants’ habit of living differs entirely from those of the *vega*.

“The olive harvest is gathered in November and De-

cember, and is confided to the families of the labourers: men, women and children assemble for the harvest. When there are few olives on the trees men are paid 5 pesetas for the day's work, and women 2.50. When olives are abundant a man can easily earn 10 pesetas in the day. They have to feed themselves. At mid-day each family is to be seen assembled around its fire and *marmite*; forming amid the olive groves numerous picturesque groups, whose strange character is marked above all by the masculine attire of the women. At Carmona this costume comprises a pantaloon of grey cloth which descends to the knees; blue or white stockings, a blouse of cotton, and a coloured neckerchief of silk crossed over the breast. To protect themselves from the sun they wear a huge hat of *palmito* which they have plaited themselves.

"At sun-down these families are met with on the roads returning to the villages; donkeys carrying the children, the baskets and the *marmites*. Each group is preceded by a youth blowing on a conch-shell to announce their arrival.

"Drinking-water is not procurable during summer in a great part of the plain; thus, from the beginning, the cultivators have had to draw near the *alcores* to establish their habitations, in order to be in the proximity of the springs. The most abundant springs are found at the *puertas*, or gateways, which are the natural openings giving access to the *alcores*. Between Alcalá de Guadaíra and Carmona there are seventeen of these passages, or *puertas*, at whose approaches I recognized important vestiges of towns or villages anterior to the Roman domination.

"The towns, three in number, were situated on partly isolated plateaux. Carmona, La Tablada, near Viso,



and La Mesa de Gandul were Punic towns, of which Carmona alone survives. The villages were found distributed between these plateaux on artificial terraces supported by walls of rock. Sepulchres belonging to these antique populations have been found on the heights near these plateaux and terraces.

“The *vega*, according to the numerous vestiges of farms which are still to be seen everywhere, was admirably cultivated by the Romans. This example was not followed by any of their successors, not even the Moors themselves, whose qualifications as agriculturists, in our opinion, have been vaunted too often without reason. The observations of M. Gaston Boissier<sup>42</sup> on the apathy of the Arabs who inhabited Roman Africa may be applied also to Andalusia. The disappearance of the villages of the true agricultural population dates from the Mussulman invasion. The population is actually composed of that of the ancient fortified towns of the Middle Ages, and of certain large boroughs which were formed around the strong castles erected between the epoch of the re-conquest towards 1248, and the taking of Granada in 1492.

“It is to be noted that these castles were almost always to be found on the site of a Roman town. It could hardly be otherwise, because the Romans had occupied all the most fertile places in the country, especially those places most abundantly supplied with water. All the springs, however insignificant, which flowed down the *alcores* were utilized by them. Conduits in cut stone, in brick, in earthenware, or in lead are seen on all sides leading to reservoirs, baths or cisterns. Of all the hydraulic works of the Romans, the Moors preserved only the fountains and some aqueducts which



supplied the towns, and which they could not well dispense with."

Villages are few; the smaller ones are built on either side of the highway; they are hot, dusty and sun-baked. The houses have mud walls like the *adobe* villages of the Indians in Arizona and other south-western parts of the United States.

Mairena del Alcor, thirteen miles from Seville, is a small town whose low white houses give it the Arab character which marks most of the Andalusian villages.

The road all the way to this place is excellent, except for a stretch of a few hundred yards which was under repair. Turning off the highway, which is the "Main Street" of every town and village in the province, we threaded some narrow streets and came suddenly in face of an eminence, probably a tumulus of some early race before the Moors chose it as a spot upon which to build one of their typical strongholds. A stately castle now crowns this old outpost; from its great square tower the British flag was proudly flying. It was our destination: "El Castillo," the residence of our host Mr. George Bonsor, who has lived forty years in Andalusia, although he came, as he laughingly informed us, "to spend but a day."

Reference has been made in a previous chapter to the important research work and discoveries of Mr. Bonsor in southern Spain, and to the publications by various learned societies in Spain, France and the United States dealing with them. He has made this rich store-house of the past his own peculiar field, and has become its best-known and most experienced archæologist.

It was to this fascinating field for the archæologist that we were to be introduced by our learned and hospitable host—and what a field, Andalusia! It is a land

which has welcomed more races of the *veni, vidi, vici* stamp than has any other part of the European continent in the long past. A land sprinkled with buried cities, camps, settlements and necropolises: a land where tumuli or ruined fortresses look down from every hill-top. It is hardly possible to dig in any spot which offers such clues as are often plain as print to the archæologist, without bringing to light the architecture, the art, the implements, or the tombs of earlier races stretching all the way back to the very dawn of things in the Neolithic Age. There is a marvellous abundance of concrete remains, or at least of traces, from which to build up by a process of reasoning the very images of the peoples themselves and a picture of their lives and customs.

Small wonder then that an enthusiastic young artist who came for a day in search of the beautiful, in this case the Roman Gate of Carmona, should have been held fast by the charms of that city, so full of noble architecture; turn archæologist and find not one day, but forty years, too little in which to explore and investigate all the wonders of antiquity which surround his *castillo* from the east to the west of Andalusia; from Granada to where Gades of the ancients looks out over the Atlantic toward the goal of the *conquistadores*, and from Cordova to the Mediterranean.

The Castillo of Mairena del Alcor stands in beautiful gardens; a maze of flowers, palms and other tropical trees and vegetation; a fitting setting for the warm brown walls of the old castle. Within Mr. Bonsor has adapted it to meet the requirements of a modern habitation. The great collection of objects of archæological importance, the treasures he has uncovered during his forty years of digging in this unique region, are ar-

ranged in cases and on the walls of his spacious study. The collection is too large to attempt any detailed description of it; however, mention should be made of a few of the finds which the châtelain counts as among his most important discoveries.

The two little terra-cotta figurines of a man and a woman are of particular interest; Mr. Bonsor calls them "The gods of the Alcores." He has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of their discovery and their probable significance.

At Bencarron, one of the most important archæological stations of the *alcores*, situated at the limits of the two districts of Mairena del Alcor and Alcalá de Guadaïra, some waste land is found; remarkable in this otherwise fertile region owing to its being for the most part unproductive, and possessing more stones than earth. Close at hand is a large Roman quarry, and on the heights some dolmens with large entrance-galleries, and an important group of tumuli of the first Iron Age are to be seen, covering indiscriminately sepulchres of either incineration or inhumation, as is the case at Hallstadt. It would seem that if the two rites were not coeval on the *alcores*, then that of inhumation was the more ancient, since the tumuli were superseded as burying-places by the cemeteries which were made in the lowlands, uniquely composed of cinerary urns, as here at Bencarron, and at Cruz de Negro near Carmona.

From this site of Bencarron, in the direction of the Mesa de Gandul, extends the great Roman incineration necropolis of La Cañada Honda, where Romano-Christian and Visigothic inhumation followed an earlier rite. The disappearance of the town of Mesa de Gandul appears to date from the Arab invasion; the position

of this place permits its identification with the ancient Oppidum Lucurgentum Julii Genius of Pliny.<sup>43</sup>

Déchelette recognizes in these tumuli of the first Iron Age the footsteps of the Celtic invasion of Andalusia, and they seem to indicate the southern limit of this penetration—a limit, however, which there is reason to carry still further in view of the recent discovery of a tumulus of this epoch at Conquero de Huelva on an eminence dominating the estuary of the Odiel; confirming the statement of Strabo<sup>44</sup> that the Celts occupied all the Occidental part of Europe as far as Cadiz.

The two little "Gods of the Alcores" were found at the foot of one of these tumuli by the side of a cremation fosse. They had been carefully placed on a tiny pile of human ashes; in a circle around them fifteen minute vases were arranged, of which eight were of typical Carthaginian form, some painted in a sombre red; an amphora with a handle; two handles of broken Punic vases; a strainer and an object resembling an infant's feeding-bottle, both very small, and all in potter's clay; lastly, a tri-colour Phœnician glass bead.<sup>45</sup> One might jump to the conclusion that these were children's toys, but one now knows that they were votive offerings having a connection with the divinities represented by the two figurines.

Near the cremation-fosse a curious receptacle in the shape of an animal, broken in pieces, and numerous sherds of Punic amphoræ were also found. By means of all these salvaged pieces it has been possible to determine, approximately, the date of the figurines as being some few years after the destruction of Tartessus by the Carthaginians, 500 B.C.

The male image is naturally larger than the female; the nose is aquiline, the hair falls on the ears. The body,



which appears to be nude, with open arms, has nothing to indicate its origin. The female figure, on the contrary, is covered with a long robe to the feet. Like the celebrated *dame d'Elché*<sup>46</sup> her head is covered by a pointed mitre with frontal ornamentation, but in place of the wheels on each side of the head she has equally disproportionate ear-rings, and her breast is covered under a necklace of several rows of pearls, following the custom of priestesses of this epoch, as well here as in eastern regions.

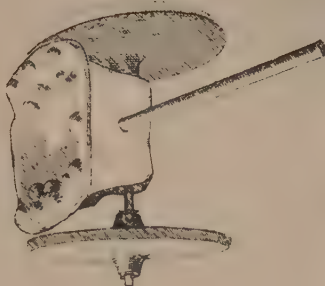
Another interesting object is the so-called "Votive Car of Bencarron." This was found in a cinerary urn ploughed up by a labourer from the black earth of a cremation-fosse. This urn of dark clay was without decoration, save for a series of impressions around the neck made by the finger-nail, just as one sees in Neolithic pottery.

These receptacles, so common during the first Iron Age, may be termed indigenous to distinguish them from other and finer ones of the same period, which must be attributed to the Celtic and Carthaginian invaders. From the urn in question this little terracotta car, composed of three pieces, the two wheels and the body, was taken from among the ashes. In order to complete it, it is but necessary to insert a little wooden shaft in the front of the body.

On the borders of the car there are nine hemispherical bosses arranged in order, and the same number is found forming a second line in the interior.

The head of the horse in the illustration, decorated with little circles, is also from a sepulchre at Bencarron; as for the wheel, it was found under a tumulus near the Roman necropolis of Carmona, adjacent to a large stone coffer which is preserved in the museum at that





VOTIVE CAR OF BENCARRON



ROMAN TRICLINIUM, CARMONA

place.<sup>47</sup> Other wheels, or their fragments, have been recovered at various other points on the *alcores* in pre-Roman incineration sepulchres. These little cars and wheels were votive offerings placed in the graves. Many analogous objects have been found in the island of Cyprus, which go back to the Oriental epoch; that is to say to the sixth century. The wheel, as is well known, was one of the principal symbols of the sun in prehistoric times.

Besides these treasures of antiquity, many paintings of the Sevillian school hanging on the walls of the reception rooms attest the connoisseur, while Mr. Bonsor's own canvases reveal the artist.

In the grounds of the *castillo* is a remarkable silo. It is hewn out of the solid limestone and is probably unique in size for its period, being thirty-six feet in depth by thirty feet in diameter at the base, converging to an opening at the top of five feet. It has niches in the interior at different heights where lights were placed when it was being filled. These silos are quite common in Spain; in Estremadura they are still used for their original purpose, the storage of grain. Mr. Bonsor told us of some he had seen at Almendralijo in the Province of Badajos. There was a public place for these underground granaries outside the town; a collection of little mounds of earth covered the entrances to the silos, each with a small square stone on its top, white-washed and with the initials of the owners, making the place resemble a cemetery.

At the time of the re-conquest by Ferdinand III (the Saint) the Tower of Mairena existed where the *castillo* now stands, and no doubt now forms a part of the present structure. It was a frontier defence of the Moors. There are many places in Andalusia where the word

*frontera* (frontier) is annexed to the town's name; as Jerez de la Frontera, Arcos and Moron, indicating that they were Moorish outposts marking the limits of their territory.

Alfonso XI, King of Castile and Leon, gave the Tower of Mairena to Don Pedro Ponce de León at the celebrated defence of Algeciras in 1349, one of the occasions on which it is claimed that artillery was first used. This knight converted the tower into a castle. In the great silo was collected the grain paid every year by the people of this little town to their lord.

We need only draw attention at random to a few of the localities in the neighbourhood of his residence to prove how exceedingly fortunate Mr. Bonsor has been in the results obtained from his archæological quests. On the plateau detached from the *alcores* called Mesa de Gandul, between Mairena and Alcalá de Guadaira, the important ruins of a town of antiquity have been found,<sup>48</sup> testifying to a Punic occupation. Christian inscriptions discovered in recent years show that this town disappeared before the coming of the Visigoths, A.D. 415.

A short distance to the north of the Mesa de Gandul, on a height known as Bencarron, Mr. Bonsor explored a large group of tumuli. The major part was covered by an olive plantation. Proceeding to the excavation of the three principal tumuli, graves were found cut from the soft rock and divided into partitions against which flat stones were posed vertically, forming a sort of enclosure recalling the megalithic sepulchres. The bodies had been buried in a squatting posture, side by side, the knees drawn up against the breast. In one tumulus which at first appeared empty, human ashes were uncovered beneath a layer of sand; here a highly-



interesting discovery was made of six ivory tablets and a copper ring. The tablets were covered with engraved designs, but only one was recovered intact; the others, having a thickness of two or three millimetres, crumbled on being touched. The precious fragments had thus to be taken up separately, washed and hardened by a gelatine bath. It was by using great patience that Mr. Bonsor had the satisfaction of saving these little monuments of a high antiquity,<sup>49</sup> the only ones which have thus far come out of the Spanish soil.

The only one of the tablets which was found intact represents a bearded warrior holding in one hand a round target, and in the other a javelin which he is about to hurl at a lion. The beast has already seized the man between his paws. The man, with one knee on the ground, is about to succumb when a griffin appears behind him and supports his right arm with a paw, as if to excite him to combat. The lion turns his head, doubtless to confess his impotence in the presence of the winged monster.

Another of the tablets is in a very bad state of preservation; the middle portion is wanting. On the right a mounted horseman is about to throw his javelin; in the left hand he holds a whip to guide his horse, which is without a bridle. Opposite the horseman a griffin is seen between two gazelles, one of them about to take flight, the other kneeling.

The engraving on these tablets is of remarkable execution. Two very realistic facsimiles were traced by Mr. Bonsor from the originals. The profile of the warrior is particularly interesting; the shape of the nose, the prominence of the inferior lip, the large ear and the cut of the beard are so many characteristics which are a guide to his origin. His resemblance to the



archaic Greek heads in the museums of Athens is most striking. He wears a crested helmet on his head; but the graver has been content to indicate it in silhouette. In the same manner he has traced a part only of the javelin, which necessarily passed across the face of the warrior.

The horseman depicted on the second tablet should be an African: Getule or Numidian.<sup>50</sup> He is beardless, with thick lips, and his hair, probably composed of small curled locks, falls down to his shoulders. He rides without saddle or bridle. His whip, fashioned of a single thong, is identical with those found on Assyrian bas-reliefs.

The griffin delineated in these tablets seems to denote some mysterious influence opposed to that of the lion and the horseman, apparently a beneficent influence. This is indicated where it supports the arm of the warrior attacked by the lion, and where it takes under its protection the two gazelles menaced by the horseman on the point of hurling his javelin. On these tablets the action is clearly indicated: the warrior is sustained and encouraged; the gazelle flees from the lion to take refuge at the side of the griffin, which extends a wing to guard it; the lion stops in its pursuit of the victim and turns away his head to indicate his powerlessness before the power of the griffin. It is not apparent what influence these engraved tablets could exercise on the future state of the deceased. This very obscure subject has so far met with no satisfactory solution.

The most important discovery in some respects with which Mr. Bonsor has been identified is that of the Roman necropolis of Carmona, situated near the left entrance to the city on the road from Seville. This city

of the dead contains more than eight hundred family tombs, some of very great interest.

It was the vivid impression he received on entering a newly-discovered tomb at Carmona that decided the young artist on his future career of archæologist. Writing in 1897 he says: "Researches made a few years ago on the fair-grounds of Carmona revealed a group of Roman tombs. I had them re-opened in order to see the mural painting which one contained, and which I desired to copy. This painting represented a funeral banquet; the guests crowned with leaves and half-reclining on the *triclinium* and drinking from rhytons. On the right a servant presents two dishes of figs; on the left a new guest advances, a staff covered with verdure in one hand and a wreath in the other. . . . The impression I received on entering this funeral chamber with its partitions covered with paintings decided me to consecrate the greater part of my time to archæological research. It was then that I proposed to my friend Señor Fernandez of Carmona that we should associate ourselves in the purchase of the ground of the neighbouring Roman necropolis; ground which we have ever since explored."

Anyone who has visited this beautiful spot will have difficulty in finding words to express his admiration for the reverent and scientific manner in which Mr. Bonsor and his associate have fulfilled their self-imposed task of guarding and preserving the necropolis. They have erected a building to serve as a museum where all the objects found, if suitable for the purpose, are assembled. They have planted trees and shrubs among the tombs, and they have made tidy pathways bordered by fragrant flowers. With birds singing and the wind whispering in these olive groves, a more peaceful and restful, or a

more classic, atmosphere for the dead could not well be imagined.

Near the tombs are excavations used in cremating the bodies, and some foundations enabling one to reconstruct the form of a vanished mausoleum. The most important monuments are the *triclinia* enclosures, rectangular courts hewn from the rocky hill to a depth of some twelve feet as a general rule, and which must originally have been enclosed by walls.

The most spacious, as it is the most curious, of these family sepulchres has been given the name of the "Triclinium of the Elephant," from the stone image of an elephant found in it. Steps lead down to the enclosure, with a niche at the bottom where the statues of the *lares* were placed, before which the persons who entered would have to pass.

A path six feet wide traverses the court in its length. On the right of this passage rises the first of the three *triclinia* which make this tomb of unusual interest. This was the one used for funeral banquets during the winter, for it is exposed to the sun. On the opposite side, the summer *triclinium* is seen in the shade of the enclosing wall. A third *triclinium* served for cold or rainy weather, being housed at the bottom of the passage in a chamber hollowed entirely from the rock and lighted by a kind of lunette over the entrance.

The summer *triclinium* is the best preserved of the three. Its massive table as well as the three couches which surround it on three sides are cut from the bed-rock. The table measures four feet by two; on three of its sides, in front of the three couches, is a little channel into which the guests could pour their libations without leaving their places. Mr. Bonsor believes this little canal to be peculiar to these *triclinia*, and that no

example has been found elsewhere thus far. It could be emptied after each repast and its contents poured upon the soil of the funeral chamber, or upon the urns themselves. Several of these funeral chambers have a small cavity in the centre of their floors for this purpose. Sometimes the funeral urns are covered by a cup, perforated to receive the libations.

A trellised roof probably covered the summer banqueting-table of "The Elephant," it was sustained by stone columns of which the bases are still *in situ*. The vines, or plants, trained to climb over the trellis, were planted in a long trench running outside the alignment of the columns; in these vegetable mould was evident. This *triclinium* had a bath adjoining; above it is a female figure sculptured in high relief. She is seated, clad in a robe with ample folds, and holding a vase in the right hand at the height of the breast. The head unfortunately is missing. This figure is reminiscent of the Punic period; it brings to mind the steles found at Carthage, which M. Delattre<sup>51</sup> attributes to the latest time of the Punic epoch, or the commencement of the Roman occupation in Africa.

A few yards further on the same side of the court is another niche, somewhat shallower, covering the orifice of the well. A canal communicates with the two niches; into this the water drawn from the well was poured to run out at the feet of the mysterious seated figure, and then to flow into the bath. In addition to these two niches there are several openings giving access to other little chambers, of which it is easy to divine the uses. There is a kitchen with a hole pierced in its vaulted roof to serve as a chimney. It has its table and benches of stone. Further there is a cloak-room, an office where the vases and other utensils required for serving the



banquet were kept; last of all, as it is the last of earthly things, is the tomb proper, with its six little receptacles for the cinerary urns.

The figure of the elephant was recovered when the well was cleared of its débris. Its African origin is well marked by the large ears of *elephas africanus*; its tusks, whether of ivory or wood, had disappeared, but the two cavities on each side of the trunk show where they had once been affixed.

The enclosure of "The Elephant" is on the left side of the Quemadero road, the Roman highway that has brought us from Seville. A series of nine other enclosures of the same character were located on the same side of this road, each having a single *triclinium*, but of less importance than those we have described. A little further on three wells indicated the sites of other enclosures now quite effaced. Opposite the chain of nine enclosures is a buried Roman amphitheatre. All that is now to be seen is an immense artificial depression of the ground. Mr. Bonsor dug trenches here to a depth of twenty-five feet, revealing a part of the arena, and some tiers of seats fashioned in the rock, covered with stucco, and ornamented with bands of dark red paint. After having dug a few trenches the work of exploration had to be abandoned, owing to the desire of the landowner to sow his crops on the site. A thorough digging-out of this amphitheatre remains to be made, and offers attractive possibilities.

The family tombs belonged to Romans practising the rite of cremation, and date back to the epoch of the first emperors. They seem to have retained all the characteristics of the Phœnician tombs of Sidon, Malta and Sardinia. Some have a narrow stairway, but the greater number has only a simple rectangular-shaped well for



entrance, usually measuring about four feet in length, two in width and from six to eighteen feet deep. The descent into these tombs is made by placing the feet on steps cut into the wall. Often there is only a circular opening, hardly large enough to admit a man, in the vaulted roof of the tomb; this opening would permit libations to be poured in from above. Thereby hangs a tale. One of these small openings was the scene of an amusing incident recounted to us by Mr. Bonsor.

It probably lies within the experience of most archæologists that their activities occasion great curiosity and speculation among the neighbouring inhabitants of the places where they are engaged in field-work. These simple folk usually conclude that treasure-trove alone can be the object of such sustained energy, and perchance they picture mythical chests of gold and precious stones or goblets of plate brought from the Spanish Main.

A peasant woman living near the necropolis was so obsessed by a longing to unravel the mystery of the diggings that she succumbed to the temptation of investigating a newly-opened tomb; one with a small circular opening in the roof such as those described above. She managed to introduce her body into the aperture, but being a woman with a figure of generous proportions, she wedged herself in and stuck fast; she could neither get in nor out. Her cries brought Mr. Bonsor and his workmen to the spot. They were able with some difficulty to extricate her, but only at the expense of her petticoats, which she had to leave in the tomb, an involuntary sacrifice to her curiosity, and go home without them, running the gauntlet of the laughing diggers! She was ever afterwards known in the country-side as "the curious one."

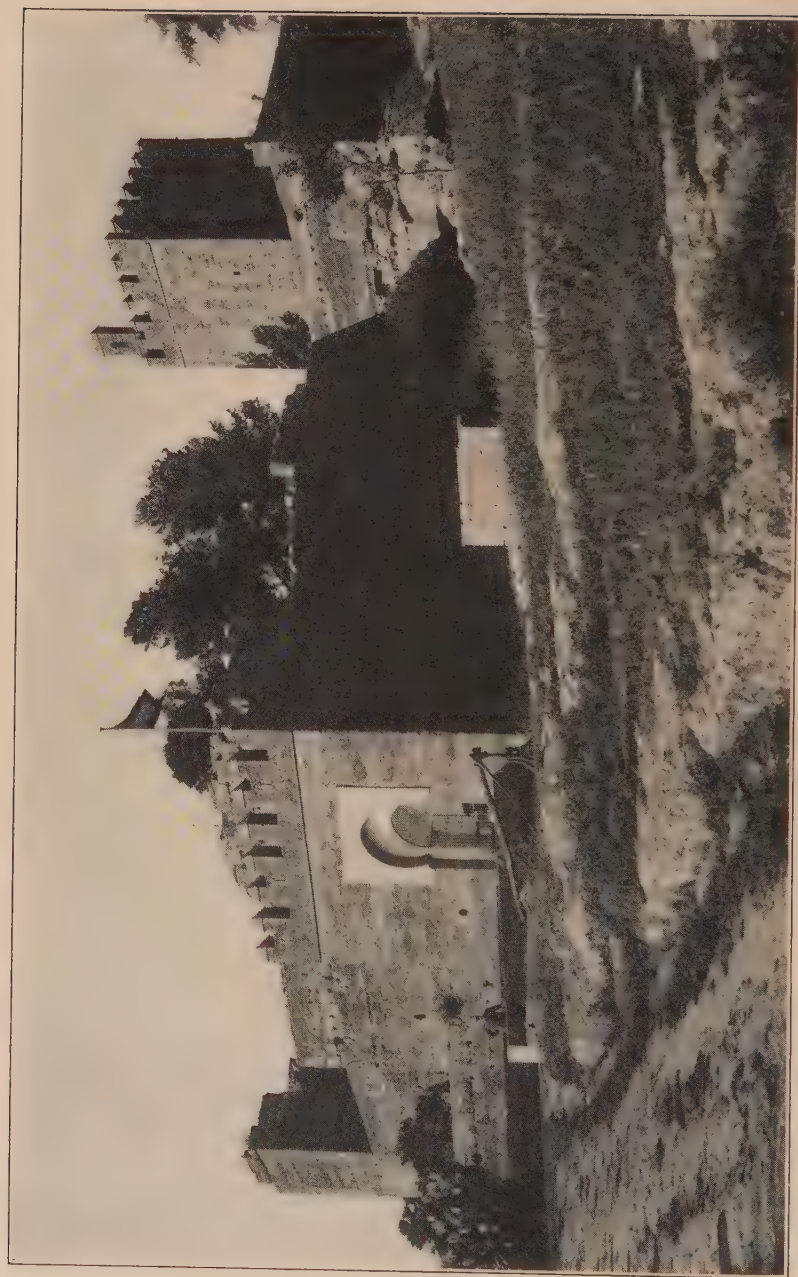
At the bottom, which the woman did *not* reach, is a door on one side leading to the tomb proper, a small chamber the height of a man; it has a solid stone bench three feet wide occupying three sides. In the partitions above the bench are rows of niches holding the urns. The latter are of different materials: pottery of globular or cylindrical shape, or sometimes of glass enclosed in lead boxes; but in most cases of stone in the form of little sarcophagi. More than two thousand little coffers of this type have been brought to light here.

During the Roman epoch in Spain incineration was carried out in trenches in which the funeral pyres were built. The ashes were sometimes left in these fosses, probably where the defunct did not possess a family tomb, the calcined bones together with the remains of the fuel being collected in the middle of the trench and then covered with stone slabs or flat tiles in the form of a tent; eight such stones or tiles were used, six for the sides, and two to close the extremities.

Some Roman inhumation tombs were discovered here. The principal one in the necropolis has been named the "Tomb of Postumius," from an inscription found on the spot. It is composed of a large court, or ante-chamber to the sepulchre. The court was cut into the rock sixteen feet below the surface, with the steps usual in the larger tombs. In the north wall are four small cavities; each had its urn. Along the east wall runs a depression in which some beautiful pieces of glass-ware were found beneath a layer of vegetable soil. A massive stone altar stands in one corner. On the south side the funeral chamber opens, decorated with mural paintings in the style of those at Pompeii with flowers, dolphins and birds. The ceiling has suffered less than the lateral walls, and was until recently in an excellent



ROMAN BRIDGE, ALCALÁ DE GUADAÍRA



EL CASTILLO, MAIRENA DEL ALCOR



state of preservation. The day we visited it with Mr. Bonsor he greatly lamented its deterioration, due to the action of light and air. On the painted border of the ceiling the name of the artist: C. SILVAN [US] in dark-brown letters can still be read.

The grave was dug in the ground of this room, but it had been profaned; originally it had been covered with masonry, some pieces of which remain. At the bottom of the grave some leg-bones were still in place, and at the east, parts of the skull; at the other end, where the feet should have been, stood a brown vase which had been turned over with its opening to the ground.

The form of this burial room indicates that it was made with the design of containing the grave, and that it was only at a later period, when incineration became general, that the seven niches for urns were made. These niches must have made their appearance as, and when, there was need for them, for they are irregular in type, without symmetry, and cut into the wall at different heights. From the examination of tombs of the type of this of Postumius, where the two different funeral rites are represented, it can be deduced that at a certain period several families of Carmona passed from the practice of one rite to the other; inhumation always preceding incineration. Already under the first emperors, incineration was general at Carmona. Exception, however, must be made in the case of little children, whose bodies were placed in small holes cut into the bench of the tomb, or in the ante-chamber, for this purpose; these were then covered with earth and slabs. Often the little bodies of very young infants were placed in amphoræ, opened laterally, and then buried in the neighbourhood of the tomb.

We have dealt with the necropolis of Carmona at



some length, firstly because of its very real interest, secondly because it lies directly on our path, and lastly because we had the privilege of visiting it with the *genius loci* as our cicerone. A volume would be necessary if one attempted to review all the excavation-work which has been carried out here, or to give an account of all that has been found.

After seeing this wonderful place, what more natural than that we should rest beneath the shade of the olives by the side of the grave of Postumius, and ponder the past of this people? The conversation turned to the description of his own life by Martial, the Roman poet. It recalls a picture of Roman times in Spain, the very times of the man whose bones rested in the open tomb at our feet.

In the words of Martial, taken from his many references to his own career, he says: "I was born at Bilbilis <sup>52</sup> in Spain, in the reign of Tiberius, and I am called Marcus Valerius Martialis, favourite poet of the Romans." Martial went from his native Spain to Rome, a loadstone in those far-off days, just as the great capitals of our own times are for the provincial population. The picture he draws of his life in the City of the Cæsars is a sad one: "Thirty-four years of sojourn at Rome, living in wretched poverty." In the end he was fortunate in marrying Marcella, a Spaniard, like himself, of Bilbilis, and he returned with her to their native land. He describes his life after his return; that of a rich countryman. One would have thought that after thirty-four years of misery in Rome he would have been contented with wealth and a life of ease in Spain. Not so; he seems to have passed much time in regretting that he had ever left that old life; the enchantment lent by distance!

But the poet's eyes were to be opened; for one day,

as he was seated with Marcella before his luxurious residence, surrounded by his numerous servitors, he saw, he writes: “. . . a cohort of youthful Roman soldiers file before me. At the end of this cohort followed an aged centurion with lagging step; his hair, bleached by years, flowing in the wind from beneath the heavy head-piece which loaded his head . . . his body bent under this armour—one would have said a man condemned to death. Arrived before me, he stopped and commenced to recite this verse of the poet of Mantua: <sup>53</sup>

‘Happy old man! thou keepest thy fields!’

“This unhappy one, of whom a monster, no longer a man, had made a soldier at the age when all citizens retire from active life; this unhappy one without asylum and friends, sent by a merciless despot to distant countries in his heavy harness . . . was the greatest, the most illustrious and the most generous poet of the Eternal City; it was Juvenal!

“At the sight of this grand man, the imperishable honour of our century, exiled at such age, and in such apparel, I commenced to weep and to thank the gods who had given me these fields far from our tyrants.”

It must have been in some such spot as that where we were seated at Carmona, under the same olive-trees, and with the same wide prospect of fertile plains and groves, that Martial listened to the plaint of the unhappy and envious Juvenal; realized the error of his longing for imperial Rome, and thanked his gods for the secure and tranquil life of his native land. Perhaps, too, Postumius was some such happy exile from the Tiber. It was this thought that gave rise to our invoking the scene that Martial describes.

Those parts of ancient Bætica wherein lie the fields of Mr. Bonsor's archæological activity were thickly populated in very early times. Strabo, the famous geographer who lived in the first century B.C., tells us that:

"The banks of the Bætis are of all the country those which are most populated. The lands bordering the river are cultivated with great care, as well as the little isles which it encloses; and to fill the measure of pleasure, the view reposes everywhere on woods and plantations of every sort admirably looked after. . . . The mountains contain quantities of mineral beds. Silver <sup>54</sup> in particular is very abundant in the neighbourhood of Illipa. These mountains are on the left when mounting the river. To the right extends an elevated plain [the *vega*], very vast and fertile."

Strabo further informs us that large ships navigated the Guadalquivir as far as Hispalis (Seville); those of lesser size as far as Illipa, and that barques ascended up to Cordova, sometimes even to Castulo near the limits of Bætica.<sup>55</sup> At the present day steamships of seven thousand tons load and discharge their cargoes at Seville.

Carmona is one of the most interesting towns in all the province; its antiquity may be measured from the fact that Mr. Bonsor has devoted a pamphlet to its primitive history: from the Stone Age to the Romans.<sup>56</sup>

This venerable fastness is the Carmo which Julius Cæsar called the strongest city in the whole province. The name appears on many interesting coins depicting Hercules and Pales, Mercury and Ceres and other divinities. Evidence that temples dedicated to Apollo, Bacchus, Diana and Ceres existed here is found in marble fragments which have come to light with inscriptions referring to priestesses of these cults.

Carmona was surrounded by particularly massive walls, of which the many watch-towers were veritable castles. The great gateways now standing are imposing structures of an architectural *mélange*. The Moors transformed the huge Roman gate looking towards Seville (Puerta de Seville) into an Oriental palace. The Marchena Gate they made into an *alcazár*, palace and fortress. It became a place of refuge in time of war for the families of kings, and thither they sent their treasure, for the place was considered secure from any attack.

There is so much to see at Carmona that a day at least should be spent here in exploring the necropolis, the Alcazar and the fine churches. The principal church, "La prioral," is Santa Maria, its late-Gothic style recalls its great neighbour the Cathedral of Seville. This church was raised over what was first a Roman temple, then a Visigothic basilica and later a mosque; a not too rare sequence in this province. Of the old mosque there still exists the little Court of the Oranges, that frequent souvenir of a Moorish past, with its Arab arches. Here we saw what we thought to be one of the superlatively-interesting monuments of other days in Andalusia. In this court there is a column, one of those supporting the graceful arches, upon which is engraved the oldest Visigothic calendar in Spain.

This most important discovery was made in July, 1908, by Mr. Bonsor, when the walls and columns of the Court of the Oranges were being cleared of the whitewash of several centuries. He sent a copy of the inscription to Padre Fidel Fita, who was at that time Director of the Spanish Academy of History. The learned Jesuit declared this calendar to be of the time of Pope St. Simplicius, 468-483, and gave his opinion

that probably Zeno, the Metropolitan of Seville, had this martyrology engraved on the column. The part disclosed is probably two-thirds of the whole. It gives a list of the comparatively few saints which were at that time honoured with feast-days in this part of the world, commencing with Christmas and ending with the Feast of St. John the Baptist, in the following order:

- |          |     |  |
|----------|-----|--|
| December | 25. | The Nativity of Our Saviour.   |
| December | 26. | The Feast of St. Stephen.  |
| December | 27. | The Feast of St. John the Apostle.   |
| January  | 21. | The Feast of the Saints: Fructuosus, bishop, and Augurius and Eulogias, deacons. |
| January  | 22. | St. Vincent (of Valencia), deacon.   |
| May      | 2.  | St. Felix, deacon.   |
| May      | 4.  | St. Treptes, virgin (of Ecija).  |
| May      | 13. | St. Crispin and St. Mucius, martyrs.   |
| June     | 19. | The martyrs Gervasius and Protasius.   |
| June     | 24. | St. John the Baptist.  |

Inside this church there are nine pictures by Pedro Campaña (Peter van Kampeneer, 1503-70). The Emperor Charles V brought this artist from Italy. Most of his works were painted in Seville; in 1570 he returned to his native land, where he died the same year. Campaña is considered as one of the founders of the school of Seville.

In many of the convents and churches there are good paintings and sculptures, beautiful *retablos*, a goodly number of silver vessels, ancient vestments, works in wrought-iron and other artistic curiosities.

The principal square of Carmona, Plaza de San Fernando, has houses of a very unusual character. They



are tall and narrow and have very little depth, owing to their having been built solely for the purpose of providing grand-stands for their owners from which to view the bull-fights and other spectacles which took place in the square below. In the time of Philip II ladies on balconies might show their bodies, but not their feet, so every balcony has a tiny railing not two feet high. Mr. Bonsor thirty-five years ago saw a quaint form of bull-fighting in this plaza. The bull was secured by a long rope tied to his horns, which permitted him to run in large circles around the ring. A fat little cook from the inn, dressed in the spotless white of his kind and armed with his biggest knife, attacked the bull and was butted on to the enclosing wall; the valiant little cook had enough, he retired to bed.

From the Alcazar, which crowns the highest part of Carmona, a fine view over the plain to the Sierra Morena on the north and to the Serrania de Ronda on the south is to be had. The extraordinary thickness of the old walls of the palace-fortress is strikingly shown where parts of them sprawl down the hill-side, where they were thrown by an earthquake many years ago.

## CHAPTER XVII

### TO THE CAPITAL OF THE CALIPHS



DESCENDING from the bold promontory, capped by its sentinel fortress keeping now, as ever, untiring watch over the never-ending plain at its feet, the road drops rapidly and we are once more in the vast prairie, the "bread-basket," a sea of olive-trees or green grain. Now that there is nothing to obstruct the view, the absence of fences and hedges and houses, one might also say trees, for the low olives do not greatly interfere, adds to the impression of distance and to the charm of the immense panorama. We have said no hedges: as a rule there are none, but from time to time there are rank rows of cacti or aloes bordering the roadside. Trees were so rare that an occasional one was a feature. However, we saw one by a farm-yard near Luisiana which we are unlikely to forget. It was a nesting-place for all the storks in the neighbourhood: thirty of these great birds were counted, perched on its branches, looking like huge black and white blossoms.

Now and again a herd of cattle grazed peacefully in rich herbage, their chocolate coats shining with health. Fierce though they looked, they were not "fighting" stock. When these are met with in the country around Seville they are kept from straying on to the highway by wire, or fences.

At thirty-three miles from Carmona the town of Ecija leaps from the plain quite unexpectedly with its twenty towers and grey-tiled gabled roofs, the latter a

marked change from the white flat-roofed villages along the road which are so entirely Oriental-looking.

We stopped for lunch beneath some olive-trees above Ecija, with a view across country of distant Estepa, one of the towns to hold out heroically against the Moors until the few left alive killed themselves, like the heroes of Numantia, to escape captivity at the hands of the invader. Seen through the green-grey boughs of our olive grove the prospect out over the fields of green and golden mustard to the fertile plain and mountain fringe in the far distance was one of surpassing beauty.

Our chauffeur was a child of Estepa and told us many tales of the district. Estepa means a plain, steppe; the word having the same derivation as that which we apply to Russia's great vacant spaces. In this town there is a custom which must date back to the days of heathen rites. The women picnic in the fields on St. Mark's Day for the sole purpose of tying a knot in a stalk of the growing mustard, to insure that their men remain faithful to them for the ensuing year!

It was while engaged with our luncheon in these happy surroundings that we first became acquainted with the fraternity that exists between all, in any event, all Spanish, motorists in this country. Our car stood abandoned by the road-side: each driver, there were not many, who passed made a signal to us which our good Antonio punctiliously replied to. There seemed to be some cryptic message exchanged that was full of meaning, but lost on us, the uninitiated, until we asked Antonio whether these passing motorists were known to him. Then he enlightened us: "They see our car standing still in the country; they ask: 'Do you require aid?' I sign to them: 'No, thank you.' If I raise my hand above my head, it means, 'Yes, stop.'" This is real

helpfulness, and we regret to admit that we have found it nowhere else than in Spain. Everyone who has visited this country must have observed that if he passes a workman on the highway who is eating his meal, the chances are many that he, the perfect stranger, will be invited to partake of the other's modest fare. We have even had this polite invitation in Seville from a labourer who had paused to eat his mid-day food in the Garden of Murillo. The same invitation has been proffered by fellow-travellers in the railway trains. It is a custom of Spaniards of the people, the working-class. One is not expected to accept, but there would be no surprise if one did. A polite refusal is the usual answer.

Antonio's sign-manual was by no means limited to answering offers of help. Pointing to our lunch, he signalled: "Will you share?" This evoked the regular formula used in Spain for refusing an invitation to share a stranger's repast: "*Aproveche usted*" ("Thanks, may you enjoy it.") Antonio ended up his discourse with the remark that: "*Todo buen español con una mirada entiende*" ("Every good Spaniard understands with a glance.")

Nothing on the road impressed us more favourably than the universal kindness and consideration of motorists. When we left Spain we found a very different standard to be the rule of the road. It almost seemed as if every motorist wanted to pass one, or curse one, instead of being sympathetic, or owing to a common fellowship of sport and community of interests. If the "road-hog" exists in Spain, he must venture out only as tradition tells us the ground-hog does in the United States, February 2, and who, if he sees his shadow, goes again into retirement for forty days. The only time either a "road-hog" or any other kind of porcine animal

would not see his shadow in Andalusia would be at night.

In Andalusia one meets with few cars between the cities. They have not become so common that their drivers are so busy dodging each other that they have lost their good manners. Our hope is that they will never increase to such an extent that the present kindness and consideration will depart.

The next village passed is La Carlota, remarkable for its unusually broad street. Care must be taken here not to miss the turning on the main, and if we rightly remember, the only street, which leads to Cordova.

The country-side beyond this place offered one of the most magnificent carpets of colour to be seen even in April in Andalusia: immense splotches of opal-blue campanula, daffodil-coloured mustard fields and the vivid green of the *garbanzos* (the grey peas) and the beans, which are grown in vast crops and form a staple article of diet for the peasantry.

Suddenly Cordova <sup>57</sup> appears, as if conjured up by a magician's wand, lying directly ahead of us and framed on each side by the sloping green banks of the highway, where, having reached an eminence which has hidden the plain to the north from our view, it dips towards our goal and discloses the wonderful panorama with the City of the Caliphs in the background; a golden casket on the banks of the Guadalquivir, seeming to nestle at the foot of the Sierra Morena.

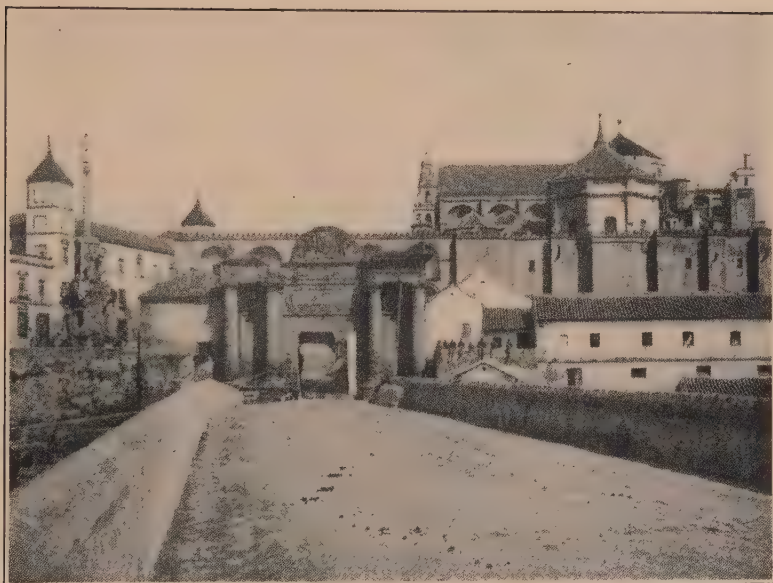
Here we are on the confines of Andalusia; for Cordova is the doorway for travel from the north. A fair country unfolds itself up to the gates of the city. The winter sleep of nature is of short duration here, so that the luxuriance of the vegetation is extraordinary; a blessing to be accounted for also by the protection af-



forded by the high ranges of the Sierra Morena. The products of the soil are on a generous scale. The cacti that fringe the road are Gargantuan; the aloë throws up a mast-like staff as big as a young fir-tree. The green hills, curling, rising and sloping to the *vega*, have here and there bright dashes of some wild flower or plant in bloom, or are beautified by the sombre note of the cork and olive or tender blossoms of fruit trees.

It is a pleasure to see once more the lordly Guadalquivir. Its waters are spanned by a bridge of singular charm; a majestic bridge worthy of the city and of the river. The road over the bridge enters Cordova near the Mezquita, the Mosque of Abd-er-Rahmān, and skirts for a distance the great wall which marks the limits of the city on this side, before it turns into an ugly modern boulevard leading into the interior of the town. The old wall is inhabited, like so many others in this country. They are either burrowed into to make human warrens, or they form a part of the houses built against them. In the former case they resemble the caves hollowed out of the hillside at Granada, which are the habitations of the picturesque Gypsy settlement.

Cordova was founded by the Iberians and became their most important city on the upper Bætis. It was taken by the Romans 152 B.C. and named Colonia Patricia. Some hundred years before the Christian era it was alluded to by Silius Italicus as the "ornament of the land of gold." In 711 the Jews betrayed it to the Moors, who made it the capital of the Caliphate in Spain. In their hands it flourished exceedingly, becoming one of the richest cities in Europe of that time. An Arabian historian, Makkaki, relates that at the period of its greatest prosperity it numbered 130,000 houses, 300 mosques, 800 public schools, 9000 baths and more than



ENTRANCE GATE, CORDOVA



THE MIHRAB, CORDOVA CATHEDRAL



one million inhabitants. He gave the number of volumes in the city library as being 600,000.

The decline of Cordova dates from the eleventh century, when it suffered repeated plunderings at the hands of Mohammed II. St. Ferdinand took it on June 29, 1236, but it had then already lost its prestige as a centre of culture and learning, a well-deserved repute which it had enjoyed from the ninth to the twelfth centuries.

The aspect of the city is somewhat Oriental; due more to its rookeries of narrow, badly paved streets than to its architecture, although the rows of white houses with their *patios* are not wanting, nor the latticed windows which are so essentially a legacy from the Arab past.

The Moors of Spain ardently desired a Mecca on their own soil. It was at the zenith of his power that Abd-er-Rahmān I caused the Moslem temple to be built at Cordova. No doubt he wished to leave a lasting memorial of his glorious reign, but his pious plan was to create a place of pilgrimage in the Occident, so that Cordova should become another magnet for all those faithful to the law of Mahomet. At this time, towards the end of the eighth century, the Arabs dominated practically the whole of Spain. Accordingly in 793 the mighty Abd-er-Rahmān began work on his ambitious project, and in fifteen years this stupendous monument was completed, a proof of the skill and rapidity of the Moors in all their big undertakings. The portals of the new mosque were opened to the awe-struck population in 808.<sup>58</sup>

The Prophet must have been well content. Where else had such magnificence been attempted in his honour? There is an Arab proverb which utters the warning: "Time will be the Master of him who has no Master." Time has vanquished the faith of Mahomet, at least so

far as the land of the old Caliphs of Cordova is concerned, and this one-time mosque which was dedicated as an incorruptible key-stone of Mohammedanism is now the Cathedral. It is impossible to visit Cordova without its buildings evoking memories of the great past of a great people; without meditating upon the providential happenings that cause such surprising upheavals in religions and races, or bring down great monuments in ruins.

The Cathedral has nineteen naves. The effect of its rows upon rows of columns is that of an unending forest of stone. Each column supports a little capital; the designs carved on the capitals are as many and varied as the countries from which they came; an amazing variety of Moorish, Ionic, Corinthian and Byzantine motives in granite, porphyry, marble and jasper of many hues. We have read that there are eight hundred of these columns; we have also read that there are a thousand and ninety-three, but we do not know how many there are; we did not attempt to count them.<sup>59</sup> The space between each of them is spanned by a horse-shoe arch, carrying a second of the same design.

It is said that Moors went as far afield as Carthage in search of these columns, and that the Emperor of Byzantium presented a number of the richest to the Caliph-builder. Certainly the Moors took toll of the ruins of many Roman temples within their territories to adorn this principal mosque.

Of the interior, little remains in its original state except the forest of columns and arches. The Chapel of the Mihrab, however, has suffered no alteration. It is a lovely testimony to the exquisite art of the Moors, divided into two parts by columns bearing the horse-shoe arches. The mosaic decoration is a fantastic



blending of gold and colour of rare beauty. Patterns and designs are interspersed with scrolls carrying texts from the Koran in the graceful Arabic writing which is used with such effect on the walls of the Alcazar at Seville, and on those of the Alhambra. When the guide holds up his candle, placed on the end of a long pole, the vaulted roof shines out in lustrous beauty. It is a glorious gem of a long-forgotten art.

Until 1826 the Mihrab was hidden behind an altar; which may have given rise to the legend that the Moors had walled it up when they were driven away in the thirteenth century.

As a monument of Arab architecture the Mezquita has suffered by being transformed into a Christian church. The transept and the choir built within it in the sixteenth century, and other alterations, have changed it into a sort of edifice half-Christian and half-Arab. In spite of its marvellous beauty one realizes how much truth there was in the dictum of Charles V when he said, a few years after he had given permission to destroy the famous ceiling: "I did not know what it was; but for that, I should never have permitted the ancient work to have been touched; because you have made that which could exist elsewhere, and you have destroyed that which was unique in the world."<sup>60</sup>

Everything about the Mosque-Cathedral leads to a dual interpretation; it is disturbing, this feeling that one cannot say if this is a temple consecrated to the true God, or to that of the followers of Mahomet. In the end one recalls that this church was dedicated to St. Aciscus and St. Victoria, brother and sister who were martyred at Cordova itself, and that this mosque became a cathedral by baptism of Christian blood. But there is something disconcerting in this blend of the monument

of the Mohammedan with that of the Christian. Splendid and unique as it is, we confess to a bitter disappointment on first entering it, and trying to peer through the maze of pillars which radiate in every direction, and are lost in the seemingly endless distances.

The country palace of the caliphs must have vied with the Mezquita as one of the architectural wonders of the Middle Ages. It lay one hour's journey from Cordova. Count Friedrich von Schack, who has devoted much study to Arabic and Spanish literature, has reconstructed this picture of its splendour: "One can form some idea of its immense extent when one reads that it had fifteen thousand doors, and housed more than thirteen thousand slaves, besides the body-guard of three thousand men, who served the Caliph. The many halls and apartments rivalled each other in magnificence. In one of these that looked out upon a blooming garden the ceiling was of gold; the doors hung upon pillars enriched with jewels; in the middle of the room was a great cistern filled with quicksilver, which threw a blinding stream of light on walls and ceiling. There were also many pictures of men and animals in the palace, a proof that the Arabs in Spain did not hold to the statute which forbade them to make representations of living beings.

"At the entrance to the palace stood a statue of Abder-Rahmān's favourite slave Ez-Zahra (The Fairest), by whose wish the caliph built the city bearing her name and the magic palace that dominated it. Ten thousand mules were employed daily for twenty-five years to transport the materials used in the building. Rare animals were confined in a park; to feed the fish in the ponds eight thousand loaves of bread were required each day."

Count von Schack relates that he spent many hours on the site where so much of beauty lay buried, in search of a fragment that from its nature would give indisputable evidence that it had once formed a part of the old palace—but in vain.<sup>61</sup>

The number of doors and servitors recalls the Forbidden City of Peking in the spacious days of Tzū Hsi;<sup>62</sup> but even so, the Chinese Imperial palace consists of a little city of halls and rooms, and not of one building, as did the Ez-Zahrā of the “Servant of the merciful God.”<sup>63</sup>

Cordova has not been without her great sons. The soil of Andalusia seems to have been particularly favourable for the increase of the race of Roman thinkers, poets and soldiers. At Cordova M. Annæus Seneca, the rhetorician, and his son L. Annæus Seneca, the great philosopher, were born, one in the middle and the other at the end of the first century B.C. Nor were these two all that this illustrious family contributed to Roman letters, for the grandson of the rhetorician was Lucan, the chief Roman poet of the Silver Age, and he, too, was a native of Cordova. One can well understand that a poet should be born here. Everyone born under this fair sky should be a poet. Neither must we fail to record that the great *rejoneador*, Cañero, is also a child of Cordova.

When the traveller turns his face again towards the south and Seville (to turn the other way would be to leave the caressing embrace of Andalusia, and that we never did during our stay in Spain) he must again cross over that loveliest of bridges, the causeway of the Omeyyads,<sup>64</sup> sixteen-arched, of vast length, apricot-coloured; a bridge to turn to again and again in order to admire its perfect lines, the strong tower which guards

its entrance and to watch the swift-flowing Guadalquivir rush between its aged piers and lick the vestiges of the Arab mills that have long since fallen neglected and forgotten into its bed. From this old bridge one can best recall the picture of the City of the Caliphs in the heyday of her power and greatness, when, according to an old Arab writer, Cordova was "the Bride of Andalusia." "To her," he says, "belong all the beauty and ornaments that delight the eye or dazzle the sight. Her long line of Sultans form the crown of her glory; her necklace is strung with the pearls which her poets have gathered from the ocean of language; her dress is of the banners of learning, well knit together by her men of science; and the masters of every art and industry are the hem of her garments." <sup>65</sup>

We have spoken elsewhere of the chivalry of the Moors, of their learning and of their art. Nowhere else were these to bloom and produce so rich a harvest as here in Cordova. When this city flourished, as it has been shown it did in the centuries between 711 and 1236, it must not be forgotten that the rest of Europe was comparatively unenlightened, nor that since "the pictures extracted from the records of Arabian writers, concerning the glories of Cordova, relate to the tenth century, when our Saxon ancestors dwelt in wooden hovels and trod upon dirty straw, when our language was unformed, and such accomplishments as reading and writing were almost confined to a few monks, we can to some extent realize the extraordinary civilization of the Moors. And when it is further recollected that all Europe was then plunged in barbaric ignorance and savage manners, and that only the remnants of the Roman Empire were still able to maintain some trace of its ancient civilization, only in Constantinople and some

parts of Italy were there any traces of refinement, the wonderful contrast afforded by the capital of Andalusia will be better appreciated.”<sup>65</sup>

Oriental imagery is very strongly developed and the Arab descriptions of the glories of Cordova may possibly be somewhat high-flown. We find a great discrepancy in their accounts of the number of servants, for instance, in the palace of “The Fairest,” of how many mules were used to carry the building materials, of how many loaves were thrown to the fishes, and many other things. The writings of the Arabs relate that their Mezquita was hung with hundreds of brass lanterns, made out of Christian bells; while some Christian writers have it that the altar-vessels of the Cathedral are made from the silver lamps of the Moors that hung in the aforetime mosque! But perhaps there were magicians in those days and the lamps were changed from brass to silver by rubbing them; surely Aladdin’s lamp would have been at home in Cordova, if anywhere above ground.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### GRANADA



FROM Cordova to Granada we take leave of the smiling *vega*. The country is mountainous, and the mountains are savage mountains. Before entering the Sierra Grande, the first of the several ranges to be crossed or skirted on the hundred-mile drive between the two cities the delighted traveller lets his eye roam over these great barriers; such a sudden apparition, and such a marked contrast to the level lands which one had almost got to think meant Andalusia. The "sweet, smiling plain": green, rich, fertile, abundant, gives place to rugged heights of a desolating aridity. Every mile brings its different aspect. Here the steep and wooded hill-side resembles a stage set with massed trees; there it is coloured as if roasted by the torrid sun. This defile is composed of rocks which from a distance could be taken to mark the sacrificial place of Druids, the neighbouring pass is a simple incline where the labouring peasant has found some bucketfuls of earth promising a reward for his toil; here we look down a narrow gorge; there rises a jagged peak. All is beautiful, all is varied, much is grand.

A seemingly well-made road winds ribbon-like upon the breast of the Sierra, lending itself to all the mountain's sinuosities. When the summit of one range is reached, an almost limitless panorama unfolds, each different from the last. Valleys hewn out of sullen rock; Moorish castles crowning isolated peaks, with tiny villages clustering to their sides; blocks of mineral-



GARDENS OF THE GENERALIFE, GRANADA



PUERTA DEL VINO, ALHAMBRA, GRANADA

impregnated stone caressed by the sun into mighty nuggets of gold and silver. We mount and we descend, from Castro del Rio to Baena; from Alcaudete to Alcalá la Real, and there, at the distance of a few miles, is Granada!

From Cordova to Alcalá la Real, sixty-nine miles, much of the road is frankly bad. From the latter place on to Granada it is very bad indeed; full of holes inflicting a very bumpy progression, and ending up in a whirlwind of suffocating dust. In places it was a winding torture; the only really bad road we found in Andalusia, with the notable exception of a bit on the way from Granada to Seville which we shall form acquaintance with later; a couple of miles of newly re-made road, whose sharp, uncovered stones we had no means of avoiding, for this penitential way was cut from the hill-side, thus preventing us from taking to the fields.

Soon after leaving Cordova comes Torres Cabrera, a typical castle of the Moors, now the seat of Count Torres Cabrera. Torres is a name very common to the Spanish nobility; to it is added the name of the town each such family inhabits; from this combination they take their titles. Torres means "towers," and in almost every case, in Andalusia, families with such names live in some old Moorish stronghold. Torres Cabrera dates from 1411. During its reconstruction skeletons with leg-chains still clinging to the bones were found here, and thought to be those of Christian captives who were employed in the building of the castle under their Moorish masters.

Espejo, at twenty miles from Cordova, is another town with one of these castles, in this instance an exceedingly picturesque one; its bold tower rises high above the silhouette of the village, perched on an emi-



nence. The road rises rapidly through Castro del Rio, Baena and Alcaudete with many hair-pin twistings and turnings up into the Sierra de Lucena to an altitude of over two thousand five hundred feet, where a pause is made to look down upon Castillo de Lucubin, lying in the lap of the valley so far below, and away to the south to the snow-peaks of the Sierra Nevada, a long cordon of veritable Alps spreading across the sky above and beyond Alcalá la Real.

We stopped at what may be the highest cottage in southern Spain to ask the name of the village in the valley below. A smiling young mother with a babe in her arms answered us from the threshold.

The road climbs down to Alcalá la Real, only to climb up again on the other side. Like its sister-towns along this route, Alcalá creeps up the slopes under the wings of its erstwhile protecting castle-fortress, which now lies in ruins within a wall a mile in circumference. How much these towns recall those of Italy where, too, the most inaccessible crags were chosen by the ancients upon which to install their *lares* and *penates*. They still cling to them, despite in many cases the toil of carrying and fetching up and down the steep pathways. One such we saw at some distance off the road, entailing a heart-breaking climb up to its gates. Its only water-supply was from a fountain a mile below, where we admired women-folk of this mountain eyrie toiling up with amphoræ poised on head or shoulder, or grouped about the worn old well-head, with all the grace of so many Greek sculptures.

Alcalá la Real was the birthplace of Martinez Montañés, the inspired worker in wood, whose carvings are reckoned among the chief artistic treasures of Seville. He was baptized here on March 16, 1568.



The road down from Alcalá to Pinos Puente will be an enduring memory. We wish it could be avoided, for the sake of tyres and body and bones. At Pinos Puente Columbus was overtaken by the messenger of Ferdinand and Isabella, brought back to their camp, and started on his way to discovery and conquest.

Long before the plain is reached the mountains along the route lose something of their savage aspect; the valleys become fertile, gay and covered with a vigorous vegetation. The sight of Granada rising from the broad *vega* and reposing against the eternal snows of its guardian Sierra Nevada is enough in itself to compensate for all the spiteful kicks and knocks the unamiable road has bestowed upon us. We forgive even the last miles of penance, eight and a half of them through deepest dust, stirred up by the wheels of every passing vehicle in stifling clouds, from Pinos Puente to the very gates of Granada.

So much has been written of Granada; so much that is beautiful; so much that is highly coloured by a romantic imagination, such as the works of the "discoverer" of the Alhambra, Washington Irving, that one hesitates to venture on any further registering of impressions. But, after all, why not? Fortunately, every traveller does not see with the same eyes. The descriptions of Chateaubriand are still recognized as being truthful. Victor Hugo's were poetical inspirations; while the genius of Gautier gave birth to one of the most delightful books on Spain.<sup>66</sup> It has been quite wrongly alleged that he never set foot in the country. Had this been true it would have been a species of library-travelling such as that disdained by his fellow-countryman in the seventeenth-century book of travels

in Spain which has been mentioned in the chapter on bull-fights.

All the works by these famous authors are available, as well as guide-books; therefore, we shall pass with a light and hasty step along the magic hill-side whereon stands one of Spain's glories: our object being to give brief mention of what pleased us most. Fortunately this permits us to omit the Courtyard of the Lions; so often described, painted and photographed that it is a marvel any part of it is left standing. We leave it in peace and proceed to admire other parts of the Alhambra, which to our thinking are far lovelier. Even the most modest traveller must pay the tribute of a few words to the chorus that has already been sung in praise of the Alhambra during the past century.

Our first visit to Granada's Mecca came at the end of a short walk *down* hill to its entrance. Why we did not have to climb *up* from the city at its feet, as most travellers are compelled to, has its explanation in our fortunate choice of residence. Instead of lodging in the city, which entails a fatiguing walk (and who would want to drive to the Alhambra?) up a very steep gradient, we found ourselves on the evening of our arrival (too late to visit either the Alhambra or its satellite the Alcazar of Generaliffe) seated on the terrace of an ideally-placed and home-like *pension* on a spur of the hill above the palace, and eight hundred feet above the city. From this house spreads on three sides a vista as rare as it is beautiful: the Sierra Nevada, gleaming under a perpetual coat of snow: mountains near and far, girdling the city and the plain from which they emerge in an unbroken chain. If only for the magnificent sunrises and sunsets seen from here, it would be

the place of all places to choose for a sojourn at Granada.

That perfect night a heaven of luminous purity was spread above our heads; from its depths of velvet hung great stars, brilliant and scintillating like fire-flies in the soft night air; stars that seem almost within reach, such as only southern heavens know. The fresh breeze coming off the glaciers of the neighbouring Sierras passed over Granada like a benediction. Never was evening more calm and poetic; never more full of mystery. We sat and listened to the silence of the city of the Abencerrages, of Boabdil, and thought of the morrow, of the Alhambra, the Generaliffe!

Through an old gateway, and we are in the gardens of the Alhambra. The Puerta Judiciaria, a little farther on the way, was the entrance to the fortress itself; for, although the palace of the Moorish rulers, the Alhambra was first of all a stronghold. The kings of the Orient administered the law from the thresholds of their palaces: this would explain the name "Gate of the Law." Above its archway is graven the famous hand which, according to the belief of the builders, would seize the key carved near it the day that Granada should fall. The hand and the key are still as far apart as the day they were carved: the prophecy has failed; a commentary on Oriental imagery, for Granada has been taken and retaken. Beneath this portal was said the first Mass for Ferdinand and Isabella after they drove out *el Rey Chico*.

On the outer walls is the Torre de la Vela, the lookout tower, from whose lofty platform the jealous eye of a Moorish sentry kept watch and ward in the olden days. From this point of vantage a good bird's-eye view can be had of the city, with its white-walled, grey-roofed

houses; the *vega*, and the honey-combed hills where the Gypsies still keep royal state, if in rags; for they have their king. The sun lights up every part radiantly; houses, streets, green gardens, mountains, *vega*, and, away there to the left, the swiftly-moving column of dust that accompanies each moving thing on the road to the north; memorable in our experience of the day before.

Contrasts here are remarkable: at the foot of mountains of snow the midday sun caresses the luxuriant growths of opposing climates; tropical vegetation side by side with trees and plants of a northern clime.

In the Alhambra we will spare the reader, and not linger over the courts and chambers so often the subjects of impassioned description. We note with interest the little niches where great and small put their foot-gear before entering; what a wholesome custom this is of leaving shoes outside of living-rooms! Despite our vaunted lead in hygiene, we take second place to many Oriental peoples, especially to the Japanese as regards this counsel of sanitation. Which of us, being western strangers in Japan, has not experienced a feeling of shame on entering with his dusty feet one of those little rooms, miracles of cleanliness, as they are symphonic creations of superlative taste? It is all very well to tuck them under you as you take your place on a spotless mat; you know that they are there.

Wherever one looks or lingers, beauty succeeds beauty until the senses are surfeited with so much that is novel and exquisite: here the Hall of Abencerrages; there the famous courtyard that has become the very trade-mark of the Alhambra; a little farther, the Sala de las dos Hermanas, lovely apartment of the Two Sisters, to us the gem of all. The lordly Hall of the



Ambassadors; adjoining it the semi-cloistered Patio Alberca with its long pool of emerald water, reflecting an entrancing picture of façade and dappled sky on its placid surface; everywhere walls, ceilings, arches with those singularly decorative Arab inscriptions in colours of many hues; the *tocador*, sanctuary of the queen; bath-rooms, slaves' rooms; glimpses of secluded courtyards seen through latticed openings, secret bowers of flowers and romance.

How its masters must have loved it! How the last of them must have grieved to leave it! We have a picture in tradition of Boabdil's tears as he took his last backward look at the earthly paradise from which the Christian conquerors had driven him. Small wonder that his tears fell fast; those tears that seem to have so much annoyed his lady mother, made of more Spartan stuff. The spot from which Boabdil looked back is called El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro, The Last Sigh of the Moor.

The Alcazar of Generaliffe, higher up the hill than the Alhambra, was the summer residence of the Sultans of Granada: there could have been little difference between the two palaces in temperature, but the position of the Generaliffe is more airy, it is more private: we fancy it was a refuge for the "quiet life": in any event there was room for only a small suite. The summer retreat dominates town and palace. The situation is perfection. The long avenue of giant cypresses is unique, not surpassed by those of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli; the long, narrow *patio*, cut down the middle by its slender basin into which showers of water fall in liquid silver: its perfect seclusion, its profusion of flowers and its intimacy stamp it as peerless among courtyards in the country of courtyards. Here, if anywhere, *la belle au bois dormant*

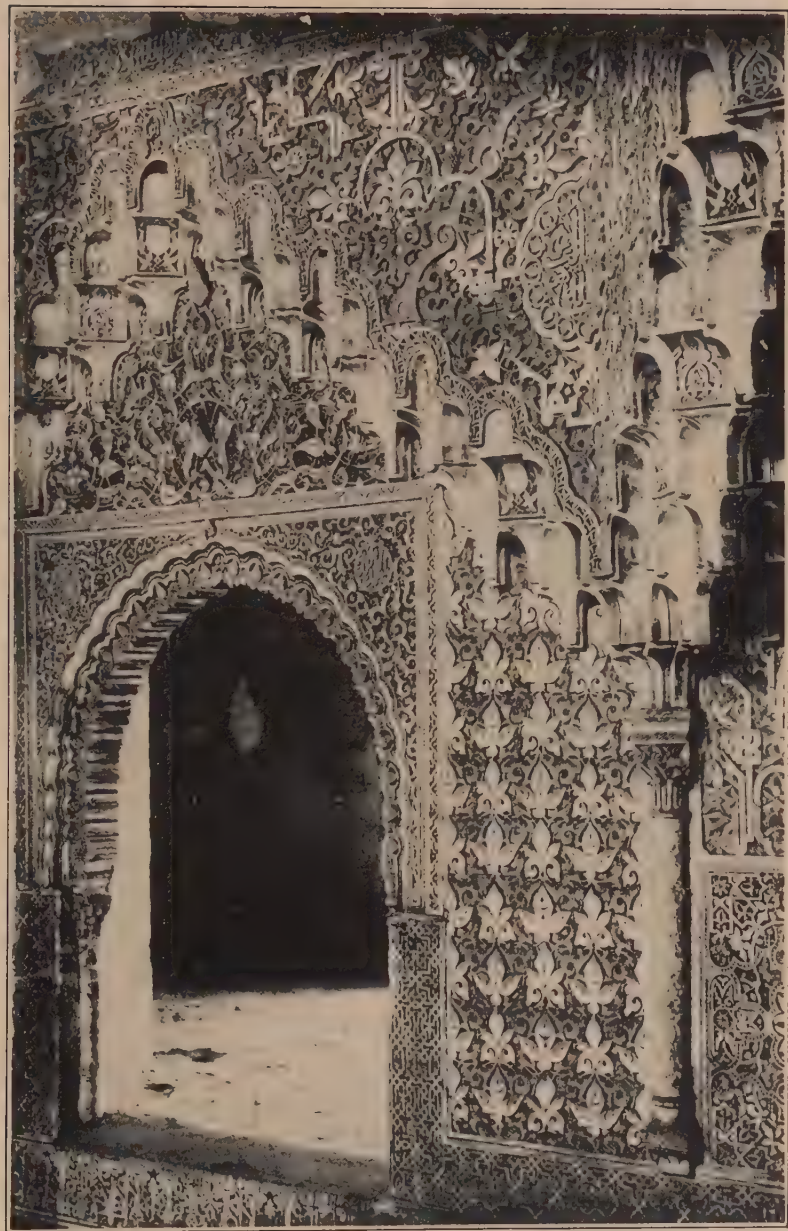


slept her long sleep; nowhere else could she have slept so sweetly.

The building has suffered greatly by the hand of man and by the envious tooth of time; during our visit it was in the hands of workmen: be it hoped for wise and sympathetic restoration. We saw this glorious monument of a far-off and luxurious past empty and pathetic, patiently awaiting its fate.

An interesting picture of the Alhambra as it appeared shortly after the Moors had left it is to be found in an account of the travels of Philippe le Beau,<sup>67</sup> who visited it in 1502, only ten years after the conquest. The husband of the heiress to the crowns of Castile and Aragon tells that the Moorish king ordinarily slept in a large marble hall at one of the extremities of the Court [of the Lions] in order to enjoy the fresh air. He caused his bed to be placed at one end of the hall and that of the queen at the other. Philippe le Beau relates that: "On the ceiling of this apartment were painted the portraits of the Kings of Granada from an early time. . . . Altogether it [the Alhambra] is one of the most beautiful spots on earth, and I think that there is no Christian King who is so well lodged for his pleasure."

The traveller who leaves Granada without seeing more than the two palaces of the old rulers need not charge himself with neglect; they *are* Granada. The other objectives of the determined sight-seer interested but little: except the Cathedral, which holds the dust of Ferdinand and Isabella. The sovereigns repose in plain lead coffins beneath their splendid tombs in the chapel which Charles V called "too little for so much glory," awaiting a trumpet-call that will ring louder than did the cry of their herald from the walls of the



HALL OF THE TWO SISTERS, ALHAMBRA, GRANADA



WASHINGTON IRVING, LITERARY DISCOVERER OF THE  
ALHAMBRA; WILKIE

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Alhambra on that day of January, 1492: "St. James! St. James! St. James! Castile! Castile! Castile! Granada! Granada! Granada!"

Precious relics of the Catholic Kings are preserved in the same chapel: the crown and sceptre of Isabella, her missal, the sword of Ferdinand, the standard of Castile, embroidered by the Queen, which was flown from the walls of the Alhambra the day of its conquest, and other objects of lesser interest.



## CHAPTER XIX

### ACROSS THE PLAIN



ON the way to Seville from Granada, the direct route crosses the great plain. The frosty Sierra Nevada gradually sinks behind the ramparts of the Alhambra, and there are no other rugged and lofty Sierras to surmount between the two most fascinating cities in Spain. Once more we must swim in the sea of dust that beats on the very gates of the city that is the realization of Arab art in its purest form. Even the dust emphasizes the recollection of that art which had its inception in far eastern lands but which the soft air of Andalusia was to caress into full flower; for nowhere else, not along the African shores of the Mediterranean, not in Arabia, nor in fabled Bagdad or at the shrine of Mecca, ever rose a palace at the command of Caliph or Genii of such supreme harmonies and such contrasts as this of the Nasserides; this Alhambra. Here this lovely art found its apogee, and here it expired!

The eight and a half miles to Pinos Puente are partly retraced; then we emerge from the dust and strike across the plain due west for Loja, thirty-two miles from Granada. It was at Loja that we were started on a false trail by a well-meaning peasant and directed over the worst road ever constructed, a road that might have been meant to hamper an enemy's approach. When we asked our way of this good woman whom we met at the junction of two thoroughfares near Loja, she urged us to take the one which was "shorter." We were



rather doubtful of its appearance, but were assured that it was "a good road." It turned north towards Iznajar, but before reaching this town we branched off to continue in the direction towards Seville. It was here that our troubles began—the road foreshadowed in the last chapter—an ingenious mountain-path strewn with sharp stones. Naturally we did not appreciate our peasant-friend's idea of what was meant by a "good road"; but on consideration, her point of view was plain to us. She had probably seen few motor-cars in her remote corner of the Province of Granada; she thought of the qualities of the road in its relation to the agile *burro*, or the wooden-disc wheels of a Tartessian cart, either of which one might meet at any time on such a route. The resigned donkey would find nothing uncomfortable on its surface, neither would a placid oxen-team nor an equally placid peasant teamster. However, it was over at last; let that be its valedictory.

From Granada to Seville is a hundred and fifty-five miles. We shall not describe the towns passed on the way. If they are visited one day will not suffice for the journey between the two old capitals. Towns with romantic names succeed each other every few miles: Villanueva, Archidona, Antequera, Fuente Piedra, La Roda, Estepa, Osuna, Puebla Cazalla and Arahal, before, at Alcalá de Guadaira, we join the old Roman highway once more. Of these towns Antequera, Estepa and Osuna will repay a more than passing glimpse from a motor-car.

There are many delightful excursions to be made from Seville to places which lie on the plain to the south. The wild mountains around Ronda are reached either by way of Osuna and Campillos, or through Utrera and Villamartin.

Italica is so near that it offers the chance of a picnic under the olive groves by the amphitheatre, which is all that has been uncovered of the city which gave birth to two Roman Emperors. Here is a vast unexplored territory awaiting the archæologist, and not a difficult site to uncover. The great amphitheatre is surrounded by fields and olive plantations, not crowded with houses as are those parts of Athens which the Americans are about to lay bare, or like Herculaneum, where villas and cottages cluster on the slopes of Vesuvius, jealously guarding the treasures that lie hid beneath.

The way to Italica is through the town of bull-fighters and Gypsies, where potteries existed in antiquity and where the glazed tiles used with such effect in Seville, in *patio* and public gardens, are now made.

Among other uses Italica served the Romans as a convalescent camp for wounded soldiers; in fact history tells that it was founded for this purpose by Scipio Africanus about 200 B.C. The amphitheatre is so imposing that we know the town must have been a large and flourishing one under the Romans, even if we did not have evidence of this in the marbles now housed in the Provincial Museum at Seville, the reward of tentative digging on this promising spot. We did not want to leave it. What a chance! Where is there to be found another buried Roman city that has been so little disturbed by the itching hand of the archæologist? Where a city of antiquity (unexcavated) so get-at-able, so near the comforts of civilization? Every archæologist who has had to dig under a hot sun, doomed to alarming food, and more alarming water, to the strange winged, or hopping, creatures of a Greek or Spanish inn—or a habitation in Asia Minor, Africa, Central America, where you like—will appreciate the oppor-

tunity that awaits some fortunate explorer here. We should have liked to sling a tent and start at once, all the more so because a labourer working amid the olives by the old arena brought us some coins which he had turned over with his hoe. Two we kept, of which one showed the effigy of Faustina Pia, wife of Antoninus Pius, a strong-featured lady who must have been living about 141 A.D.

The ground where this peasant was working was dotted at regular intervals by little wigwams of mud about four feet in height, a stick protruding from their tops. The stranger wonders and asks questions; only to learn that the mud cloaks are protections for the graftings of young olive-trees.

It must not be inferred that Italica has been left quite undisturbed in its virgin cover of soil and turf. No thorough exploration has been made of it, but it has served as a stone quarry for many a church and house in Seville and elsewhere in this neighbourhood.

On the way to or from Italica a pause should be made at Santiponce, a dusty village containing in its church some treasures by Montañés—a beautiful high altar and the sculptured tomb of Guzman, named the Good, with his wife, Doña Maria Coronel.

Santiponce has an unsavoury story attached to it of an act of horror attributed to Pedro the Cruel, which, if true, more than justifies his title to the distinction history has conferred upon him. The tomb of Doña Urraca Osorio marks the resting-place of a valiant woman who found favour in the eyes of the rebuilders of the Alcazar; a favour not reciprocated, hence Pedro had this unfortunate woman burned alive. The head carved at her feet is that of her faithful little servant, Eleanor

Davalos, who threw herself into the flames and was consumed with her mistress.

One more excursion that should be included in those which can so easily be made from Seville, is that to Arcena, fifty-eight miles straight away to the north-west. There is little to describe, but a very beautiful country to be admired; this, coupled with a perfect road, make a day devoted to Arcena, Santa Ana la Real, Alájar and the "Gruta de las Maravillas" (the Caves of the Marvels) something to be remembered.

At Alájar is the shrine of Our Lady of the Angels. On the edge of a rock-cliff five hundred feet above the town there is hung a belfry of three bells; these the pilgrim rings, and we were told that the villagers far below always rejoice to hear them, for they are proud when strangers come to their remote shrine. From here there is a glorious view over the hills towards the distant plain where Seville lies.

The caves of Arcena lie under a steep, conical hill. They are lighted by electricity throughout their length. There is a chain of pools of clearest water; one lighted from its depths by a sunken lamp shone like a living amethyst. The limestone formation of the walls with its congealed drippings is like a mighty Japanese carving of a mountain-side covered with stone-pines. At the entrance a faience tablet records that the electricity was installed and a gate-house built to preserve the cave from vandalism. The public-spirited men who undertook this service were the Marquess of Arcena and a gentleman blessed with the romantic name of Don Juan del Cid!

From Seville to Arcena the road gradually lifts into the Sierra del Castano, lovely wild hills covered with woods of cork and olive, fruit-trees in full blossom,

broom and splendid clumps of gorse, sheets of campanula and other flowers, which in the distance shone white, blue and gold. Exquisite undulations of greens of every shade melted into the purple of the distant rock-crowned heights; white villages at great distances and lonely farm-houses few and far between; as lovely a motor-tour to fill a perfect April day as could well be found, yet one mentioned in no guide-book, and thus probably missed by almost every traveller who visits Seville; more so, that Arecena lies off the main routes of travel by road.

There was no traffic except chains of donkeys and now and then a heavily-laden cart of cork-bark bound for the city. At Arecena the parish Padre stopped to ask us diffidently whether we could take him to Seville. It was a tight squeeze, but we were in the frame of mind to do something, if only by this small sacrifice, to repay the debt we owed to Nature for all the beauties we had revelled in that day. Good man, we hope that he was hurrying for the last day of Seville's *Feria*; in any event we landed him on the banks of the Guadalquivir in time for it. How seldom must the inhabitants of these far out-lying hamlets have the chance of visiting the capital! There is no railway and the distance there and back, a hundred and six miles, is too far for either *burro* or ox-cart to accomplish in a day. To put up at an inn in the great city would be a thing never to be imagined. Birds many and brilliant, some unknown, a stray bunny and a fox-skin nailed to a cabin-door were the signs of wild life.

On the sea-shore where the Guadalquivir empties into the Atlantic, a curious apparition manifests itself every summer, near the spot where Mr. Bonsor hopes to unearth long-lost Tartessus. We cannot do better than



reproduce his description. "On this island which was Tartessus, at a short distance from the place where the vanished arm of the river must have been, a sea-bathing place rises every year as if by enchantment; it is unique in Spain, composed of thousands of huts, constructed of the green vegetation of the neighbouring marshes; of reeds, myrtle, pistache and broom covering a frame of pine-wood.

"This village which lives but two months, July and August, is called Mata de las Cañas, or more often, by the one word, Matalascañas; it extends for a mile and a half along the beach in two parallel lines. Here from three to five thousand persons assemble to bathe and to enjoy the breeze from the Atlantic under the almost tropical sun of Andalusia, inhabitants of the little villages of the old *condado*, or territory, of Niebla and of the Algarafe of Seville, lying to the north of the immense plain of Las Marismas.

"To reach the shores of the sea these people cross the plain during the night in wagons drawn by five to eight mules, harnessed tandem; they bring their luggage with them in this manner, as well as beds, mattresses, furniture, kitchen-utensils and provisions.

"Although forming a part of the territory of Almonte, this ephemeral colony recognizes no authority: in the event of quarrels among the colonists, which rarely arise, the commandant of the neighbouring carabineers, or coast-guards, is called upon to intervene. Apart from this there is at Matalascañas neither Alcalde, judge nor priest; sometimes the community is even without the services of a doctor, although composed of families with numerous children.

"Here one observes the *insouciance* of the Andalusian in general. Often, delicate children going to Mata-

lascañas die en route, while such as can pass the marshes quickly get well, thanks to the excellent water filtered by the sand, and to the beneficent sea-air.

"On my arrival at Matalascañas I was lodged in a hut more spacious than the others, situated near the centre of the colony and over which one saw from a distance the national flag floating; it was the Casino and the *fonda* combined. In the part reserved for tourists like myself there was a large dining-room with a well-organized *table d'hôte*. As for the bedroom, this I had to share with two other passing visitors, a croupier and a young farmer whose horse was secured during the night to a hitching-post in front of the inn. I slept soundly on a bed of fresh branches after the fatigues of the day. My companions of bed and board were people whose society was amiable, as that of Andalusians usually is. I passed there for an engineer and was thought to have come to study a project of installing electricity at Matalascañas." <sup>68</sup>

Mr. Bonsor has omitted in his description given here <sup>69</sup> some amusing details which he told us afterwards. When he was shown into his bedroom at the *fonda* he saw that, although very small, it had three beds; he asked the host who the other two occupants were, in order to form some opinion as to their desirability as bed-fellows; the landlord's reply left him mute: "But, Señor, they want to know who *you* are!"

When he left, our friend was asked by the croupier to be permitted to accompany him on the long journey through the marshes and across the plain. The croupier was loaded with the spoils of his gaming-table for the season, and desired the protection of a fellow-horseman. This feature did not add to Mr. Bonsor's comfort on his

return journey through a desolate country beyond the reach of the long arm of the law!

The sandy wastes with their stunted growths of fir trees near the delta of the Guadalquivir provide excellent shooting. Deer, wild-boar, partridge and waterfowl are plentiful. This arid land is said also to afford an asylum to the only wild camels now in existence. Every year the King of Spain is a guest here of the Duke of Tarifa and Denia, who owns this most extensive shooting-preserve of more than twenty miles in length by some two to four in width.

## CHAPTER XX

### SEVILLE TO HUELVA



THE good motoring-road leading from Seville to Huelva almost reaches the western boundary of the old Kingdom of Seville; Huelva is near the Atlantic and but a few miles from the eastern frontier of Portugal. This is one of the excursions from the Andalusian capital that best repays the motorist who ventures off the beaten track, for it should include visits to the Convent of La Rabida, Palos and Moguer, which, although off the direct road, are easily reached from Spain's great copper port. The student who is interested in the story of the mighty colonial empire that once was Spain's, will certainly wish to see the Franciscan convent where its foundations were laid, but this subject, so far as it concerns La Rabida and Palos, is dealt with in the chapter on Columbus. We will only add that while the tourist pressed for time could easily accomplish this excursion in one day, were Huelva the only objective, Seville to Huelva and back being only a hundred and twenty miles, a second day would have to be devoted to La Rabida, Palos and Moguer.

Even were there no places of vivid historical interest to visit, this little trip to Huelva should not be neglected, if only because of the typical and lovely Andalusian country through which the road passes. There is a wonderful charm about these rich fertile lands with abundant crops, long stretches of vineyards, for this district is not far from the sherry-producing centres, and beflowered meadows. They are typically Andalusian, yet

a contrast to the wide-flung *vegas*, equally characteristic of this smiling country, which lie to the east of Seville.

The first place that demands a passing mention is reached shortly after leaving Seville, a town closely associated with the story of the great *conquistadores* who, seemingly, have left a souvenir on every foot of western Andalusia. Castilleja de la Cuesta is the little hamlet where Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, died on December 2, 1547. As in the case of others among these great Captains who opened up the western continent, his bones seemed to lie uneasy in their first resting-place. The body of Cortez, after being removed to Seville, was ultimately transported to Mexico, the country that he had seized for the Spanish Crown. The palace of the Duke of Montpensier, who with his wife, a sister of Isabella II, restored the Convent of La Rabida, is said to stand upon the ground where once stood the home of the Conqueror. This palace later became a convent for Irish nuns.

There was a town here in early Iberian times, the *Ucia* of the ancients, and it has been identified as the *Julia Constantia* of the Romans. The Moors named it *Al-farah*. The situation of Castilleja de la Cuesta, above the Guadalquivir, is very pleasant; its hills dominate Seville which lies, a sparkling jewel, set in the far-stretching panorama. Many Roman remains have been found in the neighbourhood, including coins of exceptional rarity.

One of the many monks who devoted so much learning to the history of the Spanish voyages and conquests in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was born here, the Carmelite Antonio Vasquez Espinosa, author of "*Viaje y Navegacion de 1562 que hizo la folta de Nueva España y Honduras*," published in Malaga in 1623.



Espartinas, seven miles from the capital, is a town of Roman origin, founded by natives of Spoleto, who gave it the ancient name of their old home, Spoletium. The neighbouring Franciscan Monastery of del Loreto was built in 1528. Espartinas is the scene of one of the most picturesque *romerías*, fêtes of patron Saints, that abound in Andalusia; it is held on September 8th, and is noted for its brave display of typical old Andalusian costumes.

At Niebla, forty-two miles from Seville, the first view of the extraordinary Rio Tinto, the "Red River," is obtained. This sanguinary stream, the Ibero of the Iberians and Fluvium Urium of the Romans, is as red as its name, and presents a spectacle so singular that the journey to Niebla might well be recommended for the one purpose of making its acquaintance.

Not only is the water an angry red, but its bed and the exposed stones along its banks also look as if they had been dyed red, gold, yellow, brown and bronze. There has always been a difference of opinion as to whether the red colour is caused by the exploitation of the ancient Rio Tinto mines, probably the oldest mines in the world that are still worked, or due to natural causes. Our enquiries led us to believe that the colour is probably due to a natural chemical process; that the rich mineral deposits in the soil impregnate the water, and the subsequent action of the air on it produces the startling red effect. Others hold that this pigmentation is due alone to the wastage from the mines. Although the Rio Tinto at its source is not red, but of a greenish tint, we were informed that it changes into the former colour at the place where it first comes in contact with the mineral ore in its bed, hence without any

adventitious aid from the mines. In either case the result constitutes an extraordinary phenomenon.

Niebla is of interest because of its well-preserved and massive walls. They are built of the solid and tough cement, as hard as stone, so generally used by the Moors in constructing their fortifications and myriad castles in Andalusia. The Moors employed the stones of the earlier Roman walls to face the arched gateways and the corners of the towers when they enlarged the defensive works about their growing towns; this they seem to have done almost everywhere in Andalusia, owing to the great increase in population of the cities and towns under their long rule.

Although ignored, or passed over with a mere mention of its existence, in guide books, Niebla is well worth a visit; not only on account of its great Moorish remains, but also because of its historical associations. The walls are pierced in places with small round holes for cannon, each having an opening in the form of a cross above it which was used as a look-out, although a symbolical purpose is suggested to the uninitiated. These cannon-holes have an additional interest and significance because Niebla shares with Algeciras a claim to have been the place where the Moors first used artillery. As far as the claim of Algeciras is concerned, it is based on the assumption that artillery was used there by the Moors during the siege of the place by Alfonso XI in 1349. But the walls of Niebla were enlarged by the independent *Wali* Aben-Mahfot in 1256, when he refused to continue longer to acknowledge Alfonso X, the Wise, as his lord and master; a refusal that brought Don Pelay Perez Correa, Grand Master of Santiago, and his vassals to harass the town and raid the countryside until the arrival of his king with an army, to begin a



CONVENT OF LA RABIDA, HUELVA



BRONZE SWORDS FOUND IN RIVER ODIEL



siege which lasted well into the following spring, when an end was put to the Moorish rule that had lasted five hundred and forty-five years. From this it would seem that the claim of Niebla has a priority of nearly one hundred years. Unfortunately, cannon and firearms would appear to have been unknown at the time of both sieges.

For the historical particulars relating to Niebla we are indebted to our friend Don Eduardo Diaz, the learned archæologist of Huelva, who told us how, standing by the old Roman bridge outside Niebla, he pictured the steel-clad soldiery of Alfonso crossing the river towards the doomed town, their eyes fixed on the battlements, their hands upon their swords.

Within the town we saw the broken and cast-away remains of a large stone Visigothic font lying near the old church. The early Christian race of the Visigoths baptized their children by immersion. These fragments had probably been lying where we found them ever since the Moorish conquest eighteen hundred years ago.

In the walls enclosing the town are dark, cave-like habitations, and in them dwell people in the greatest squalour. We were surrounded during our tour of the place by numbers of the dirtiest and most ragged urchins we had ever encountered, even among the Gypsy encampments always to be met with in Andalusia when a *Feria* is held. While the gateways of the town now open directly through the walls, in Moorish times they were built in a manner giving then a right-angle turn, so that they offered an additional protection against possible invaders. The outlines of the old gateways can plainly be seen in the walls by the side of the existing entrances. In Niebla live two keen archæologists, the parish priest and an English lady, who have



made interesting collections of the archæological remains which abound here as they do everywhere in this land of Andalusia. It seems but necessary to scratch the warm soil anywhere to come upon the relics of one, or more, of the many civilizations that have peopled the peninsula from remotest antiquity.

Huelva, the ancient Onuba, our destination on this excursion, lies on the left bank of the Odiel three miles from where this river unites with the Rio Tinto to pursue a short journey before their combined waters empty themselves into the broad Atlantic. Insignificant in the spacious days when Palos was the centre of maritime activity, Huelva has now become a flourishing port, the third in Spain, thanks to the shipping which now carries away the great output of the Rio Tinto mines.

At Huelva we passed a pleasant evening with a Spanish Inspector of Mines and heard much of interest concerning the famous Rio Tinto. The unbroken history of this great copper- and sulphur-producing mine takes it back two thousand years before the Christian era; it is the same mine that furnished copper to the Tartessians some four thousand years ago.

The production of the Rio Tinto is much the same as before the war, although the number of employees and miners has been reduced from fifteen thousand to seven thousand. The ore yielded in 1924 was 2,439,000 tons. Its great prosperity can be gathered from the fact that it paid over 30,000,000 pesetas in dividends during the same year; truly a remarkable source of wealth.

We walked along the Odiel with its busy shipping and its scores of boatmen, bringing off hundreds of great baskets of sardines to the waiting carts. We stopped to hear the fish-wives who sell these tiny, silvery fish in the

streets, bargaining for a catch, thousands for a few pesetas.

While an endless chain of trucks was emptying ore from the mines into the waiting ships of the Rio Tinto company, a steam-dredger was at work deepening the channel of the Odiel outside the docks. Thinking of the amazing richness of this country in the hidden remains of past ages, we said, more in jest than in earnest, to the distinguished archæologist with whom we were making our promenade: "There should be an archæologist on that dredger to search every basketful that is brought to the surface."

To our surprise he answered that this very dredger we saw had two years previously, in March, 1923, while working on the western side of the river, happened on a number of bronze weapons, and that successive dredging operations had brought no less than a hundred and fifty bronze weapons and implements to the surface up to the end of the following month, mostly swords and lance-heads.

This rich and almost unique find has been identified as belonging to the fourth period of the Bronze Age, a period that has lately experienced a readjustment in its chronology, being now fixed between the years 1200 to 1000 B.C., when iron was already known and used all along the Ægean Sea, the south of Italy and the Balearic Islands. The victories of the Dorians over the Peloponnesians and Illyrians, and of the Celts over the Ligurians and Iberians in Spain may well have been due to the liberal use of the iron sword, a truly formidable weapon compared with its short and easily-broken counterpart, the sword of bronze, or bronze and tin, wielded by the early inhabitants of the peninsula, a weapon almost useless for attack as well as for defence.

The length of the swords found at Huelva is sixty-five centimetres for the blade and ten for the handle, or seventy-five centimetres in total length. An analysis of these blades shows them to be composed of 89.38 per cent copper, 10.54 per cent tin and 0.065 per cent antimony. Some of the weapons found had been broken and skilfully mended by a welding of the blade to the handle.

The smallness of the grip of the swords leads to the supposition that their wielders, probably Ligurians, had correspondingly small hands, from which the inference is drawn that they were a race of small men. What they lacked in size they made up in other ways, for they must have been men of a strong and sturdy type. Arms exactly similar to these dredged from the Odiel have been found in Sicily; an interesting point for the archaeologist. This rare and interesting find was annexed in its entirety by the Government and has found a home in Madrid. Huelva has appealed, thus far in vain, for a share to enrich its own museum; again a victory of the strong over the weak.

The photograph which we reproduce and the description of the objects found are due to the kindness of Don Eduardo Diaz of Huelva, a profound student of all that concerns his country's past. Besides swords and lance-heads, various brooches, buttons, rings, hinges, needles and arrow-heads were brought to light. These constitute a very valuable contribution to the knowledge of the uses to which bronze was put by the earliest inhabitants of the Huelva district. Let it be hoped that a few of these objects will be handed back to the city where they were discovered and with which history must associate them.

## CHAPTER XXI

### JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA



THE first time we motored to Jerez, all Seville and a good part of the rest of Spain, including the King and Queen, the Dictator, the Papal Nuncio and Ambassadors, seemed to be bound for the old frontier town of the Moors, famous in history as being the ground where the great battle <sup>70</sup> that decided the fate of the country for many succeeding centuries was fought; equally famous in later times for its wine, the "sherry" of English-speaking countries. The name is a corrupt pronounciation of that of the city which produces it. <sup>71</sup>

For once we were to see a road of Andalusia crowded with motor-cars. Many, besides the personages we have mentioned, both Spaniards and foreigners, took the opportunity on that day of witnessing a typical Andalusian festival, and of following a highway which traverses one of the loveliest bits of southern Spain; that which stretches from the city by the Guadalquivir to the city of the heady wine. The throngs we saw upon the road were attracted to Jerez by a very beautiful and picturesque ceremony, the solemn public coronation of Our Lady of Carmen, Patron of mariners, with all the accompanying sights and sounds, colour and music so satisfying to the people of this province.

A stand for the ceremony had been erected in a park on the outskirts of the city; here the statue was placed and the royal visitors, the red-robed princes of the

Church and their brilliant suites grouped around it. The splendid golden and jewelled crowns were placed on the heads of the Virgin and the Child in her arms by the representative of the Pope. From our place in the crowd that formed the procession to escort the image, amidst soldiers, sailors, white-froaked little girls with flowers and banners, country-folk and town-folk, we saw the Nuncio bless the crowns and place them on the heads they were to adorn.

We were told that the two crowns had cost more than a million pesetas, which were raised by public subscription. Mention has been made of the Spanish custom of dressing the images of the Virgin and Child in their churches in magnificent robes and crowning them with gold and precious stones.

After the coronation we had time to picnic in the park and reach the city again before the procession, proudly bearing the newly-crowned, returned. We were much struck with the fine appearance of the naval contingent; a better-looking body of young men than any we had seen among the soldiers; we were told that the Spanish navy attracts a better class of youth than the army; this was borne out by what we saw that day.

To make a full Andalusian holiday, no sooner were ceremony and lunch over than royalties and public crowded to the inevitable bull-fight, where Cañero, the *rejoneador*, gave his exhibition of skill on horseback.

The distance from Seville to Jerez by road is sixty-three miles. This road is an excellent one; for half its length it divides itself, one may go either by way of Utrera or by Dos Hermanas, Los Palacios and Alcantarillas. It is not only a very good road, it is a very lovely road, bordered in many places by a parterre of vivid wild flowers. As it nears Jerez, the vineyards line



the roadside, a promise of the great *bodegas* (wine-cellar) which we were to explore and marvel at.

Many a school-boy must know that the decisive battle between the Visigoths and the amazing Tarik with his few thousand invaders is said to have been fought at Jerez de la Frontera in 711, though, if hair-splitting historians are to be trusted, he must now revise his knowledge and transfer the battle to near Cape Trafalgar. Jerez was taken and re-taken by Moors and Christians. The men of Ferdinand IV tried their hands in vain to hold it. Alfonso X finally captured it in 1264 after St. Ferdinand had taken it in 1251, and twice thereafter lost it to the Moors. Throughout the close of the thirteenth century, and until nearly the middle of the following, it had to withstand formidable assaults, which it repelled with a heroism that should have given birth to a special poet for this town of glorious history. Few cities of Spain have more stirring annals than Jerez. King Henry bestowed on it the title "Very Noble and Very Loyal," a distinction it shares with Seville and other Spanish cities. Nor need the stranger to history smile when he reads these high-sounding and seemingly pompous legends on their arms, for they have been well-earned and serve to recall some perhaps forgotten epic of a warlike race.

The page of history allotted to the story of the encounter of Tarik and the Visigoths is, however, not one that sheds splendour on the defeated Christians. An eleventh-century chronicle, attributed to a monk of Silos, relates that Don Illan, the Governor of Ceuta, was able to hold Musa ben Nosseyr, the Moorish chieftain, in check. But hearing that insult had been offered his daughter, then at the Court of Toledo, he revenged himself by offering himself and his men to Musa

and to Tarik and by promising to open a way for them into Spain. Tarik transported his small army of twelve thousand men to Calpe, the promontory of Gibraltar, which takes its name from the warlike Tarik. Roderick, the last King of the Visigoths, whose great army was scattered to the ends of Andalusia, is said to have been carried to the field of battle in an ivory litter borne by two white mules covered with trappings embroidered in pearls, rubies and emeralds. His army seems to have been encumbered with a train of treasure; its splendour was in marked contrast to the business-like armament of the soldiers of Tarik, who were equipped with a bow slung over their coats of mail and a long lance in the hand.

The last battle of the Visigoths lasted seven days; they retired from Salado or Barbate to Sidonia, from Sidonia to the gates of Jerez. At the end of the week their rout was complete. According to the Arab tradition the king abandoned his ivory litter and fled on horseback, only to perish in the waters of the Guadalete, where his horse with its jewel-encrusted saddle was found, together with one of his sandals. It was at Jerez also that Pedro the Cruel put to death his young bride, Blanche de Bourbon.

Jerez is not devoid of interesting churches and other memorials of the past. The most noteworthy is the monastery of the Carthusians, about two and a half miles away. This is gradually falling into ruin, but its remains are as imposing as they are beautiful.

However, it was something very material—for a healthy change—that occupied the best part of our time on our second visit to Jerez. It was to the cult of the God Bacchus, as materialized in the sherry industry, that we dedicated a most interesting afternoon as the

guests of the great house of Pedro Domecq, where we met with the most charming and Spanish welcome.

We have called *bodegas* "cellars," using the term in the sense of a place where wine is stored; but the cellars of Jerez are not underground. Strictly speaking, they are huge sheds containing row upon row of mighty casks, aisles of casks, mountains of casks, stacked one upon another. The firm of Domecq is the oldest in the sherry country; it was founded in 1730. Every process in the production of its wines, from the cultivation of the grape to the exportation of the ripened product, is in its own hands. The vineyards are some seven hundred *aranzadas* in area. The *bodegas* of this firm in Jerez are eleven in number, the most extensive is La Tribuna, over three hundred feet long, and wide and high in proportion; in each of its six divisions two rows of casks are stored in tiers of from three to four, one on top of the other. We were informed that the eleven *bodegas* contained the huge number of twenty-two thousand casks, of five hundred litres each.

In one cellar repose venerable casks bearing historic names. One called "Napoleon" was offered to the Emperor of the French in 1809 as being very old at that time. It vies in age with another called "Fox," the favourite wine of the English statesman. Another called "George IV" was ordered by that king to be specially reserved for his own particular use. Then there is the "Pitt," preferred by the celebrated politician whose name it bears. The "Wellington" was dedicated by the firm to the general during his lifetime.

About four miles to the north of Jerez, on the Trebujena road, is situated the vineyard of Macharnudo, one of the largest belonging to Domecq. Although it consists of one parcel of land, it is divided into four sections,

separated by well-constructed banks. From the highest ground in the vineyard an extensive panorama of the country of the grape presents itself with undulating hills, well adapted for the cultivation of the vines and the picturesque white houses typical of Andalusia.

The soil is calcareous and very workable, crumbling easily so that it is very favourable for spade cultivation. No labour is performed with the plough, but the soil is turned at least five times every year from October to June by the vineyard workers.

The ripening of the wine in casks is a very delicate process, one which requires the greatest experience and care. A few hours after the juice of the grapes has been put into the casks the phenomenon of fermentation commences to be noticed. The noise of the effervescence, or the bursting of the small bubbles of carbonic gas, may be heard. The temperature rises, the colour changes, it loses its sugary taste which gives way to a more vinous flavour, and the specific gravity is diminished.

These changes are more observable when once the tumultuous fermentation is over, which, according to the system employed at Jerez, is allowed to take place spontaneously, without being disturbed or hastened by the addition of any foreign matter; and then it is permitted to continue in slow fermentation during two or three months, the time varying according to the nature of the must, the ripeness of the fruit and the quantity of natural sugar contained in the grapes.

The liquid becomes clear at last. Everything insoluble is precipitated, and the matter which was kept floating by the fermentation now forms a sediment. The functions of the vintager are now over, and the work of the storer begins. The first thing the storer does is to



decant with the most scrupulous care. Casks suitable for this purpose are selected and filled with the clear liquid; thus a new series of operations is begun, in which the different qualities of the wine are determined by a special system. The firm considers that must, in order to be made drinkable wine, should remain not less than five years in the cellar. Time and care are the factors which convert must into good wine. During the long existence of this house the custom has been to take plenty of time in all its ripening operations. Some wines have been left for thirty, forty, fifty years and more! A great deal of faith in the produce, as well as confidence in conduct of the business, is needed in order to continue storing wine for periods which are coeval with two or more generations.

The old, seasoned casks represent a fortune in themselves. One of the chief assets of a wine-merchant are his casks. On the quality of the wood and the good construction of these receptacles the value of the wine depends, in a very large measure. When the wine, being of a good quality, saturates the wood, and every one of its pores has become a distilling apparatus by virtue of the phenomenon of endosmosis, the alcohol converts itself into ethers through the action of the natural acids in the wine. When the wood already contains a series of tubes filled with these ethers; when, in a word, the exterior of the cask has attained with time a certain colour and the wood has acquired the smell of old wine, then it represents new capital, because this cask, enriched by the ethers, improves and perfects the wine—even of inferior quality—which it receives.

The many workmen employed in the *bodegas* are permitted to refresh themselves four times a day with a glass of wine. It is served to them during fixed work-



pauses. We observed that they appreciated their handiwork as much as did some of the thirsty visitors! We were requested to taste many wines; some were taken from the oldest casks, those which contain the firm's historic vintages. These old wines become thick and sirup-like with age. In the tasting-room we were offered many sherries, and the brandy and champagne as well which have become recognized products of these cellars. We tested some of the famous casks for their peculiar characteristics, their age and quality; a gamut of colours and flavours.

As we had to reach Cadiz the same evening we did not linger too long over the seductive operation of tasting; recalling Sir John Falstaff's dissertation on the merits and effect of the wine of Jerez: "A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm . . ." <sup>72</sup>

We took farewell of this wonderfully-organized, orderly and impressive *bodega* and turned faces that, thanks to Sir John's warning, were not too much "illuminated" towards the white city on the shores of the Atlantic.

## CHAPTER XXII

### THE WHITEST CITY IN THE WORLD



CADIZ is often called the whitest city in the world. It does indeed rise gleaming white from the murmuring waves: a goddess white as the stone of Pentelicus, her neck encircled by the blue of melted sapphires, the blue of the Atlantic in these latitudes.

It is only thirty-five miles from Jerez to Cadiz; and before the trip had hardly commenced one is almost there, for at Puerto de Santa Maria, ten miles from Jerez, the distance to Cadiz as the crow flies (but not as the road goes) is but a few miles. The curling coastline must be followed and here the sea scoops a great harbour from the mainland. For miles and miles Cadiz is in plain view, or but momentarily hidden; from Santa Maria to within a short distance from its gates the road seems to circle around the elusive city but to get no nearer.

We will record at once that the road from Jerez to Gibraltar is not only good but also one offering a picture-gallery of lovely country, sea and, towards its end, the Rock of Gibraltar, the Mediterranean and the African mountains to hold the eye entranced. If, too, the history of this most ancient littoral is recalled, then the pleasure is redoubled.

As elsewhere, flowers in carpets abound, birds and other wild life is rare. All wild animals of a larger type have not entirely disappeared, as a strange group we stopped to interest ourselves in well proves. By the

roadside a cart was overturned in the ditch, the group assembled around it, regarding it quite solemnly and hopefully, was composed of these unusual elements: two brown bears, a camel, a dog, a mule, and two rakish Gypsies; a happy family from the *Feria* of Seville bound for other fairs further afield. Men and beasts evidently expected the cart to get up by itself and resume its interrupted voyage.

This country is very productive; the *bodegas* of Jerez are proof of what can be done in the way of wines; the sandy soils are planted to-day, as they were in classic times, with vines, olives, almonds and figs. Here there are thick hedges separating the plantations, a change from the rule on the *vega*. The Roman Rufus Festus Avienus wrote of the long-haired goats which inhabited this country, and tells us that this hair was used in those far-off times to manufacture tents and sails. It is no longer put to this purpose, but the shepherds who watch these flocks twist the black hair into strong cords, which are valued by muleteers for securing their burdens and by washer-women as lines on which to hang their linen.<sup>73</sup>

From Santa Maria through the ancient commercial colony of Portus Gaditanus to Cadiz the way lies near the ocean, in a district that has always traded in two forms of its produce, salt and fish. On the flat marshlands a little Egypt of snow-white pyramids shines and glistens in the sun; near by are long evaporating-tanks. The pyramids are salt. Tunny-fishing is still one of the most lucrative and absorbing occupations of Cadiz. The people of the littoral exported this fish to Carthage, where it was held in high esteem.

Cadiz takes its name from the merchant Phœnicians, who called it Gadir or Gades. In 1887 a Phœnician

necropolis was found at Punta de la Vaca, not a mile from Cadiz; it contained several sepulchres, among them a beautiful marble sarcophagus, now in the Museum of the city. This necropolis yielded up many other objects of great archæological interest; authentic specimens of Phœnician industry, gold rings, necklaces of gold beads or of glass, enamels of pale blue and green imitating lapis-lazuli and emerald; three funeral caskets and a little copper and gold *stele*; some of these pieces are surmounted by heads of animals of finished workmanship.

Between ancient Gades and Mergablo stood AD HERCVLEM, the site of the famous temple dedicated to Hercules, thought to have been built in the twelfth century B.C. It still existed in all its splendour twelve centuries later, according to the testimony of Silius Italicus. Mention was made of it by other travellers during the third and fourth centuries of our era. Its destruction probably occurred during the epoch of the Barbarian invasions. It may have been in part restored by the Visigoths and dedicated to St. Peter, as the present name of its position, Santipetri, would indicate.<sup>74</sup>

It is fascinating to ponder over the history of this Cadiz. We have found it difficult to determine when it might reasonably be supposed to have commenced; however, we are content to begin with the Phœnicians, an extraordinary people, always on the look-out for trade openings, like the most up-to-date of merchants. Had they lived in our days there would have been no trouble in the coal districts, for they were born miners. Here in Andalusia they found mineral wealth in abundance and they proceeded to acquire it, load it on their vessels and trade with it in the East. Europe stands badly in need of the Phœnician spirit of enterprise in

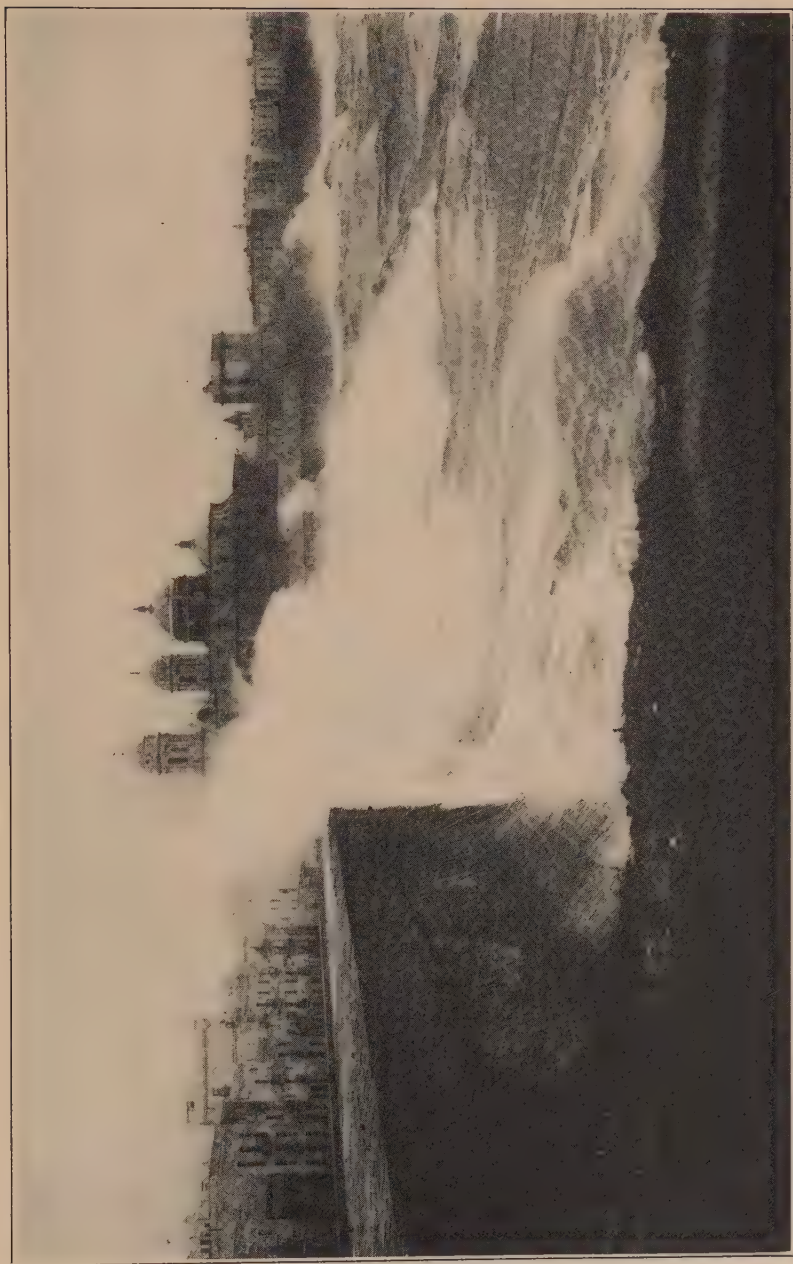
this twentieth century. When these sea-roamers arrived at Cadiz they thought that they had reached the very ends of the earth. This vision of the earth's extent was destined to prevail for more than twenty-five centuries, until Columbus in his monastery of La Rabida, only a few miles distant, had dreams of the new route to the Indies which opened up the Western Continent to colonization. We have spoken of the Phœnicians, and feel that we have done our duty; it would be futile to follow all the other races who succeeded them. Enough to say that every foot of this coast teemed with action; history in the making.

Our first steps in Cadiz took us to the Church of St. Catherine, known locally as the "Capuchinos,"<sup>75</sup> to see the fatal spot where Murillo of Seville fell while engaged in painting the altar-piece of "St. Catherine Taking the Veil." Murillo stepped back to get a better view of his mystic composition, lost his balance and fell nineteen feet to the pavement below the scaffold on which he was working. He succumbed to his injuries three months later at Seville. The picture was completed by Meneses Osorio, a pupil of the Master.

The "Immaculate Conception" by Murillo in this church is interesting, if only as furnishing an illustration of the prices paid the painter for his work at a time when he was regarded as the greatest artist of Spain. One hundred pesos was the honorarium he received for this large canvas.

Mention has been made elsewhere of the custom in Spain of dressing the statues of the Virgin and the Child in rich clothing. The most remarkable of these images in all Spain, so far as clothing distinguishes any of them, may be seen in this church. On the left of Murillo's altar-piece, in a wall-niche fronted with glass,





SEA-WALL, CADIZ



SIXTEENTH-CENTURY EWER, SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

is a Watteau pastoral scene. The Madonna is seated on a green bank, clad in eighteenth-century dress of furbelows, ribbons and wide-brimmed Leghorn hat, with the crook of a shepherdess in her hand. The Child stands near, with a lamb in His arms, while other lambs frisk about Him. A most extraordinary personification of the Good Shepherd, even in this country where one has grown accustomed to seeing the Virgin decked out in ornate dresses in every devotional shrine.

Cadiz is isolated; in reality it is an island and bounded by horizons. Lying away from the mainland of Andalusia it wraps itself in the blue cloak of the Atlantic and in this isolation one of its greatest charms is to be found. The rock of shell-lime on which the city stands would long since have gone the way of those other banks of similar geological formation that were its neighbours, had it not been for the massive walls, thirty to forty-five feet high and half as thick, which break the force of the waves that beat upon them when the sea is in a restless mood.

The houses are very tall, a rare thing in Andalusia. Like those on the Island of Manhattan, they have no room to grow except up into the skies. The streets are very narrow, its tiny plazas verdant. Its trade languishes; it slumbers, dreaming of a storied past. The impression of this city's whiteness is not lessened on a nearer acquaintance. Its houses as well as its outer walls are white; its *patios* are white; its stair-ways are white; its cross-barred lattices are white; white are its tiny alleys, and its ins-and-outs. Much whitewash and many buckets of white paint must these blinding façades drink from year to year. White it must ever have been; is it not the "Aphrodite's Isle" of the Greeks and the "Silver Bowl" of the Moors? Of this whiteness de

Amicis wrote: "To describe the city I could not do better than take a sheet of blue paper and write on it the word 'white' a thousand times with a white pencil, then on the margin write simply 'Impressions of Cadiz.' "

Zurbarán, the "most Spanish of all Spanish painters," is represented in the Academy of Fine Arts by a number of paintings from the abandoned Cartuja near Jerez, which manifest the strong realism and sincerity of this great artist.

From San Fernando, on the south of the Bay of Cadiz, to Tarifa, the coast-line road is always from one to three miles from the ocean. The distance from Cadiz to Tarifa is sixty-five miles. On the way we have passed near Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson won his greatest laurels. At Tarifa we are again directly on the coast; from here the road makes a sharp swerve in its direction from south-east to north-east, to scramble over the mountains to Algeciras. The views grow in splendour and amplitude until they embrace great stretches of the Mediterranean, the African coast and the superb rock of the sacred promontory, Sacrum Jugum, Gibraltar.

Mention has been made of the rival claims of Algeciras and Niebla to the distinction of having first used artillery. This seemed a matter of sufficient interest to warrant a search into the history of gunpowder weapons. It can be assumed that there were none known prior to 1321 (the siege of Algeciras by Alfonso XI took place in 1349), all mediæval historians to the contrary. Our assumption rests upon firm enough foundation, that of the memorial addressed to the Pope and all Christian princes by the Italian Marino Sanuto in 1321. Sanuto was a warrior and traveller of repute. His memorial was primarily an incitation to a new crusade against the unbelievers, but its greatest historical value lies in its



enumeration of all the then available offensive weapons that could be used against the Saracen. There is nothing in the nature of fire-arms mentioned in the list. He supplements his catalogue of fighting apparatus with the recommendation that the infidels should be overawed by a deafening chorus of battle-cries, the menacing beat of drums and the blare of trumpet and bugle! It would only need to add a ferocious mask to this programme to have the tactics of a fully-equipped Chinese warrior of bygone days.

It is plain that Sanuto would have included guns using powder in his enumeration, had they been known then to exist. Their detonations would have been considered more effective than the noises he proposed to rely upon, to say nothing of the lethal possibilities of their projectiles. Such destructive machines would have headed his list had they been invented and would have been as minutely described as were his cross-bows, catapults and other engines of war.

One school has long maintained that the Arabs introduced gunpowder from the East. The guns used by the Moors at the siege of Tarifa in 1340 have been described by an unknown chronicler, but he makes no mention of gunpowder; the assault-machines were constructed to project missiles by the force of windlasses or gravity. We, therefore, incline to the opinion that these were the guns which were used at Algeciras and Niebla.

The date at which gunpowder weapons were first used in Europe remains a matter of conjecture. So far as France and Italy are concerned, the written accounts wherein such are mentioned between the years 1321 and 1338 have not been accepted as reliable. The earliest trustworthy description is concerned with the so-called



"Fire-pot" which was taken in the year 1338 from Flemish Boulogne to Rouen. This *pot de fer à traire garrots de feu* was an iron pot intended to shoot fire-arrows, an idea that occurred also to the North American Indians, although their burning arrows were not fired from guns but from bows. If gunpowder was used to expel the arrow from the "fire-pot," here would be the connecting-link with the later cannon that fired balls of stone or metal.

Ten years later, according to recent research, guns were known in Germany, first in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, then in Naumburg, where their development progressed steadily. A fourteenth-century savant of Regensburg, the Magister Konrad von Megenburg, in his work "Buch der Natur," written in 1349, twice mentions guns using powder; he writes of "their thunder and lightning," and in describing a species of snake he says: "when they leap into trees and meet an animal they throw themselves upon it as quickly as a shot out of a cross-bow or from a gun (*Büchse*)."

This book of von Megenburg's was the first work on natural history written in the German language. The two extracts from it show that the writer assumed a knowledge of fire-arms on the part of his readers as a matter of course.

A final word of gratitude for all we have seen, of thanks to the Andalusians, a word of advice and warning to those who would essay motoring-trips in the old Province, and we have done.

The gratitude is for a country with such a superb climate, so full of beauty itself, and of most beautiful things; the thanks are to a people kindly, courteous, amazingly good-tempered and considerate. The advice to motorists is: "Come to Andalusia." The main routes

followed in the excursions we have described in the last chapters are good to fair, except where the contrary is recorded. The useful map issued by the Royal Automobile Club of Seville should be procured before starting on a trip in Andalusia; for side-trips it is advisable to consult the hospitable automobile clubs in the larger cities, in order to avoid routes which might be unsatisfactory.

If more motorists were aware of the really good conditions most parts of Andalusia offer for touring, there would be a great many on its roads where there are now so few. The excellence of the hotels of Seville and its central position would make it the logical centre from which to visit all parts of the province, even if it did not possess the lure (which we have sought to convey) of the capital of fairyland. Although it is a repetition, we must again express astonishment that this fascinating country is left out of the itinerary of so many Anglo-Saxons in search of the beautiful and historic, or of mere distraction. It is a country at once very ancient and very new.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Mediterranean sleeps; it seems scarcely to breathe. The setting sun rests on the hill-crests towards Cadiz, to the south it lights the darker blue of the Moroccan coast, whose mountains rise from the lace of foam in which they bathe their feet. In the clear skies a bird of prey circles majestically, or for an instant hangs immovable, to fall like a flash upon the breast of the water; when it rises its talons hold fast a struggling, silvery prey.

The breath of the sea fills the air with delicious odours, it is pregnant with the smell of the fruits of the deep.

Quicker and quicker the stone-block of Gibraltar, the distant Atlas and the blue contours of Andalusia sink and fade on the sight, until the grey Atlantic swallows all. . . . Our ship is homeward bound.

THE END

## NOTES AND REFERENCES

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No.

1. Abd-el-Krim had not yet surrendered when we passed the coast.
2. "Les colonies agricoles pré-romaines de la vallée de Bétis," Paris, 1899.
3. "Tartesse," The Hispanic Society of America, New York, 1922; "El Coto de Doña Ana," Madrid, 1922.
4. The existence of the city is confirmed by Scymnus of Chios, Strabo, Mela, Pliny, Festus Avienus, and Pausanias. According to Scymnus, Gadir (Cadiz) and Tartessus existed in his time.
5. "Tartessus: ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Westens," Hamburg.
6. "Die Keltiberer und ihre Krieg mit Rom," Munich, 1914.
7. A third emperor, Theodosius, is generally mentioned as a native of Italica, or of Coria near Seville. He was born at Caura, in Castile, often mistaken for Coria.
8. Properly the name Moors should only be used to designate Berbers. However, it has long been applied to all the Mohammedans who invaded Spain from Africa, Berbers and Arabs alike. We shall, therefore, employ it hereafter in its common acceptation.
9. St. Ferdinand, King of Castile and Leon, who took the city from the Moors.
10. Vargas was a valiant captain. His sword is preserved in the Colombina.
11. Butler, "Lives of the Saints."
12. "Fiestas de Sevilla," Seville, 1671.
13. Butler, "Lives of the Saints."
14. "Triveti chron."
15. Fernando Magellan was a Portuguese. In his native language his name is written Magalhães, in Spanish Magallanes.
16. "Inventario de los cuadros substraídos por el Gobierno intruso en Sevilla el año de 1810," Seville, 1895.
17. "Apuntes para la historia de la revolucion de Septiembre de 1868 en la Ciudad de Sevilla."
18. At present rates of exchange, about £450,000, or \$2,100,000.
19. *Saeta*: an "ejaculatory" prayer sung in honour of Our Lord or the Blessed Virgin.
20. "The little King," King Boabdil's familiar name.
21. *Aficionado*: literally "fancier"; enthusiast for bull-fighting.
22. America's popular designation for the omnipresent Ford.
23. A *pistole* was valued at about 11 old French *livres* before 1728.
24. When Topete, one of the heroes of the Moroccan war, was being besieged in his little outpost, an aviator dropped him a paper with the scrawled inscription: *Topete, tu eres un flamenco*; or "Topete, you are a brave Spaniard." This incident was much quoted, as the aviator was soon afterwards shot down while delivering his encouraging messages. Topete was rescued, only to be killed a year later.
25. In the eighteenth century there was still a third in existence in

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- Seville, but it has since disappeared. It depicted the Virgin appearing to a monk engaged in writing.
26. The Reverend Mother Francisca died in 1623.
  27. Bartholomeus Morillus Hispalensis se-ipsam depingens pro filiorum votis ac precibus explendis Nicholaus Omazurinus Antverpiensis tanti viri simulacrum in amicitiae symbolon in æs incidi mandavit. Anno 1682.
  28. In einem kleinen Gang (von S. Francisco) haben sie mir gewisse Bilder von einem Mahler, Morillo genannt, gezeigt so noch lebt, undt seindt gar guet.
  29. De Amicis, "Spagna."
  30. There are twenty-eight canons and twenty-five other priests attached to the Cathedral.
  31. E. von Hesse-Wartegg.
  32. *Falco Tinnunculus*.
  33. See Columbus' map of the Isla Española, page 201.
  34. G. Bonsor, "Tartesse," The Hispanic Society of America, New York, 1922.
  35. "Cristobal Colon, su vida, sus viajes, sus descubrimientos," 2 vols., Barcelona, 1891.
  36. "Cristobal Colon," vol. I, p. 286.
  37. "Memorias de la Academia Real de la Historia," vol. X, p. 263.
  38. *Millia passuum*, thousands of paces, = miles.
  39. Alcalá, which occurs so frequently in the names of Andalusian towns, is from the Arabic *al-Kalat*, meaning a fortress-castle.
  40. Mr. Bonsor has in his museum at Mairena del Alcor a sickle which he has reconstructed from chipped flints found by him at Acébuchal; it is identical in shape with those shown in Egyptian mural paintings of harvest scenes; he found on trial that its teeth of flints were still capable of cutting the stalks of grain with great facility, in spite of their worn condition having led to their being thrown away by their ancient owners. The shape of this implement of such great age does not differ materially from the Andalusian steel sickle now in use.
  41. Pliny, "Hist. Nat.," book XVIII.
  42. "L'Afrique romaine," p. 140.
  43. "Hist. Nat.," bk. III, cap. iii, 7 (Among the settlements of the valley confirmed by an inscription, funereal, of Alcalá de Guadaíra).
  44. Bk. II, cap. iv, 4.
  45. Glass pearls with eyes formed of concentric circles of white and yellow have been found at Bensafrim in Portugal, in a necropolis of the first Iron Age. See Estacio de Veiga, "Antig. do Algarbe," IV, 253; and J. Leite de Vasconcellos, Religiões da Lusitania, III, p. 115.
  46. The "Lady of Elché"; celebrated bust of polychrome stone found at Elché, near Alicante in Spain. It is a *chef d'œuvre* of Iberian art, dating from about 500 B.C.; now in the Louvre.
  47. Bonsor, "Les colonies agricoles pré-romaines de la vallée du Bétis."
  48. Idem, *ibid*.
  49. These tablets, as well as the terra-cotta car previously described, are either Iberian or Tartessian.
  50. M. Cagnat describes in the following manner the Numidian horsemen: "On les voit charger l'ennemi sur leurs petits chevaux qu'ils montent



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sans selle et sans brides, à l'africaine. Ils ont pour tout vêtement une pièce d'étoffe enroulée autour du corps, de façon à former une sorte de tunique courte, attachée à chaque épaule par une agrafe et serrée à la taille. . . . Mais ce qui les caractérise surtout, ce sont les boucles de cheveux frisés qui retombent tout autour de leur tête. Pour arme ils n'ont qu'une lance . . . et un petit bouclier" ("L'armée romaine," p. 332).

51. A. L. Delattre, "Les cimetières romains superposés de Carthage," in "Revue archéologique," 3<sup>e</sup> série, t. XXXIII, p. 85.
52. Bilbilis is now Calatayud, thirty miles south-west of Saragossa.
53. The "poet of Mantua" whom Juvenal cited is Virgil. His native village, Andes, was near Mantua. The passage will be found in Virgil, "Eclogues," I, line 46:

"Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt,  
Et tibi magna satis, quamvis lapis omnia nudus,  
Limosoque Palus obducatur pascua junco!"

54. See chapter iii, under Tartessus.
55. Strabo, ed. Tardieu, "Geog.," bk. III.
56. Bonsor, "El Origen Verdadero de Carmona."
57. Cordova is sixty-three miles from Carmona, and eighty-eight from Seville.
58. The mosque was enlarged in 833-48 by Abd-er-Rahmān II, and in 961-76 by Hakim II.
59. The poet Heine sings of them as being "Dreizehnhundert Riesensäulen," poetic licence!
60. "Yo no sabia lo que era esto, pues no hubiera permitido que se liegase a la antigua; porque haceis lo que puede hacerse en otras partes y habeis desecho lo que era singular en al mondo."
61. Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack, "Ein halbes Jahrhundert," Stuttgart, 1894.
62. Tzū Hsi, the "Holy Mother"; the great Empress of China; died 1909.
63. Abd-er-Rahmān, Arabic for "Servant of the Merciful God."
64. Omeyyad, family name of Abd-er-Rahmān, from his ancestor Omeyya.
65. Lane-Poole, "The Moors in Spain," New York, 1889.
66. Théophile Gautier, "Voyage en Espagne."
67. Husband of Joan, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella.
68. Mr. Bonsor had come to look for Tartessus.
69. Bonsor, "Tartesse," The Hispanic Society of America, New York, 1922.
70. Recent research places the scene of the defeat of the Visigoths by Tarik and his Berbers at Salado, near Cape Trafalgar.
71. The pronunciation of Jerez in Spanish is equivalent to "Hair-eth" in English.
72. Shakespeare, "King Henry IV," act IV, scene iii.
73. Bonsor, "Tartesse."
74. Bonsor, "Les colonies agricoles pré-romaines."
75. Capuchins are a later reform of the Franciscan Order.



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